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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

JULY, 1882.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF TRUE CULTURE.
ORGAN OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

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THEODORE L. FLOOD, D. D., Editor.

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CICERO.*

I include Marcus Tullius Cicero in the list of great benefactors, not because he was the first to declare those truths which have signally modified human thought and changed the current of human events, but because his great influence was exerted to conserve what was most precious in the realm of mind among ancient nations; and because his life and character will ever be a great example in degenerate times. No name among the Romans is so illustrious as his for intellectual preëminence; not for original genius, but for learning, accomplishments, breadth of mind and varied attainments.

He was the great Roman expositor of Grecian philosophy, while as orator and statesman, he took the highest rank. Who among the Romans was, on the whole, more distinguished than he? Who has left a more valuable inheritance to modern civilization? Who, of his countrymen, is dearer to the heart of the world? Whose posthumous influence has been greater on the side of virtue, patriotism, and elevated thought? His name is not so august as that of Cæsar, nor was he a poet like Horace and Virgil, nor a historian like Tacitus and Livy, nor an administrator like Augustus and Trajan, but his life is a study, and is invested with perpetual charms.

The critics, of course, have discovered that his life had great defects. But whatever his defects, let us bear in mind that he committed no great crimes, that he had no mean vices, and that his voice was uniformly raised in behalf of public morals, justice and eternal right. Until lately he has received almost unmitigated praise. The fathers of the Church revered him. To Augustine and Jerome he was an oracle, and to Erasmus one of the great lights of antiquity. To Middleton, a greater man than Forsythe, he was an idol. In our schools and colleges he is a household word. In presenting this immortal Roman, I have no novelties to show. Novelties are for those who bore away for a lifetime in a single hole, and seek fame by producing what is new, rather than what is true.

In my more humble work as a teacher of history in general, I seek to unfold what is useful to ordinary minds, and I know of few subjects more interesting than the life and labors of Cicero. Excuse me if I call him by that old fashioned name. I like it better than Kikero or Chichiro. He was born in the little suburban town of Aspinum, one hundred and six years before the Christian era, in a revolutionary age.

It is important, for a true appreciation of Cicero, and his

services to his country, and indeed to posterity, to linger first and for a few minutes on his age—not an age of artists and philosophers and scholars, such as marked the era of Pericles at Athens and modern Rome in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries under Julius II and Leo X, but an age of political changes and warlike enterprises, when the old constitution was being undermined, and aristocratic demagogues were grasping by appealing to the people whom they deceived, and bribed, and led. The armies of the republic had nearly conquered the world, and the proud metropolis was revelling in the spoils of the subdued empires. The spoils of war, and the immeasurable riches which flowed to Rome, were producing their natural effects—pride and luxury, effeminacy and vice. Fortunes were enormous and disproportionate, made by fortunate generals and unscrupulous contractors, and provincial governors. They were chiefly made by those who belonged to the noble and privileged classes—by those to whom were entrusted political and military power, for it should be remembered the Roman constitution was essentially aristocratic, like that of England, and not democratic like that of Athens. The more powerful senatorial families divided among themselves most of the great offices of state. The Cornelli furnished thirty consuls in a hundred and ninety-three years, the Valerii eighteen, the Æmiliii fifteen, the Claudii and the Fabii each twelve. What proud families were these, tracing their origin to the early days of Rome, and ruling their state by proscriptive right. They composed a nobility more powerful than any now existing in Europe. It was under their ascendancy that we associate dignity with the Roman senate, and glory with Roman conquests. Their rule was a long one, lasting far longer than that of any ancient or modern democracies, stable, powerful, and patriotic. But the nobles, who ruled the state for five hundred years, were not feudal tyrants, nor Venetian oligarchists. Their power was held in check by the people,—by the citizens, who, while they could vote, were yet excluded from high political office by the overwhelming influence which the nobles possessed from their wealth and prestige. Even the tribunes of the people were ultimately selected from these families. Only a rich man, or a man who had rendered great public services could be a senator. These senators, in the possession of unlimited wealth, and of the great offices, were generally men of experience and practical wisdom. They had remarkable administrative ability. They were the generals, the legislators, and the governors of the empire. When the empire was being formed with the progress of arms and wealth—the fortunate generals, and sometimes generals who were plebeian by birth, like Marius, for war always develops abilities, and rewards them, were enabled to intimidate and cripple the senate, and usurp its power. But the greatest inroad on the constitution was made by the demagogues, generally ambitious and unscrupulous men from the upper classes, who fanned the passions and prejudices of the people, and caused them, by corruption and bribery, to pass laws in their centuries fatal to the welfare of the state, for theoretically, the *populus* was the real sovereign by whom power was delegated.

* A lecture delivered at Chautauqua by John Lord, LL. D.

At last they were able, for a time, to block the wheels of government. In other words, generals and politicians used the people as tools in proportion as the power of the people was developed. Such men as Catiline, Claudius, Cæsar, and Antony were thus enabled to defy the laws and grasp illegal power. The democratic element gained ground gradually over the aristocratic, as in Paris to-day, and even in England. The senate was still august and conservative, but the reign of politicians and generals commenced with the expansion of the empire. The people, as they advanced in political importance, entrusted their interests and their liberties to these demagogues, and war idols, as war, successful or unsuccessful, just or unjust, offensive or defensive, always demoralizes.

The people clamored for games and festivals—anything to amuse and divert them. They sold the public welfare for the theatre and circus, and the distribution of corn and wine. Practically they were communists. The ship of state was drifting into anarchy, and anarchy ever ends in military despotism. Just as the people were gaining what their orators called rights, they were making the empire a necessity. Just as far as there was what is called self-government, it was suicidal.

Yet with preparation for imperial tyranny, there was a great improvement in all the arts. Material life became more splendid and prosperous, as public virtue fled. Even social life was marked by urbanities, and courtesies, and civilities, with the increase of picture-galleries, fountains, gardens, and fish-ponds; but with the grandeur of an ever-expansive material civilization was the decline of those virtues on which the strength of man is based. To the eye of a superficial observer there was progress in civilization. The beautiful face of nature, the architectural monuments, the theatrical exhibitions, the chariot races, the banquets, and the battles seemed to the eyes of pleasure-seekers worthy of unbounded panegyric. The crisis of danger, it is true, had not been reached, nor the abyss of shame, but all things were rapidly tending to the consummation—to the eclipse of faith, the general disbelief in God, the atheistic negations of philosophers. An Epicurean philosophy is the sequel of an Epicurean life. The whole current and drift of society were to magnify wealth as the chief good of earth, and all the pleasures and ostentations which wealth produces, and banish from the minds of men the idea of a superintending Providence to whom all are directly and personally responsible. "*Cui bono?*"—"Who shall show us any good?"—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!"—this was the cry. Sensualism became the convertible word for utilities, pervading even literature, extinguishing poetry, friendship, and self-sacrifice from the earth.

The Romans were rapidly advancing, as pagan evolutionists might say, to this materialistic millennium, when Cicero commenced his memorable career. Although he was inconsistent with his lofty ideal of life, and loved homage and power, and even the luxuries of elegant life, yet still his speeches and his writings are generally an eloquent appeal to the noblest sentiments of the human soul—a sad and mournful protest against the vices which were undermining the state—alike mournful and vain, for nothing could arrest the evils which made a change of government necessary, and which ultimately would surely destroy the most magnificent empire that our world has seen. What was born of violence will end in violence—one of those immutable laws which stand out in the moral government of God.

He (Cicero) was well born, but not of a noble family. No one of his ancestors had held one of the great offices of state; but his father belonging to equestrian ranks, was able to give him a good education. The peculiarity of his youth was his precocity. He was a prodigy, like Pitt, Macaulay

and Stuart Mill. He had a wonderful memory, and early mastered the Greek language. He wrote poetry, studied under eminent masters, frequented the Forum, listened to speeches of different orators, watched the gestures of the best actors, and plunged into the mazes of Greek philosophy. For a profession he selected the law, the only one in which a man could arrive at eminence, next to the profession of arms.

But in spite of his great attainments, for, like Bacon, he had taken all knowledge for his province, he was twenty-five before he had a case. He was twenty-seven when he defended Roscius, which seems to have brought him into notice, even as the fortunes of Erskine were made in the Greenwich Hospital case, and that of Daniel Webster in the case of Dartmouth College. To have defended Roscius against all the influence of Sulla, then the most powerful man in Rome, was considered bold and audacious.

Cicero was not naturally robust. His figure was tall and spare, his neck long, and his mouth anything but sensual. He looked like an elegant scholar more than a popular public speaker. Yet he was impetuous and ardent and fiery, like Demosthenes, resorting to violent gesticulation. The health of such a young man could not stand the strain of his nervous system, and he was obliged to leave Rome for recreation, and he made the tour of Greece and Asia Minor, which every fashionable and cultivated man was supposed to visit. But he did not abandon himself to the pleasures of cities more fascinating than Rome, but pursued his studies in rhetoric and philosophy under eminent masters, or professors, as we should now call them. He remained abroad two years, and when he returned he was thirty years of age, and settled down in his profession, taking at first but little part in politics, and married Terentia, with whom he lived happily for thirty years.

But the Roman lawyer was essentially a politician, looking ultimately to a political office, since only through the great public offices could he enter the senate—the object of ambition to all distinguished Romans, as a seat in Parliament is the goal of an Englishman.

The Roman lawyer did not receive fees, like modern lawyers, but derived his support from presents and legacies. When he became a political leader, a man of influence with the great, his presents were enormous. Cicero acknowledged late in life to have received more than what would be equal to a million dollars from legacies alone. The great political leaders and orators were the stipendiaries of eastern princes and nobles who wanted favors from the senate, and could reward them as well as railroad kings in our times.

Before Cicero could be a senator he must pass through those great public offices which were in the gift of the people. The first step in the order of advancement was the office of quæstor, which entailed the duty of collecting revenues in one of the provinces. This office he was sufficiently influential to secure, and he was sent to Sicily, and distinguished himself for his activity and integrity. At the end of a year he resumed his practice in the courts,—hardly anything more than a mere lawyer for five years,—when he was elected ædile, one to whom the care of the public building was entrusted. This office he secured by canvassing the votes of the people, but here he appears as the politician rather than the lawyer. To get office he was obliged to make himself popular, and he succeeded, a difficult thing to do with his tastes and habits.

It was while he was ædile elect, which office secured him an entrance into the senate, that Cicero appeared as the public prosecutor of Verres, one of the great cases of antiquity, and from which his public career fairly dates. His residence in Sicily prepared him for this duty, and he secured the conviction of the great criminal, whose peculiari-

ties and corruptions would amaze our modern New Yorkers, and all the rings of our great cities combined. But the praetor of Sicily was a provincial governor—more like Warren Hastings than Tweed. For this public service Cicero gained more *eclat* than Burke did for his prosecution of Hastings, since Hastings, though a corrupt man, laid, after Clive, the foundation of the English empire in India, and was a man of talents greater than any man who has since filled his place. Hence the nation screened him. But Verres had no virtues, and no great abilities, and was an outrageous public robber, and hoped, from his wealth and powerful connections, to purchase immunity for his crimes. In the hands of such an orator as Cicero he could not escape the penalty of the law, powerful as he was, even at Rome. This case placed Cicero above Hortensius, hitherto the leader of the Roman bar.

It was at this period that the extant correspondence of Cicero commenced, which is the best picture we have of the manners and habits of Roman aristocracy at the time. History could scarcely spare those famous letters, especially to Atticus, in which also the private life and character of Cicero shines to the most advantage, revealing no vices, no treacheries, only egotism and vanity and vacillation, and a way that some have of speaking about people in private very differently from what they say in public, which looks like insincerity. In these letters Cicero appears as a very frank man, genial, hospitable, witty, whose society and conversation must have been delightful. In no modern correspondence do we see a higher perfection in the polished courtesies and urbanities of social life. As a gentleman he never had a superior, not even in the court of Louis XIV. In these letters he evinced a friendship to Atticus which is immortal, and what is nobler than the capacity of friendship? In these letters he also shines as a cultivated scholar as well as gentleman, and also as a great statesman and patriot, living for the good of his country, though not unmindful of the luxuries of home, and the charms of country retirement, and those enjoyments which are ever associated with cultivated and favored life—pictures, books, medals, statues, curiosities of every kind, all of which adorned his various villas, as well as his magnificent palace on Mount Palatine, which cost him what would be equal in our money to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. To keep up this town house and some fifteen villas in different parts of Italy, and feast the greatest nobles, like Pompey and Cæsar, would imply that his income was enormous, much greater than that of any modern professional man, and yet he seemed to have lived, like our Webster, beyond his income, and was in debt the greater part of his life—another flaw in his character, for I do not wish to paint him without faults, but as a good man as well as a great man, for his time. He never fell like Bacon, nor sinned like Mirabeau, but rendered greater public service than either, while his private character was as lofty as that of Chatham, if we could forget his vanity, which, after all, is not so offensive as the intellectual pride of Burke and Pitt, and sundry other lights, whom we could mention, conscious of their gifts and attainments. There is something very different in the egotism of a silly and self-seeking aristocrat, from the egotism of a great benefactor, who has something to be proud of, and with whose private experience the greatest national deeds are connected. I dwell on this fault because it has been handled too severely by modern critics. What were the faults of Cicero, compared with those of Theodosius and Constantine, to say nothing of his contemporaries, like Cæsar and Pompey, before whom so much incense has been burned.

But to return to the public career of Cicero. At the age of forty he became praetor, or supreme judge. This office,

when it expired, entitled him to a provincial government. That was a great ultimate ambition of the senator, since the administration of a province for a single year usually secured an enormous fortune. This tempting offer he resigned, from motives of patriotism, for he felt he could not be spared from Rome in such a crisis of public affairs, when the fortunate generals were grasping power, and the demagogues were making despotism a necessity. Some writers say he was a far-sighted and ambitious watchman, who could not afford to weaken his chances of being made consul by absence from the capital. This great office, the highest in the gift of the people, which gave supreme executive control, was rarely conferred, although elective, upon any but senators of ancient family and enormous wealth. It was as difficult for a "new man" to reach dignity, under an aristocratic constitution, as for a commoner a hundred years ago to become prime minister to England. Transcendent talents and services scarcely sufficed. Only generals who had won great military fame, or the highest of the nobles, stood much chance. For a lawyer to aim at the highest office in the state, without a great family to back him, would have been deemed as audacious as for such a man as Burke to aspire to a seat in the cabinet during the reign of George III. A lawyer at Rome, like a lawyer in London might become a lord chancellor or praetor, but not easily a prime minister. Aristocratic influence and jealousies would defeat him. Although the people had the right of election, they voted at the dictation of those who had money and power. Yet Cicero obtained the consulship, which he justly regarded as a great triumph. It was a very unusual thing. It was more marvelous than for a Jew to reign in Great Britain, or a Jew to reign, like Mordecai, in the court of a Persian king. The most distinguished service of Cicero as consul was to ferret out the conspiracy of Catiline. Now, this traitor belonged to the very highest rank in the senate of nobles. He was like an ancient duke in the British house of peers. It was no easy thing for a plebeian consul to bring to justice so great a culprit. He was more formidable than was Essex in the reign of Elizabeth, or Basompiere in the time of Richelieu. He had a band of numerous and faithful followers, armed and desperate. He was also one of those oily and aristocratic demagogues who bewitched the people. He was as debauched as Mirabeau, but without his patriotism, though like him he aimed to overturn the constitution by allying himself with the democracy. He gained the people he despised by his money and promises, and he had powerful confederates of his own rank, so that he was on the point of deluging Rome with blood.

But all his schemes were foiled by Cicero, who added unwearied activity to extraordinary penetration. For this great and signal service he received the highest tributes the state could render. He was called the "savior of his country," and he succeeded in staving off, for a time, the fall of his country's liberties. It was a mournful sight to him to see the ascendancy which demagogues had already gained, since it betokened the approaching destruction of the constitution, which, good or bad, was dear to him, and which he sought to conserve. It is true it was aristocratic rather than democratic, and aristocracies have this advantage at least over democracies: that they have proved stable and permanent. The aristocracy of Rome lasted five hundred years, and under it the most glorious days of the republic had been passed; as soon as the reign of demagogues commenced it was felt there was no security, or order, or law, but in imperialism. The government by and through the people was a humiliating failure, for at Rome it was synonymous with the tyranny and usurpation of popular leaders, and all subsequent history has confirmed and illustrated the same thing, that popular liberty is impossible if the people are corrupt and ignorant. They will be the tools

and victims of ambitious and unscrupulous politicians. What capacity or inclination have ignorant masses to select able and good men to govern them? They clamor for demoralizing pleasures, which wicked politicians give in exchange for spoils and power, and when power falls to a ring of demagogues, then farewell to the welfare of a state or city. All this Cicero saw and lamented. Hence his bold and unsparing exposure of the crimes and designs of Catiline, and his watchfulness of still more dangerous public enemies, who had the favor of the people, like Caesar and Antony and Clodius. It was their cabals that kept him in Rome, when, a second time, he had the privilege of a provincial government. He felt it his duty to remain at home.

Clodius avenged himself by artfully causing the people to pass a law that whoever inflicted capital punishment on a citizen without a trial, should be banished. This seemed to the people to be a protection to their liberties. Now, Cicero, when consul, had executed some of the conspirators associated with Catiline, for which he was called the "savior of his country." But by the new law which Clodius caused to be passed, he was himself a culprit, and it would seem that all the influence of the senate and his friends could not prevent his exile. He appealed to his friend Pompey, but he turned a deaf ear, and also to Caesar, but he was outside the walls of the city in command of an army. In fact, both of these generals wanted him out of the way, for both of them were bent on being the supreme ruler of Rome. So it was permitted for the most illustrious patriot, whom Rome then held, to go into exile. What a comment on the demoralization of the times! What an illustration of the unscrupulousness of demagogues! Here was the best, the most gifted, and the most accomplished man of the republic—a man who had rendered invaluable and acknowledged services—that man of consular dignity, and one of the leaders of the senate, sent into inglorious banishment on a mere technicality, and for an act that showed courage and virtue, and the "magnanimous" Caesar and the "illustrious" Pompey allowed him to go. Where was salvation to a country that banished its savior, and for having saved? The heart sickens over such a fact, although it occurred two thousand years ago. It makes us disgusted with a republic that could commit such a crime, and in the name of liberty. It reminds us of some of the worst atrocities of the French Revolution. As well banish the patriots who exposed the infamies of Tweed, or hang the three soldiers who captured Major André. When the citizens of Rome saw that great man depart mournfully from among them, and to all appearance forever, for having rescued them from violence and slaughter, and by their own act, they ought to have known that the days of the republic were numbered. But this only a few far-seeing patriots felt, and not only was Cicero banished, but his palace was burned, and his villas confiscated. He was not only disgraced but ruined. He was an exile and a pauper. What a fall! What an unmerited treatment! Is it to be wondered at, that even so good and great a man as Cicero should bitterly feel his disgrace and misfortunes? Is it surprising that, philosopher that he was, he should give way to grief and despondency? He would have been more than human not to have lost his spirits and his hopes. How natural was grief and despair in such complicated miseries, especially to a religious man. Chrysostom could support his exile with dignity, for Christianity had abolished the superstition of Greece and Rome as to household gods. Cicero could not. He was not great enough for such a martyrdom. It is true we should have esteemed him higher had he accepted his fate with resignation. No man should yield to despair. Had he been as old as Socrates, and had he accomplished his mission, possibly he would have shown more equanimity. But his work was

not done. He was cut off in his prime, and in the fulness of usefulness, from his home, his religion, his family, his power, and his influence. He was utterly ruined.

I think the critics make too much of the grief and misery of Cicero in his banishment. But they are a cold and cynical set of men, who think it is their business to pick flaws and destroy. I complain that they do not render justice by an exalted standard. We may be disappointed that Cicero was not equal to his circumstances. But we cannot be hard on him. My surprise is, not that he was overwhelmed with grief, but that he did not attempt to drown his grief in books and literature. His sole relief was in pathetic and unmanly letters.

The great injustice of their punishment naturally produced reaction; nor could the Romans afford to lose the services of their greatest orator. They also craved the excitement of his speeches, more thrilling and delightful than the performance of any actor, so he was recalled. Cicero ought to have anticipated this. It seems, however, he had that unfortunate temperament which favored alternate depression and exaltation of spirit, without measure or reason. His return was a triumph—a grand ovation—an unbounded tribute to his vanity. His palace was rebuilt at the expense of the state, and his property was restored; his popularity was regained. In fact his influence was never lost. It was because it was so great that his enemies wished him out of the way. He was one of the few who retain influence after they have lost power. The excess of his joy on his restoration to home, and friends and property, and fame and position, was as great as the excess of his grief in his short exile. But this is a defect in temperament, in his mental constitution, rather than a flaw in his character. We could have wished more placidity and equanimity, but to run him down because he was not great in everything is unjust, and unworthy of a candid historian.

On his return to Rome, Cicero resumed his practice in the courts with more devotion than ever. He was now past fifty years of age, in the prime of his strength, and in the height of his forensic fame. But, notwithstanding his success and honor, his life was saddened by the growing disension between Caesar and Pompey, the decline of public spirit, and the approaching fall of the institutions in which he gloried. It was clear that one or the other of these fortunate generals would soon become master of the Roman world, and that liberty was about to perish. His eloquence now became sad. He sings the death song of departing glories. He wails his Jeremiads over the demoralization which was sweeping away, not men's liberties, but religion, and extinguishing faith in the world. To console himself he retired to one of his beautiful villas and wrote one of his immortal essays, *de oratione*, which has come down to us entire. His literary genius now blazes equal with his public speeches in the forum and in the senate. Literature was his solace and amusement, not a source of profit and probably of contemporary fame. He wrote a treatise on the same principles that he talked with friends. Fra Angelica painted pictures. He renewed his attempts in poetry but failed. His poetry is in the transcendental rhythm of his prose compositions, like those of Madame de Stael, Macaulay and Rousseau.

But he was dragged from his literary and forensic labors to accept the office of a governor of a province. It was forced upon him. That honor had no charms for him. Had he been venal and unscrupulous he would have seized it with avidity. He was too conscientious to enrich himself by public corruption as other senators did, and unless he could accumulate a fortune, the command of a distant province was honorable exile. He was fifty-six years of age when he became proconsul of the eastern province, Cilicia, I believe, and all historians have united in praising his pro-

consulate for its justice, its integrity, and its ability. He committed no extortion, and returned home when his term of office had expired as poor as when he went. One of the highest praises that can be given to a public man, who has a chance of enriching himself is that he remains poor. When a member of Congress, known not to be worth ten thousand dollars, retires to his home worth one hundred thousand, the public have an instinct that he has, somehow or other, been untrue to himself and country. When a great man retires home from Washington poorer than when he went, his influence is apt to survive his power, and this perpetuated influence is the highest glory of a public man—the glory of Jefferson, of Hamilton, of Washington. I wish I could add to this list our modern senators. As a class they retire and there is the end of them—no longer prophets whose utterances are sought and prized like the voice of Gladstone in his retirement. Now, Cicero had preëminently this influence as long as he lived, and it was ever exerted for the good of his country. Had his country been free he would have died in honor. But his country was enslaved and his voice was drowned, and he had to pay the penalty of speaking the truth about those unscrupulous men who usurped authority.

On his return to Rome the state of public affairs was most alarming. Cæsar and Pompey were in antagonism. He must choose between them, and he equally distrusted both. Cæsar was the most able and accomplished and magnanimous, but he prostituted his transcendent genius to win the people. Of highest senatorial family, he was also a demagogue. He was also more unscrupulous than his rival. He ventured to cross the Rubicon—the first great general who ever dared thus to assail his country's liberties. He was the more dangerous man. Pompey was pompous, overrated, and proud, and had been fortunate in the east. But he sided with the constitutional authorities, so far as his ambition allowed. Cicero took his side, feebly, reluctantly, as the least of the evils he had to choose, but not without vacillation, which is one of the popular charges against him. His distraction almost took the form of insanity. His inconsistency was an incoherency; never did a more wretched man resort to Pompey's camp, where he remained until his cause was lost. He returned after the battle of Pharsalia, one of the great decisive conflicts of the world, a supplicant at the feet of the conqueror. This, to me, is one of his weakest acts. It would have been more lofty and heroic to have perished in the camp of Brutus and Cassius. In the midst of these public misfortunes, which saddened his soul, his private miseries commenced. He was now prematurely an old man under sixty years of age, almost broken down with grief.

His beloved daughter, Tullia, with whom his life was bound up, died, and his wife, Terentia, failed him, and he was divorced, the cause of which remains a mystery. Neither in his most confidential letters nor in his conversations with most intimate friends does it appear that he ever unbosomed himself, although he was the frankest and most social of men. In his impressive silence he has set one of the noblest examples of a man afflicted with domestic infelicities. He buried his conjugal troubles in eternal silence, although he is forced to give vent to his sorrows, so plaintive and bitter that both friend and foe were constrained to pity. He expected no sympathy, even at Rome, for the sunderance of conjugal relations, and he communicated no secrets.

In his grief and madness he does, however, a most foolish thing: he marries a young lady one third his age. She accepted him for his name and rank; he sought her for her beauty, her youth, and her fortune. This union of May and December was of course a failure. Both parties were soon disenchanted and disappointed; neither party found hap-

piness, only discontent and chagrin. The everlasting incongruities of such a relation—he sixty, she nineteen—soon led to another divorce. He expected his young wife to mourn with him the loss of Tullia; she expected that her society and charms would be a compensation for all he had lost. In truth, he was too old a man to have married the lady, whatever were the inducements. It was the great folly of his life—an illustration of the fact that the older a man grows the greater fool he becomes, as a general thing, so far as women are concerned—a folly that disgraced and humiliated the two wisest and greatest men who ever sat on the Jewish throne.

In his accumulated sorrows Cicero plunged for relief into literary labors. It was thus that his private sorrows were the means which Providence employed to transmit his precious thoughts and experiences to future ages, as the most valued inheritance he could bestow on posterity, even as Bacon, on his fall and retirement, wrote the greatest of his immortal treatises. What a precious legacy to the world was the book of Ecclesiastes, yet by what bitter experiences was that wisdom earned. It was in the short period when Cæsar rejoiced in the mighty power which he transmitted to Roman emperors, that Cicero wrote in comparative retirement his "History of Roman Eloquence," his inquiry on "The Greatest Good and Evil," his "Cato," and his "Orator," his "Nature of the Gods," and his treatises on "Glory," on "Fate," on "Friendship," on "Old Age," and his grandest work of all, his "Officiis," the best manual on ethics that has come down to us from heathen antiquity. In his studious retirement he reminds us of Bacon, after his fall, when on his curate, surrounded by friends, and in the enjoyment of elegant leisure, he formed the most valuable of his immortal compositions; and in those degenerate days of Rome, when liberty was crushed under foot forever, it is beautiful to see the greatest of Roman statesmen and lawyers consoling himself and instructing posterity by his exhaustive treatise on the fundamental principles of law, of morality, and of philosophy.

The assassination of the most august conqueror of all antiquity, in which Cicero rejoiced, as did other great patriots, enabled him to appear once more, unshackled, in the Roman forum and senate. He was now sixty-three; the work of his life was nearly ended. For his last struggle with usurping demagogues and tyrants he braced himself up with singular courage and moral heroism; we see no cringing, no future vacillation. Marc Antony was the greatest of Cæsar's lieutenants, and a favorite of the people, and but for his unbridled love for Cleopatra, would probably have succeeded to the imperial power which Cæsar had bequeathed. But he was the most debauched and cruel of all those usurpers who sought to steal an imperial sceptre. Against this formidable enemy Cicero did not scruple to launch forth the most terrible of his invectives. In thirteen immortal philippics—some of which, however, were merely written and never delivered, after the fashion of Demosthenes, with whom, as an orator and a patriot he can alone be compared, he denounced the unprincipled demagogue and general with any offensive epithet the language afforded—unmasking his designs, exposing his forgeries, and proving his crimes. Nobler eloquence was never uttered and wasted than that with which Cicero pursued with passionate vengeance the most powerful and the most unscrupulous man in the Roman empire, and Cicero must have anticipated the fate which impended over him if Antony were not decreed a public enemy by the Roman senate, for he had drawn not merely his sword, but had thrown away the scabbard. But his protests were in vain. He lived to utter them as a witness of truth, and nothing was left to him but to die.

Of course Antony, when he became triumvirate—when

he made a bargain he never meant to keep with Octavius and Lepidus for a division of the empire between them—would not spare such an enemy as Cicero. The broken-hearted patriot fled mechanically with a vacillating mind, when his proscription became known to him, now more ready to die than to live, since all his hopes in his country's liberties were utterly crushed.

Perhaps he might have escaped to some remote corner of the empire, but he did not wish for life any more than Socrates, when summoned before his judges. Desponding, uncertain, pursued, he met his fate with the heroism of an ancient philosopher.

Like Pascal, he meditated on the highest truths which task the intellect of man, but unlike him, did not disdain those weapons which reason forged, and which no one used more triumphantly than Pascal himself. And these great meditations he transmitted for all ages to ponder upon, as among the most precious of the legacies of antiquity.

Thus did he live a shining light in a corrupt and godless age, in spite of all the faults which modern critics have raked out in their ambitious desire of novelties, or in their thoughtless and malignant desire to show up human frailties, when no one is perfect—no, not one. He was a patriot, taking the side of his country's highest interests, a statesman, seeking to conserve the wisdom of his ancestors; an orator, exposing vices and defending the innocent; a philosopher, unfolding the wisdom of the Greeks; a moralist, laying down the principles of immutable justice; a sage, pondering on the mysteries of life; ever active, studious, dignified, the charm and fascination of cultivated circles, as courteous and polished as the ornaments of modern society, revered by friends, feared by enemies, and adored by all good people; a kind father, an indulgent husband, a generous friend, hospitable, witty, magnificent, a most accomplished gentleman, one of the best men of all antiquity. What if he was vain, and egotistical, and vacillating, and occasionally weak? Can you expect perfection in him who is born of woman? We palliate the backslidings of Christians, we excuse the crimes of a Constantine, a Theodosius, a Cromwell—shall we have no toleration for the frailties of a pagan, in one of the worst periods of history? I have no patience with such critics, who would hurl him from the pedestal on which he has stood for two thousand years. Contrast him with other illustrious men. How few Romans or Greeks were better than he! How few have rendered such exalted services; and even if he has not perpetuated a reproachless character, he has yet bequeathed a noble example—and more, has transmitted a legacy, in the richness of which all forget the faults of the testator; a legacy of imperishable thought, clothed in language of imperishable art; a legacy so valuable that it is the treasured inheritance of all civilized nations, and which no nation can afford to lose.

THE BELOVED DISCIPLE.

But one of the twelve, at supper,
Leaned on the Master's breast;
One alone in the Master's love
Found perfect peace and rest.

But one at the cross stood, weeping,
And he, with joy untold,
Followed the Master's footsteps,
Saw the gates of heaven unfold.

Upon him, fainting, praying,
Was the mystic vision flung,
The glory of the heavenly host,
The song by angels sung.

The divinely sweet communion,
As once at Galilee,
Touched the lonely Isle of Patmos
With holy mystery.

CHRISTIANITY IN ART.

IX.

RAPHAEL'S "SAINT CECILIA."

In our remarks on Romantic art we have indicated the place that music holds among the special arts. It uses time instead of space-filling material, and is peculiarly internal in its effects. This makes it a favorite means of expression for the ideas of Romantic art. To depict the most internal states of the soul—"that within, which passeth show"—music is far more adequate than painting, although painting is superior to sculpture in this respect.

The patron-saint of music is Saint Cecilia. We should expect that even in the sphere of painting she would be a favorite subject—to show Saint Cecilia in the act of listening to celestial music; this would bring into requisition all the painter's resources.

One of the paintings in the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome is a Saint Cecilia said to have been painted by Saint Luke (probably the Greek Saint Lucas, and not the evangelist). The face has a very absent look, as though the soul was far away—or far *within*—absorbed in hearing divine harmonies. The eyes are cast down, but seem fixed and sightless, as in cases of somnambulism. The expression of listening is obtained chiefly through this absent look in the eyes, and one may pronounce those pictures of Saint Cecilia which have not this absent look to be inferior.

In Raphael's Saint Cecilia we have the expression of listening reflected in the most wonderful manner in the surroundings. About the Saint there stand four persons forming a group. On her left in front is Mary Magdalene; in the rear is Saint Augustine. On her right hand is Saint Paul in the foreground, and Saint John in the rear on a line with Saint Augustine. She stands facing us, her face lifted up and turned a little to one side. In her hands she holds an organ, carelessly inverted so that some of the pipes are slipping out and ready to fall. She neglects even the organ, the king of musical instruments (which, according to tradition, was invented by her, on account of the inadequacy of other means of musical expression). On the ground we discover other instruments still more neglected. There is the bass-viol, its strings broken, and its surface full of holes and cracks. Beyond it we see two tabours, or drums, the one turned toward us having its head burst. To the left of the viol we see the two pieces of a broken reed-pipe; a broken rim of a tambourine; a triangle with its metallic striker. On the right of the viol is another pipe with a complete tambourine and two cymbals; beyond it, two drumsticks. What are earthly instruments to the saint who can hear celestial music with the inner ear of the soul? Does the artist intend to represent the entire group as listening to music, or is Saint Cecilia the only one of the group that hears, while the other persons are impressed solely by the countenance and attitude of Saint Cecilia? In the upturned face of the saint we see a light that shows us the ecstatic state of the soul. The surrounding group seem variously affected. Mary Magdalene holds up toward Cecilia her vase of alabaster, and turns her head toward us with the same dreamy look and lack-lustre eyes. Her left hand holds the vase, while her right seeks its lid, which she holds down with her fore-finger. The odor of the precious ointment must not be allowed to escape at this moment—the sense of smell is of the earth, earthy. The sense of hearing is receptive at this moment of divine harmonies.

Saint Augustine holds his crozier with his right hand; its spiral-shaped top enfolds a praying cherub. His left hand is lifted as if to enjoin silence or express his desire to respect Saint Cecilia's trance. He directs his face toward St. John expressively as if to answer the look of the latter. John lays his hand on his breast and turns his face toward

Saint Augustine with a look partly expressive of listening, and partly of recognition of the gesture of Saint Augustine. His symbol or emblem, the eagle, stands or perches on a book on the ground. It is very singular that the eagle opens his bill and seems to sing or hum to himself the harmony that the saint hears. We associate a scream with the voice of an eagle. But the emblem of Saint John, the Evangelist, suggests the eagle's flight toward the sun, and his full unshrinking gaze into its brightness. It is the symbol of divine inspiration. The book is the gospel which he has inspired. That the eagle sings here, signifies that the celestial harmony is an inspiration. John's eagle reveals to him: "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying hallelujah! for the Lord our God, the Almighty, reigneth."

Saint Paul holds his symbol, the sword, in his left hand, resting its point significantly within the triangle on the ground, and holding also a manuscript in the hand, which is placed on the hilt of the sword. The triangle is the symbol of the trinity, the sword the symbol of martyrdom, the manuscript is one of his epistles. The elbow of his right arm rests on the left hand on the hilt of the sword, and the hand receives his chin bent down in a contemplative mood. His eyes are cast down and he seems reverently listening and reflecting deeply on what he hears.

The artist has materialized the conception of divine music by representing a choir of angels visible in the clouds overhead. Six angels—four look over one book and sing with intense rapture, while two bend over a second book which one holds while his fellow points at the passage; they are singing. A mighty wind rolls back the clouds and tosses the hair of their uncovered heads. The painting shows the clouds underneath the choir as brightened with the radiating light. The heads of the group below have aureolas to denote their saint-hood.

If we are to interpret this picture as portraying for us a moment in a series of actions, we shall suppose that the Magdalene has approached to take part in the conversation between Saint Paul and Saint Cecilia when Saint Cecilia suddenly becomes entranced with the sound of the celestial choir, invisible and inaudible to the others. She (the Magdalene) stops and turns away reverently, while the apostle to the Gentiles bows his head with respect. In the background Saint Augustine and Saint John were discoursing when they notice the trance of Saint Cecilia and cease their discourse, the former holding up his hand to enjoin silence.

If we interpret the picture as representing all as listening to the music, perhaps, as has been suggested,* Saint Cecilia herself is not only listening to the choir, but also sees it.

* By Mr. W. M. Bryant, in "The Western," published in St. Louis. Mr. Bryant has written a number of valuable studies of pictures. The Madonna Foligno, by Raphael, the Raising of Lazarus, by del Piombo, besides his essay on Saint Cecilia of Raphael, deserve great praise. Mr. Thomas Davidson printed in "Old and New," Boston, 1870, a fine interpretation of this picture, from which we extract the first three verses:

With listening to the angel-choir
She fails to heed the breathing lyre
That hangs neglected from her hands,
And drops its reeds;

A song antiphonal within expands
Her breast to higher needs.

The instruments, from which she wrung
A jarring music, lie unstrung
Before her feet; it matters not:

Cecilia hears
A song that flesh-bound spirits have forgot
Since there were days and years.

The dark apostle, listening, deems
He hears his book-perched eagle's screams;
But, doubting, hastes to place in view

His written word
Close-grasped, upon the sword that pierces through
The symbol of the Lord.

In the drawing that Raphael executed of this picture, or rather, of the figure of Saint Cecilia, before painting it, the gaze seems to be more outward than it does in the completed picture. Marc Antonio's engraving of this drawing is a great favorite.

The ordinary engraving has not presented the difficult fore-shortening of the chin in a satisfactory manner. The painting has not this defect.

The legend of Saint Cecilia tells of her martyrdom under the reign of Alexander Severus; of her burial by Saint Urban, her body being embalmed; of the discovery of her body in the time of Pope Paschal I, in A. D. 820, and of its reinterment in the church of Saint Cecilia-in-Trastevere; of the repair of this church in the sixteenth century, and of the exhuming of her body a second time with great solemnity in the presence of several cardinals. This was in 1599. Clement VIII ordered the reinterment with great solemnity, and a sculptor executed the statue of Saint Cecilia lying dead, in the attitude that she was found in the tomb when exhumed.

Raphael's picture was painted for the altar-piece in the church of San Giovanni-in-Monte.

CORREGGIO'S "DAY."

As a companion piece to the Holy Night of Correggio, one may like to have Correggio's "Day," or, as it is sometimes called, "The Infant Jesus Reading." It was called "The Day" (*Il Giorno*), as a suggestion of the more celebrated picture of the "Night," and it has also been called the "Saint Jerome," from its principal figure.

The angel Raphael holds out the new translation of the Scriptures made by Saint Jerome, to the infant Christ, who looks with precocious interest at the passage which the angel points out, and stretches his little hand toward the book. Saint Jerome stands in the foreground at the left with a manuscript in his hand, looking intently at the child, a pleased smile on his grim features. We can see the head of a lion near the scroll—the lion is the symbol of Saint Jerome—his hermitage in the desert being indicated. Mary Magdalene leans toward the child on the other side, and takes his foot in her hand, as if about to kiss it. A child holds her emblem, the alabaster vase, and looks into it with childish curiosity. The Madonna looks on the infant Christ with a motherly satisfaction, and over the heads of the group we see a beautiful landscape stretching away to a far-distant horizon.

FRA ANGELICO'S "CRUCIFIXION."

This celebrated picture is frescoed on the wall of the Chapter House of Saint Mark, in Florence. It is a great work of a great artist. Fra Angelico belongs to those artists who possessed religious fervor in their work. His faces are the impersonation of religious faith and holiness. There is a repose and serenity on them that surpasses what we see on those of the Greek gods of Olympus, as they come down to us from the times of Phidias.

In a semi-circular fresco, our eye rests first on the crucified Redeemer. Above his head is the threefold inscription, in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew,—a placid repose is on his face reclined in death. On the left we see the penitent thief, with rays spreading out from his head, which is turned joyfully on Christ's face inclined toward him. On our right hand we see the face of the other thief convulsed in agony.

Below the cross are several groups. On our left we see first, Saint Damian turning away his face in grief, and covering his eyes with his right hand. Next, Saint Cosmo, with clasped hands, looks up reverently to the cross, and at his side Saint Lawrence, with upraised hands, looks with deep sorrow and love at the lifeless body of Christ.

Cosmo and Lorenzo of the Medici family, are suggested by these, their patron saints.

Next to these kneels Saint Mark, the patron of the convent, holding in his left hand his Gospel, and pointing to it with his right. Against the cross of the penitent thief stands John the Baptist, clad in a close-fitting vest of camel's hair, over which is wound a loose flowing robe. He points with his right hand to the cross of Christ, and holds a small crucifix in his left hand.

Next we see the Virgin Mother, fainting, and leaning forward into the arms of Mary, who kneels before her, while John on her left, and Mary Magdalene on her right, support her arms and prevent her from falling.

First to the right of the cross of Christ is the figure of Saint Dominick, kneeling and lifting his hands beseechingly to Christ. Next is the standing figure of Saint Augustine, holding his crozier in his left hand, and pointing up to the cross with his right hand as he looks down at the face of Saint Jerome, who kneels at his left, and in front. Saint Francis kneels in the rear of Saint Jerome, and the tall figure of Albert, founder of the Carmelites, stands beyond, with a crozier, and holding a palm branch in his hand as a martyr. In the rear of Saint Francis is seen St. Bernard, kneeling, with a book clasped to his breast. Beyond him stands Saint Benedict, with his wand for sprinkling holy water, in his right hand. To his right is seen Saint Romualdo, standing with right hand folded over the left. In front of Saint Romualdo kneels Saint John Gualberto, toward the spectator, his left hand held to his face, which looks down. To the extreme right kneels Saint Peter Martyr, with his hands on his breast. Beyond him stands Saint Thomas Aquinas, greatest of theologians; on his breast the blazing sun as his emblem.

This picture makes us acquainted with the most famous founders of monastic orders.

CORRECTION.

"Correction means, a tending, through pain and evil, to good and love—just what this state is."—James Hinton.

Though the little fingers—learning how to write,
Trying to be steady, grasp the pen too tight,
Making crooked letter—causes many a tear,
Yet in time they master—writing bold and clear.

Who would think blameworthy every stroke not good?
"Only keep on trying," is your cheering word.
"You are sure to conquer, doing still your best"—
Not success, but trying—that's the teacher's test.

Little feet too, stumble, falling on the floor,
For to walking bravely, tumbling is the door.
"Babies mustn't tumble," would be nonsense quite;
They must learn by falling how to walk upright.

Life is full of lessons, just for every day,
God has set for practice in the selfsame way.
We, too, learn by grasping earthly things too tight,
Holding far more loosely when we see aright.

We must slip and stumble in our upward way,
Till we learn to journey onward to the Day.
Let us, then, be patient with each other's faults;
They're but crooked "pothooks," as our progress halts.

Like the elder children, patient with the rest,
We will still with kindness help them "do their best."
God, with utmost patience, waits for greater skill,
Giving by the practice, power to do his will.

Striving to do better, not content to blot,
We shall live "epistles," fair, without a spot;
And attain to walking—as God's children dear,
Through mistakes still growing to his image here!

WORMS AND THEIR WORK.

It is a happy thought that the earth which fills our lap with beautiful things and things for life is a servant sent of God to dispose of his bounty, that all its gifts are fresh with the glow and warmth of his presence. All things gain singular beauty and joy when the truth of the Good Giver of them all enters into them and us. What charm is it to know that our flowers are as it were roses growing over the walls of Heaven; the lark's trilling rapid song, dizzy with exquisite delight, is but drifted music through the gates of the palace above; the smiles which, rippling up out of the hearts of friends, break in the light which never shone on brightest sea or transfigured land, are the caught and mirrored rays of the Uncreated Loveliness? By such truths nature gains here color and is glorified. We do not doubt that she has beauty apart from all such thoughts. Roses and songs and smiles are ever lovely. But there is one glory of the terrestrial and another glory of the celestial; there is the glory of the earth without the feeling of a beautiful bountiful God, and without the strong transcendent hope the sight of him and his fair ways inspire; and there is the glory of the earth with him and his hope coloring and illuminating it all.

Let us summarize the principal facts given by Mr. Darwin, in his recent book on "Vegetable Mould and Earth Worms." He tells us that earth worms are found throughout the world. There are but few varieties of them, and these closely resemble one another. The vast majority of them bring up earth to the surface in the form of little spiral castings. These are found in many different stations; on chalk downs, in boggy peat, in country meadows, London parks, and court-yards of houses; but wherever they are found there are invariably a layer of fine earth and moisture, both of which seem necessary to a worm's existence.

Worms are too wise to go where they can not live. Even where the surface of the ground would meet the conditions of their life in summer, they do not settle unless it would also meet them in the depth of winter. Where suitable soil covers rock into which, of course, they could not burrow to escape the dangers of frost, they are never found.

They carry on their work at night, and seldom entirely leave their holes. They reach out for objects which surround their burrows by stretching the body to its full length, keeping the tail still inserted in the burrow. They live chiefly in the fine mould which they have made and brought to the surface, which varies in thickness from an inch or two at its least to about half a yard at its most. Their burrow runs down into the earth to a much greater depth than this. But their home, their dwelling and resting-place, is the upper story, where they prefer to lie just inside, with their head near the level of the ground. This they do probably for warmth, for which reason, too, they line these quarters with leaves. They do not appear to object to cold, damp earth while at work, but they avoid contact with it when at rest. Except when sick and at pairing time they always pass the day in their burrows. Occasionally by night they leave their burrows "on voyages of discovery," and in these cases they never attempt to return to the home they have left.

The body of a large worm consists of from one hundred to two hundred almost cylindrical rings, which act as a sort of "flexible telescope," and each ring is furnished with minute bristles. By the use of these rings worms can go backward and forward. They have a mouth which serves to swallow food and to lift objects by suction. Behind the mouth is a pharynx; behind that is an œsophagus (or gullet), and in this, dividing it into two parts, are calciferous glands, which Mr. Darwin says are "highly remarkable, for nothing like them is known in any other animal."

These organs are followed by a crop which leads into a gizzard, and this, again, is followed by an inner and an outer set of intestines.

Worms have neither jaws nor teeth of any kind. They swallow small stones, by which their food is triturated as the miller by his larger stones triturates his corn. Some kinds of worms live in mud and water, and though they feed on vegetable matter as earth worms do, they have no duties to discharge toward the soil. These have no gizzards, and do not swallow small stones. The virgin particles of soil swallowed by the earth worm are ground down between the stones, moved about by the tough lining membrane of the gizzard, and mixed with the fertilizing secretions of the worm, they are passed out again.

Worms breathe through their skin. They are blind, and have no kind of eyes. But their mouth-end is sensitive to light. When artificial light is suddenly thrown upon them as they lie in the darkness near the tops of their burrows, they generally retreat down into them. They do not all act alike,—some, seeming more timid and nervous than others, "scamper off" at once; some remain a moment, then quietly withdraw; while others raise their heads (if we may be allowed to call the place where some kind of cerebral ganglia exists, a head) from the ground, peer about as if, like startled blind people, they were trying to understand the situation. Though without eyes, they distinguish day and night. There are clear signs, too, that they possess some sort of mind. When busy, their attention is not easily attracted. They are preoccupied, a fact which Mr. Darwin says relates them to "the higher animals." They have no sense of hearing, but they are extremely sensitive to vibration, and are still more sensitive to contact. They shrink from being handled as much as a sensitive person shrinks from handling them. They have a limited sense of smell, which is also very feeble, by which they discover their savory dishes. They are decidedly possessed of a sense of taste. And when feeding they prefer the textures which are the most palatable and tender. They are eager for certain kinds of food, and appear to enjoy the pleasure of eating. This point please bear well in mind for use a little farther on. They have their social pleasures and family life. Their parental relations are peculiar. Each worm is both father and mother; father to its neighbor's children, and mother to its own.

In the winter, when their season is over, they plug up their burrows, plunge deep enough down into the earth to be beyond the reach of frost, have little meetings, roll themselves together into balls, and await the time of spring. More than a passing word must be given on the intelligence of worms. When engaged they neglect impressions to which, when not engaged, they attend, and absorption, says Mr. Darwin, clearly indicates the presence of mind. But worms also exercise judgment. It is their habit to seize leaves and other objects, not to serve as food only, but for plugging up the mouths of their burrows. This action they perform instinctively, that is, all the individuals, including the younger, perform it in the same manner. They seize the leaf with their mouth, drag it a little way into the burrow, which is cylindrical, by which process it is crumpled and rolled up a little. The first leaf is the center one and the next is drawn into its place outside of it, and so on till sufficient leaves have been arranged, when the whole are drawn deeper down into the burrow and become closely forced and packed together. The submerged end is then covered with moist earth and the burrow is securely plugged against cold and rain. Failing to obtain leaves or sticks for this purpose, they often make a covering of a little pile of stones. The intelligence of the worm is, however, not shown in the ordinary practice of this habit, but in its practice under strange and difficult conditions.

These are Mr. Darwin's words on this point:

"If a man had to plug up a small cylindrical hole with leaves, foot-stalks of leaves, or twigs, he would drag or push them in by their pointed ends; but if these objects were very thin relatively to the size of the hole, he would probably insert some by their thicker or broader ends. The guide in this case would be intelligence. It seemed, therefore, worth while to observe carefully how worms dragged leaves into their burrows; whether by their tip, or base, or middle parts. It seemed more especially desirable to do this in the case of plants not native to our own country; for although the habit of dragging leaves into their burrows is undoubtedly instinctive with worms, yet instinct could not tell them how to act in the case of leaves about which their progenitors knew nothing. If, moreover, worms acted solely through instinct or an unvarying inherited impulse, they would draw all kinds of leaves into their burrows in the same manner." Then Mr. Darwin proceeds to give the results of patient experiments and observations which he made with worms, which show far more than a blind following of instinct, viz., a sensible and purposeful adaptation to novel and varying circumstances, a decided disposition to experiment, and a profiting by the lessons of experience; all of which shows that although standing low in the scale of organization, worms possess some degree of intelligence; a result which, Mr. Darwin says, has surprised him more than anything else in his study of worms.

A curious fact incidental to the work of worms is their preservation of ancient relics and buildings. By bringing up soil to the surface of the ground they have slowly covered, and excavating soil from underneath they have slowly sunk down into secret places much which, being discovered, is precious to antiquarians and historians.

The active life of the worm is divided into two distinct parts, its activities when feeding and its activities when working. For though the worm, like most of ourselves, works to live, it also lives to work, and this fact opens up to Christian believers in God all the pleasures of new delight. Side by side with the glorified instincts of prophets of Israel, heathen sages, and Christian poets, the very mould joins to praise the foreknowledge of an Almighty Benevolence.

Here, then, is a summary of Mr. Darwin's facts—for my conclusions from them Mr. Darwin is in no way responsible.

1. The worm, as I have said, works to live. It seeks nourishment; has a hearty relish for certain foods; shows evident signs of pleasure in palatable things.

2. The worm also lives to work. Nourishment is not the end of its existence, but labor. It feeds to get strength, it gets strength to transform useless into useful soil, but instinct compels it at certain times to leave the surface and all that it enjoys there, and plunge, like a collier after his morning meal, down into the bowels of the earth, to dig out and to bring up to the surface what is needed there. It plunges down, therefore, into the raw soil below, bores its way, filling itself with it, sifting the finer from the coarser particles, mingling it with vegetable debris, finely grinding it between stones taken into the gizzard for the purpose, and saturating it with intestinal secretions. Then crawling upward, it casts out upon the surface a little pile of earth transformed into fine vegetable mould. The plant-nourishing matter the worm has left above is, from a cultivator's standpoint, a totally different substance from the raw, chiefly mineral, material out of which it has been made. Thus the worm is a miner to excavate, a miller to grind, a chemist to change the substance.

Mr. Darwin finds that on an average each English worm plays these parts to about twenty ounces of matter in the course of one year. He further estimates that each suitable acre of land in England contains from twenty to thirty

thousand worms, and that there are thirty-two millions of such acres. Now, at the rate of each worm twenty ounces, each acre annually receives on its surface from below ten tons yearly, which gives three hundred and twenty million tons of worm-soil made in England alone. With these figures before our minds, let us conceive, if we can, the results of worm-labor throughout the world. What would they be for one year?

Now to my point. Here are animals endowed with instincts which compel them to transform the useless into useful, to grind and mix with secretions peculiarly their own, for the secretion of which they are endowed with glands expressly peculiar to themselves. And this not for their own use. Some authorities have doubted whether the worm derives any nourishment whatever from the raw materials which it thus transforms; but Mr. Darwin is of opinion that it does derive some, but it seems that this is only in the way of accident, as a cook may pick a currant while making her mistress a cake, or as the ox may snap a stray ear of corn while treading the mill-round of the threshing-floor. But when it swallows mere mineral earth, it is not for purposes of nourishment or of the palate. At the surface, nourishing vegetable fare is near at hand; fare which is rich and palatable, for which, be it remembered, it has a relish and evident enjoyment, yet this it deliberately leaves behind, and works for something outside of itself—for the soil, for the fruits of the earth, and for man! The whole of what is known as vegetable mould of the surface of the earth has passed and will repass, Mr. Darwin says, through the bodies of worms every few years through the world's history. Nay, more, long before history, before even man appeared on the earth, says Mr. Darwin, "the land was, in fact, regularly ploughed, and still continues to be ploughed, by earth-worms. It may be doubted," he continues, "whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly-organized creatures."

What thoughts and feelings should such facts stir! Long before the appearance of man upon the earth, the earth-worm was patiently and skillfully preparing the soil in which man's lilies and roses were to bloom, the herbs were to grow for his camel and sheep, and corn and wine, to make glad man's heart. If born of these facts there does not succeed to the first sense of wonder at the forethought and goodness of the great Father a sense of gratitude, overwhelmed by a sad, almost tearful, sense of unworthiness, we must indeed be "past feeling." Whenever we look at the earth-worm and the little spiral coil of mould it erects upon the ground, our feeling should be one of reverent love to the Eternal Glory from whom, by these unsuspecting means, such good gifts descend.—*London Sunday Magazine.*

WHAT IS PRAYER?

The words came strangely from her lips,
When thus she questioned, "What is prayer?"
For I, who knew her heart so well,
Could look and find the answer there.

Her life's a prayer, and she, like John,
Leans trusting on her Saviour's breast;
There e'en a whisper will suffice,
And in that whisper there is rest:

Rest from the care of self, and rest
From all the daily fret of life.
Where could she better work and help
Those who are lonely in the strife?

Ah, she could tell us what is prayer—
From that her early-chosen home,
A lifting of the eye to Him
Who ever gently whispers, "Come!"

AN HOUR WITH THE SALVATION ARMY.

A religious movement which in its fourth year of operations claims some of the largest congregations to be found in most of our great towns, must surely be worthy of attention. When it is added that these congregations are mostly drawn from that "non-worshipping" population over which clergymen, moralists, and philanthropists are accustomed to wall in despair, the movement becomes interesting beyond all proportion to the mere numbers it may affect.

Statistics might be given to justify these remarks, but they are needless. Concurrent testimony, confirmed by our own observations in London, shows that this movement affects poor abandoned souls whom almost every device of preaching or ritual has hitherto failed to bring within the sound of the gospel. Let all have their due, even if we feel constrained to protest against practices which we deprecate. When we think of the raving, riotous, profane rabble fairly dragged at the tail of the Army in its marches through the streets, and almost forced to confront the tremendous alternative of heaven or hell, we find a new light on the words of the gospel, "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

The Lord of peace and truth did not speak of himself, in these words. The stupendous power of his divine life, by which he drew men to himself, was quiet as the might of gravitation. The sun makes no noise in swaying the planetary worlds. The supremacy of Christ's love was not that of the storm, but of sunshine which no frosts can resist, and beneath which no seeds of life can long sulk in darkness. "It is enough for the servant that he be as his Master." Alas, if he only could! It is hard for a puny asteroid to imitate the sun. Its nearest attempt is a petty volcanic explosion of pent-up forces. It should be content to reflect the sun. But those rough Galileans whose speech bewrayed them in priestly, rabbinical Jerusalem, did not, it would appear, always content themselves with the "still small voice." They carried their habitual violence into religion; and they "took the kingdom of heaven by force." This is what the Salvation Army do likewise. It may be impossible to help wishing that they were milder-mannered. But if they really do drag captives with them as they scale the walls of heaven, who would not wish them God-speed?

And they do! There can be no doubt about that. Inconsistent converts, backsliders, mercenary pretenders, there may be among their recruits; but that they have been the means of making many drunkards sober, and of taming many a lawless ruffian, and rousing thousands of careless souls to inquire, "What must I do to be saved?" is too notorious to be denied. Let us tell our own experience of one of their meetings, held at the headquarters of the "First Whitechapel Corps," as it is called. There is a special interest attaching to this place of meeting, for it is here that the movement originated. The "East London Mission" had used the hall for many years, when Mr. Booth, a little more than three years ago, conceived the idea of organizing the Salvation Army. With that organization, with its affectation of military titles, and its uniform, we need not now concern ourselves. "Men are but children of a larger growth." And the "Army," equally with the "Good Templars" and the Ritualists, have found, we suppose, some advantage in appealing to the childishness that survives in grown-up people. But this is not of the essence of the movement: let us go into their hall, and try if we can find out what is.

In a wide thoroughfare, almost as crowded and bustling on Sunday evening as on Saturday, we see a dense throng round a wide gateway, and, were it not for the fact that

public houses are the only places of ordinary resort privileged to be open on this day, we might suppose we were approaching the entrance of a penny theatre. The dress and language of the jesting throng suggest that, and nothing else. The same idea is favored by the brightly-lighted vestibule, at the end of which are doors opening into the hall. We pass in, and find some six or seven hundred people already assembled. It is nearly seven o'clock, but the "Whitechapel First Corps" has not yet arrived. It is marching through the streets singing hymns of triumph, and striving, by the aid of brazen instruments, to overbear the clamor of an opposition force now regularly marshalled to shout it down; or, in the absence of the police, to adopt more summary methods. A glance at the audience convinces us at once that it is one of a very unusual character. The proportion of the male sex is certainly larger than ordinary, and they are nearly all youthful. Amongst the women there are many of middle age, worn and weary-looking. But amongst the men nearly all are young; in fact, a large number of them are mere lads, and precisely the sort of lads who appear, as though by magic, in scores whenever there is a chance for a fight or other entertainment in the streets. A balcony runs round three sides of the hall, while at the end a platform rises in several steps, like an infant-school gallery. On the wall above this platform are some startling appeals in big letters—"Will you go to heaven, or hell?" "Let God have his own way," and others more familiar.

We have hardly time to look round when the sound of singing, half-drowned in riotous cries and jeers, reaches us from the street, and the "corps" marches in, followed by a tumultuous crowd that surges up into the balcony, or subsides into the vacant seats below. The band with their brazen instruments take their places prominently on the gallery in front of us, and we note with some alarm a portentous ophicleide, almost big enough to blow the roof off. The army knows no distinction of sex in the holy war. There are women taking their places as lieutenants and captains of the force, and in some of their faces it is impossible to mistake the saintly look of pure self-forgetful devotion which we mark in pictured saints whose eyes gaze into eternity. Amongst the recruiting band, who take their seats fronting us, is a youth by no means of prepossessing countenance, who, we learn, was the originator and organizer of the "Opposition Army," but who now, in token of his new allegiance, has a symbolic helmet sewn on his coat; and we fervently hope it truly represents the helmet of salvation.

Without ceremony, without announcement, some voice, we know not where, strikes up a lively hymn, beginning, "I'm a pilgrim for glory," and running continually into a refrain of question and answer,

"Are you ready? Yes, I'm ready,
Only waiting till the Master comes."

The lively energy with which this is everywhere caught up shows that the majority are habitual attendants. Then a brother in a uniform, a sort of cross between that of a policeman and a rifleman, gives out a hymn from a book, and the ophicleide betrays ominous tokens of activity. The cornets take up the strain, and the multitude join in heartily again. If they could only drown the ophicleide all would be well, but it is a tremendous instrument, much too strong even for the whole force of the army, and as it rarely ever hits the right note, our hypercritical ears undergo some torture. But, bless the man, his heart is in it! He blows as if he were before the walls of Jericho, and their fall depended on his lungs. The discord does not in the slightest degree disturb the singers. Indeed, they enjoy their efforts so that at the close of the hymn they are loath to leave off, and sing the last two lines over and over again.

When at last they cease, the young man with the symbolic helmet at once leads off in prayer. Only a month ago his Sunday evening's amusement was to throw bricks-bats at the army. Now, with a fervor that struggles vainly against poverty of language, he beseeches a blessing on the work. It is noticeable that he does not speak in the plural, but in the singular, as though he were praying alone. "Oh, my God!" he cries, "bless this meeting. Let souls be converted this night. Oh, my God! bless us now." It is impossible to suppress a doubt as to the wisdom of allowing such recent converts to appear so prominently. But all is so strange to us here that our ideas are somewhat topsyturvy, and we forbear criticism. At any rate, there is no possibility of doubting the lad's earnestness now. We are told he has to bear a good deal of persecution; as he is the son of a publican whose house is much frequented by the Opposition Army, we can well believe it. We earnestly hope he may endure to the end.

After two more prayers, another hymn is raised, happily this time without the ophicleide. Everything in the service is so spontaneous that several times hymns are raised without announcement. Some voice leads off in well-known words—this time it is "My Jesus, I love thee; I know thou art mine"—and instantly several hundred voices join in, the people all retaining their seats. On these occasions the brass band is taken unawares and is left behind, but each man fingers his instrument as though determined to come in somewhere; and they generally succeed, regardless of pitch, before the end of the hymn.

The reading of Scripture is not followed with much attention. In fact, fidgeting and whispered conversations are general. The preaching, which consists not of one discourse, but of several brief exhortations, is—at least on this occasion—more remarkable for energy of delivery than for pathos, or striking illustration. Still there are points that tell on the audience. One of the preachers, it seems, had a shopmate who is an admirer of Mr. Bradlaugh's. Said he—"One of Mr. Bradlaugh's friends—God bless and save the man; I don't want to speak of him with any disrespect—but one of his friends told me the other day at the bench, he didn't believe this and he didn't believe the other. 'Come now,' I says to him, 'what do you believe?' 'Oh,' said he, 'I've never thought about that.'" It will easily be understood what use is made of this. Referring to the moral indolence which will not face responsibility, the same preacher remarks: "They say, if God wants to save me, why don't he save me? But they won't let him." Meantime, with all the elements of a dangerous riot at the back of the meeting, the leader shows admirable tact and coolness. When a preacher somewhat ludicrously cracks his voice and has to pause for breath, this leader, without moving from his seat, instantly raises a hymn and gives the orator time to recover. When jeers and mimicry from the roughs become annoying, he says quietly, "Now then, aisle-keepers, look after them chaps. There's a lot of fellows come in here just to help the devil by upsetting our meeting. Keep an eye on them." And the proceedings go on again as though nothing had happened.

One thing that touched us deeply is the impassioned devotion again and again manifested to the Friend of Sinners. It was said of old, "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow." And here not only knees, but hearts are bowed by that name. "He left the glorious Heaven, and came down amongst sin and suffering for you—for you!" "Ay, for me, bless him; hallelujah!" cries a poor, toil-worn woman near us. "There's one verse of a hymn tells my experience," says a young man, suddenly rising on the platform, "and I want you to sing it. It's this: 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.'" Instantly the old tune of Miles Lane is raised; but when they come to "crown Him Lord of all," the repe-

tion provided in that tune is not enough for them. They have got an addition to it, which goes on quivering and twirling on the word "crown" for several moments, and it is an unmistakable happiness to the army and their converts thus to celebrate the Captain of their salvation. Now, what cathedral music can, in genuine pathos, equal this? From foul alleys, from reeking gin-shops, from drunken fights, and brutal excesses, these people have been dragged into a light amazing to them as the vision Paul saw at mid-day. Selfishness, greed, passion, they could understand before, but the love that knows no aim other than the salvation of the lost, is a revelation that overwhelms them with incredible yet resistless beauty. And they have believed it. Pierced by its tender reproach—"Thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee"—wooed by its pleading, they have yielded to its inspiration; and now old things have passed away, all things are become new. Instead of drink and filthy jesting, they find delight in praise and work for God. Instead of the triumph of selfish violence, they have the unutterable peace of a complete surrender to God's will. Comparing their present with their former lives, they feel themselves already on the threshold of Heaven. And should they not love him who, at such a tremendous cost, wrought this deliverance for them? Well may they sing with heart and voice! There is a music in such gratitude which even an ophicleide out of tune can not mar. Yes; we have been in many stately cathedrals, but we avow, never in them did we seem to catch so clear an echo of the anthem of the redeemed. The theme is the same above and below—ay, and the feeling is one: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!"

"Sudden conversions" cease to be incredible to us. A poor wretch who has been assaulting his wife and starving his children, while he has drunk himself to the borders of the grave, comes in here, and the first word he hears is that "the devil is a hard master." Well, that is a self-evident proposition to him. It never occurred to him in just that way before, but now he becomes suddenly aware that he is carrying a real hell within him. The preacher tells a story of a man who found a wonderfully good master, and goes on: "Now I have found a good master; I used to serve Satan; but I heard of a master who paid better wages, and I turned out on strike. My new master promised me good work, with peace of conscience here and rest afterwards. He's paid me regular so far, and I know he will to the end, and my children knows it, and my misses knows it too." "Hallelujah! that's me," responded a glad woman in the gallery. "There's lots of people here serving a bad master. He has given them many a aching head and many a aching heart. And the little uns get it, and the poor wife gets it, and it's all bad to everybody. The devil never did anyone a good turn. He never lifted up a man in his life. If he did, it was only to knock him farther down." The poor wretch who listens feels how true this is, and begins to wonder if there is any chance for him to "strike" too. His life becomes darker and more dreadful with every word he hears, and if he does not utter the words, the thought is in his heart, "What must I do to be saved?" And then he is told how there is a way of escape, how "God so loved the world," how Jesus went about doing good to just such miserable souls as he is, and how the same Jesus carried their burden of sin and sorrow up to the bitter death of Calvary. Nay, he hears that the spirit of this Jesus is actually in the assembly, and that all who yield to him are now saved from their sins, and may hope for strength to lead a pure and happy life. The zeal, the conviction, the moral excitement around him are contagious. He falls into an agony and a trance. He is struggling between life and death. People come to

him and pray over him. Hundreds of voices are singing, "I will believe, I do believe, that Jesus died for me." And why not for him, too? Yes, glory to God, he *must* believe. Christ is his Savior, too. It is surely the spirit of Christ that works in him such hatred of sin, such longing to do better. And if Christ be for him, who can be against him? He is a saved man. A strange, joyful assurance of a better future for him takes possession of his heart. The bondage of corruption is broken. He is, at last, entering the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Let us go. We have seen some things that a little startle, perhaps almost shock us. And we hear of many doings in this army which we must distinctly reprobate, especially in its unwise dealings with children. But if the power of God to heal sin-stricken souls was not present to-night, we hardly know what signs would prove it. As we walk away through the gloomy streets simmering with fretful humanity, eloquent of profound spiritual needs, there runs in our head, we hardly know why, the scornful indignation of Blake:

"Mock on, mock on! Voltaire, Rousseau!
Mock on, mock on,—'tis all in vain.
You throw but sand against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again!"

—London Sunday Magazine.

PLATFORM AND PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I have ever regretted the necessity of a title for a lecture. I was once asked why I did not preach. My reply was, I should forget my text in five minutes. And if I announced, as a title, the ground I hope to occupy,—if my strength holds out, and your patience,—and all the topics I should like to touch upon, no hand-bill would contain it, and the reading thereof would be wearisome and bewildering. I have selected a title: "Platform and Personal Experiences." I shall give incidents, describe scenes, relate anecdotes, and offer opinions and suggestions, and the lecture, if it may be called a lecture, will contain some results of more than thirty-eight years of public life not altogether confined to the platform.

Now, my audience by this time expect from me neither logic nor argument, neither unity nor rhetoric, nor anything else that constitutes what is termed eloquence or oratory, and I suppose I shall remind you of a man who was constantly surprising his employer, a farmer, by doing very strange things. One day the farmer went into the barn and found that the man had hung himself. Looking at the body, he said, "What upon airth will that feller du next?" Do not expect that I am going to try to bring to you something new. There is nothing new under the sun, and some persons prefer the old to the new. A man went into a store and asked, "Have you anything new or fresh?" "Yes; that paint you are leaning upon is fresh." [Great laughter.]

Now, I shall proceed to give you some personal experiences, and I shall allow myself the very largest liberty in wandering. This lecture, if it may be called a lecture, must necessarily be personal. It is not egotistical. But I must answer a few questions, for many are asked me in the course of my life in reference to my public speaking, personally. Now, some feel it a cross to speak, and others feel it a cross not to speak. I advise both to take up their cross. This was the remark of a very shrewd man, and whether it be sound or not, I will state that I have been for thirty-eight years a cross-bearer as a public speaker. I have never known a time that I did not dread an audience; and the very first sight of the assembly depresses me most fearfully.

* A lecture by John B. Gough, Esq., delivered in the Amphitheater at Chautauqua Lake, New York, August 15, 1881.

I have often directed the chairman of the meeting at which I was to speak to make a few remarks; yes, a good many remarks. I remember when I first faced an audience in London, in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, when we had 6700 admitted by ticket. I said to Sir Charles Read, "Make a speech, Sir Charles, make a speech." And after he had made a speech I began mine with faltering and with tears. I remember once walking with my wife ten minutes up and down the street in Boston, before I dared to go into the hall where I was to speak. A man says, "That is all affectation." I tell you I have never been able to overcome the unaccountable dread of a public audience. After the first nervousness is passed, I have no sensation except to make the audience acknowledge dominion over their wills and affections. If I succeed in this, and especially if they are at all responsive, the fear is all gone. There comes a consciousness of power that exhilarates, excites and produces strength, thrilling and delighting. And for that, all speakers have to pay most fearfully afterward. This is especially so when I have been placed in new and strange circumstances, asked to perform some new public service. When I was in London I was asked to conclude divine services with prayer. I turned to my wife and said, "Mary, what shall I do?" She said, "You had better go up to Dr. Parker, and explain to him." So I got into the pulpit. Many of you have seen it, a magnificent thing; it is very high, and he stood on a little platform. I said, "Dr. Parker, I can not pray here. If I was alone I could pray; but now I can not lead the devotions of this great congregation." He said, "I have got you here, and you must do something. Give out the twenty-eighth hymn after my prayer." So, after the prayer, I rose, and I forgot the platform, and he said, "stand on the platform," I said, "Will you now sing the twenty-seventh—the twenty-eighth hymn," and I gave out the first four lines, and at the conclusion of the last line I dropped like a "Jack-in-the-box." That was absolute suffering. I suppose I ought to be in the spirit of prayer, but to lead the devotions of others has always been a cross to me, and I have always shirked it. I can not help it, I can not understand it, and I can not account for it. A gentleman asked me yesterday to conclude the service with prayer, but I could not.

When Mr. Finney was in Edinburgh, in 1857, he and his wife called on us at the hotel, and there were four of us,—Mr. and Mrs. Finney, and Mr. and Mrs. Gough. We had some conversation, and among other things, I said to Mr. Finney, "I am afraid I am in the seventh chapter of Romans." "What?" "I am in the seventh chapter of Romans." "Then we ought to pray about it." And we all knelt down. He said, "Mr. Gough, pray." I said, "I don't want to pray." Said he, "I command you to pray." "Mr. Finney, I won't pray." Then he said, "O God, have mercy upon this unbeliever."

At a lecture in a church in London a minister was asked to open the meeting with prayer. He prayed for the idolatrous, for the Afghans, for the country, for all others, for the speaker, and for those who were instrumental in getting up the meeting, and at the conclusion of the prayer, he said, "Were you satisfied with my supplications?" [Great laughter.] There are some who can pray, and then ask questions about it.

Then I am asked, "Do you see your audience as individuals or in the aggregate?" My experience is possibly the experience of every public speaker; and I don't mean to criticize any public speaker whatever; but to me there is an involuntary selection of the persons to whom I am to speak. My will has nothing to do with it, and when I have once selected them it is not possible to change. In the little speech Saturday afternoon, my eye rested on a lady, the most stolid woman I ever saw, and then on a man fast asleep; and I could not get a smile from the one, or wake

up the other. This action on my part is utterly involuntary, this fixing on an individual. It is, as I say, involuntary. Once in a while I have tried all efforts to move men. I remember one man who was very stolid, and he sat as if he was going to ask the question, "What are you going to do next?" I worked very hard, and I thought, "Perhaps he has a comical element in his constitution;" and I tried a funny story. I went on telling stories, and I said to myself, "I must conquer that man or I can not make a speech; if I don't move him I can not make a speech." I was bound to succeed. By the looks of his face I saw I was right, and I said, "I am sure of you now." I told another story, and he laughed, and then I had a fine time.

Another question is, "How do you prepare your lectures?" That is a difficult question to answer without some analysis of myself. For the first seventeen years of my public work I spoke entirely on Temperance, nothing else. I delivered more than 5,000 addresses on the subject of Temperance; 1,160 of them in Great Britain. Now, I never wrote one line of a speech on Temperance, or committed one sentence to memory on Temperance. To be sure, in conversation, and in traveling, and in reading, I collected incidents, and facts, and arguments, and illustrations. I store them in the mind, allowing them to float on the surface, ready when required.

When I was in Sherburne, England, the great actor, Macready, came on the platform and asked me to breakfast with him the next morning. We entered into conversation. He asked me, "Do you commit your lectures to memory? Do you write them?" "No, sir." "Then you have in your mind what you are to say?" "No, sir." I then began: Drunkenness is an evil, and it is our duty to do all we can to remove the evil. And so on. I knew that I had certain facts and arguments and illustrations; but how I was to weave them in I did not know. I will illustrate that point. Whatever I can make use of I use freely. Now, at Rhinebeck I was to speak on the subject of Temperance. I was entertained by Mr. Freeborn Garretson, at his beautiful estate. It was in the winter-time, and we went out walking on the grounds in the afternoon; and he said, "I wish you would come in the summer-time. Our trees have no foliage, no beauty now. Come in the summer-time, and you will see us in our glory, when you will enjoy the glad refreshment of the shade under these trees." I thought nothing of it. As I went to the lecture, a man said, "I am glad you are come to Rhinebeck." I began to speak, and I used the words of Mr. Garretson. I spoke of the Temperance cause, and said, "There's not a green thing, or bud or blossom now. But sir, it is winter-time now. The sap is in the trees, and the warm sun will shine by and by on these branches, and in the sultry days you will have the warm rain; it will water the roots; you will have the bud and blossom and leaf, and the branches will hang so thick;" and soon I got a big tree, and all the drunkards coming under it for comfort and refreshment. Now, I had no idea of using these thoughts when I heard them; but I try to do the very best thing I can every time, and to speak as if I was never going to speak again, and use up all the material I have got.

It has been said "Gough is a mere story-teller." I should like to know how many have come merely to hear the story. This is true in a certain sense. As far as my temperance lectures are concerned that may be true. When I began to speak it was the very night I signed the pledge. I was ignorant, as I said on Saturday—no education. I had never read a book of history or science; never thoroughly studied an hour. Study to me was only a term—perfect ignorance as far as educated men would call ignorance. I stood up to speak; what could I do but tell a story? It was a story not clothed in beautiful thoughts, not very literary, not very logical, but it was a story—a story of privation and suffering;

a story of struggle and victory; a story of gloom and brightness; a story of life; a story of despair and hope; a story of God's infinite mercy; a story every word of which I felt in the deepest depths of my soul. I am a story-teller; I have related the story of other men's experiences, and I have tried to tell the story of the Cross; and I thank God to-day with my whole heart that there are some men who have heard my story, and have been stimulated to make the remaining chapters of their lives better and nobler and truer. I am perfectly willing to be called a story-teller if I may win a single soul from vice to virtue, warn the unwary, and strengthen the weak.

Yes, but "Gough is merely a retailer of anecdotes." I have a keen sense of the ridiculous; I can not help it; and when I get hold of a story I use it. Some of the most ridiculous things I read, with all due regard and respect to the parties, are some criticisms on myself. Some of them begin with "Gough is not a thinker!" What do they mean? I never think? I am not a profound thinker; never professed to be. Some men are so profound that with my plummet I can not sound the depths of their profundity. I do think occasionally—once in a while. But if I were to come before you and profess (some of the gentlemen on the platform profess to be deep thinkers) to be a deep thinker, what would you say? Why, I am reminded of a young man who had been speaking in meeting very glibly, and in the concluding prayer these words were said: "Now, Lord, we pray thee to bless our young friend, and prick him, and let all the wind out of him." And he went down like a collapsed balloon or the stick of a sky-rocket. Now, I did once see in a paper this remark: "Gough's sense of the ridiculous is not original." There it was! I must have borrowed it, or got it somehow or other! Now, when I find a good story, I use it. I am showing you this afternoon how it is done. Some are related by others; I use them all; they are public property. I have seen persons in my audiences jotting down the stories I have told. [Laughter.] I could tell you the story of the boy who went to see the grand picture of the Christians thrown to the lions. It was a beautiful picture. The boy looked at it carefully, and when he came home he was asked how he enjoyed it. "I enjoyed it very much," he said, "but I was awfully sorry for one of the poor little lions who hadn't got a Christian."

Now, if I wished to illustrate the point that circumstances change or modify our opinions of the same facts, I should tell the story of the man who put up at a forlorn-looking hotel, in a very forlorn town. "What a miserable place this is," he said. After supper he went to the bar and went to drinking, and, soon getting to gambling, he lost his horse and buggy, and he got drunk, and the landlord pitched him out into the gutter. Afterwards he said: "I lost one hundred and fifty dollars, lost my horse and buggy, and got drunk; and a right-smart place for business this is." [Laughter.]

Some one asked another, "Have you seen a dog anywhere on the road?" "Yes, I've seen him and a wolf, and they were just going it, nip and tuck, and the dog was a leetle ahead."

A young man was asked about the shapeliness of his lady-love's foot, when he said: "It's splendid; it's symmetrical; delicious. It's a splendid foot, but somehow it never made the impression upon me that her father's did one night." [Long continued laughter.] Now you take a man who can not appreciate a joke, and he will say: "What in thunder has her father's foot to do with it?"

Like all public speakers, probably, I have been placed in embarrassing circumstances. A certain amount of self-possession has been necessary to overcome expected opposition, especially in the early days of the temperance movement. I have never been entirely put down by opposition

although I have been sorely annoyed. Arguments are of no avail. It is not argument that conquers. But if you can think of an apt story, or make some remark that can put the laugh upon your opponent, you have the power over him. A man in the gallery annoyed me exceedingly, and under the gallery were a lot of liquor-sellers exceedingly tickled to hear this man swear at me. When he would say something particularly insulting, they would cheer. I thought of a story. I said, "My friend, you are too good-looking a man to be engaged in such a mean, contemptible business as this. You are doing the work of the men under the gallery. There was a man who stammered very badly. Some one came into his office and said: 'Can you tell why it was that Balaam's ass spoke?' 'Yes,' said he, 'Balaam was a stutterer and got his ass to speak for him.'" I had no more disturbance from the man in the gallery.

A friend of mine in London possessed this power of repartee in a remarkable degree. Any officious person that undertook to interrupt him got the worst of it, even if he was right. On one occasion he was talking on Temperance, and noticing the religious element without which the temperance cause must die, and a man interrupting, said: "We don't want any religion here. You keep religion where it belongs. And" pointing to the gas-burner, "the man who invented gas did more good than all the religion." Some one said: "Put that man out—put him out." "No," said the speaker, "don't put him out. He speaks from his stand-point, not ours. If we were dying, on the verge of eternity, we should need the consolation of religion. We should send for the minister of the gospel. But if this man was dying, he would send for the gas-fitter." There was no argument in it, but it extinguished him.

Only once have I been so completely embarrassed that I could not overcome it. I am telling this against the wishes of my wife. At home I am willing to play the lieutenant-governor, but on the platform I shall tell this story. In 1845 I smoked somewhat. I was to speak to an assembly of children. Those were the palmy days in Boston when we could get up meetings of three thousand children. I was to speak to those children at two o'clock. Walking along the street a man said: "I have got some of the best cigars." I said: "I haven't any place to put them." "Put them in your cap." I didn't choose to wear a stove-pipe hat whilst I was speaking, so I foolishly put the cigars into my own cap. I stood before the two thousand children, and began to speak to them about bad habits, and how hard it was to break them; and by and by I got on to the Temperance question; and I said: "Let's give three good hearty cheers [laughter], hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" and away went the cigars. I wished the platform would fall. But to add to my trouble a man passed up one of the cigars saying: "Mr. Gough, here is one of your cigars." I gave it up—the habit, I mean.

I have been once or twice perplexed by endeavoring to use a quotation. And I would say to any speaker, unless he is apt indeed, never commit to memory quotations to repeat on the platform. If you must, you are gone. On one occasion in London I began: "Locke says, 'We are born—,' Locke says, 'We are born—;'" but, well, I suppose we are born; but what we are born for in this connection, I can not inform my audience." I utterly forgot the next word. [Laughter.]

Now, a public speaker has few opportunities of hearing others, and my principal reason for coming to Chautauqua was to hear. I told Dr. Vincent if he would give me plenty of leisure I would come. I do not often hear a public speaker. I have never heard Wendell Phillips. My work begins in October and ends the first of June. In the summer I never heard but one political speech. It is not because I do not want to hear speakers. I have heard but

four literary lectures in my life until I came here. So I can form no opinion except of pulpit orators. But I would like to give a brief notice of my impression of one who has interested me. One of the most remarkable men I have been privileged to know is Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon, whose career has been unparalleled in the history of ministers. Four years in the common school at Winchester, and a few months at the college at Maidstone, were all his educational advantages. He was advised to enter Stepney College, and an appointment was made to meet Dr. Angus at Macmillan's. Mr. Spurgeon went to meet Dr. Angus and found he had gone away. His first sermon was preached under very peculiar circumstances. In 1831 he was asked to go with a young man whom he supposed to be a preacher, to a town four miles away, to attend divine service. As he was walking along, the young man said, "I hope you will be blessed in your efforts to-day." "What efforts?" "To preach." "I have never preached in my life, and I never thought of doing such a thing." So they walked on, and he says his soul was all in a tremble; and when he found the congregation assembled, at sixteen years of age, in a round jacket and turn-down collar, he preached from the text, "Unto you which believe he is precious." In 1856 Surrey Music Hall was engaged, from ten to twelve thousand persons attending every Sunday morning. In 1861 the Metropolitan Tabernacle was opened. And as you know very well that immense audience room is crowded every Sunday morning and Sunday evening. Mr. Spurgeon has a reputation for eccentricity fastened upon him. Many stories told of him are not true. When you hear a ridiculous story told of Mr. Spurgeon, doubt it. I asked him one day, "Mr. Spurgeon, did you say so and so?" "Never, Never!" Never believe an absurd story of a minister of Christ until you have got pretty good evidence of its truth.

A literary gentleman gave me a string of anecdotes of Mr. Spurgeon, and I asked Mr. Spurgeon about them, and they were all utterly untrue. He was once represented as sliding down the balusters of his pulpit to illustrate back-sliding, and he told me in his own house that he knows of persons who say they saw him do it. He don't believe it a sin to laugh, and you would not be surprised, after a round, rollicking laugh, to hear him say, "Let us have a word of prayer." Let us be merry while we can in the Christian way.

I will not attempt a description of him; one little description will show the character of the man. He asked me if I would visit the Boys' Orphanage with him. When we entered the grounds the boys gave a shout of joy. He gathered the boys together. I said to him, "How many have you in this institution?" "Two hundred and forty." "What is the condition of their reception?" "Utter destitution." "Is that all?" "Isn't that enough?" "Yes, but I thought it was denominational." "There is no more denominational in it than there is in heaven. If we find a boy without a home or bed, we take him. It makes no difference who or what." They got the boys together in a hollow square, and I said a few words, and by and by he said, "Now, boys, how many are there in this institution?" "Two hundred and forty." "How many pence make a shilling?" "Twelve." "How many shillings make a pound?" "Twenty." "Twelve times twenty are how many?" "Two hundred and forty." "Right." And so all these boys were given a penny apiece. Then Mr. Spurgeon said that there was connected with the institution an infirmary, and there was a boy dying there. He was on his bed, and Mr. Spurgeon said to him, "My dear, you have a great many precious promises all around this room, and do you know that you are not going to stay with us long? That you are going to die soon? Do you love Jesus?" "Yes." "Jesus loves you better than you love him, and he

is going to take you to him. There will be no more suffering there. Did you have a good night?" "No, sir; I coughed all night." "Ah, my child, coughing all night, and weary all day. Here, outside, are the boys overflowing with health, and you coughing all night, weary all night,—but Jesus loves you, and he is going to take you to him, and then he will tell you all about it, and then you will be glad you waited here so patiently;" and without any formality he said, "Let us pray;" and lifting up his hands, he said, "Jesus, Master, this little child is coming; give him a warm grasp of thy hand. Love him and guide him through the dark waters; lift him up as a mother lifts and comforts her child." And turning to the dear boy, he said, "Are you quite happy here? Nurse, can we not get something to please him, something that will gratify him? My dear, would you not like to have a bird in a little cage? Hang it up by the bedside, and in the morning you shall hear the bird sing. Good-bye, you will be in heaven before I see you again." That was one little preaching. So simple. No one could imitate him.

[At this point Mr. Gough gave a number of extracts from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, closing with this little one:] "I have a garden. I enjoy my garden, and the gardener knows I do. But my neighbor has a big dog, and the dog doesn't improve the appearance of my garden. One day I was noticing the flowers pushing through the warm mold, and this dog came tearing over my garden, and I threw a stick at him with all my might, and the dog picked up the stick and brought it and pushed it into my hand. Do you suppose I could strike him and push him out of my garden? 'Whoso trusteth in me shall not be confounded.'"

I'd like to give you a quotation from one of the letters I received from him, not the last. It is so characteristic of the man. "May the Lord ever bless and keep you and yours. And may the divine appointment arrange us somewhere near each other in the land where, our sins washed away in his blood, we shall behold the face of the Well-Beloved. Yours, C. H. Spurgeon." I value that letter as I value few letters.

Some one has said that Sheridan Knowles's sermons were a bunch of sticks, and as dry. I have heard sermons without a word of help, without a particle of spiritual food, without any suggestive thoughts, barren of ideas as a dead stick is of leaves, and I have sometimes thought that if I was to hear such sermons as that, my life would be a daily monotony.

On one occasion Dr. Kirk, of Boston, was to spend the Sabbath at my house. It was told all about that the great Dr. Kirk was to speak in the village church. Saturday night came, and a telegram that he could not come. I went to the church on Sunday. A good many people were there. I said: "You had better dismiss this congregation." "No," said some one, "Rev. Mr. So-and-so is in town. Perhaps he will preach." Oh, dear! I knew he would if they asked him. And he came and took his text: "It is appointed unto men once to die." And he began by describing the diseases of children: cutting a tooth, croup, and so forth, and then he went on to whooping-cough and measles; and then the diseases of older children, and then the diseases of middle-aged people, and then of old people. Then he described something else; constantly repeating, "It is appointed unto men once to die." "For it is appointed unto men once to die." There was not a thought or suggestion on that occasion. Now, I believe that if a man is called of God to preach, God will fit him. Suppose a man should preach from the text: "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour." He might begin: "My friends—The subject under consideration is a bee. Not only is it a bee, but we are told it is a busy bee. And not only is it a busy bee, but we are assured it is a little busy bee. And not only

is it a little busy bee, but it is a little busy bee that *doth*. Now, what *doth* that little busy bee? We look into our text, and we find that this is not a swarm of bees; it is not a single bee; but it is definitely *the* bee. It is not a drone, but it is a busy bee. It is not a bumble bee that bumps his head against the window. It is a little busy bee. What *doth* this little busy bee? We find that this bee *improves*. [Long-continued laughter]. And what *doth* this little busy bee *improve*? And so on. Now, I don't believe you ever heard such a sermon as that at Chautauqua. I do not ridicule the attempts of men to preach; but what is there in this? I'd rather have a boy's essay.

I was once asked in London by the detective who took Charles Dickens through some of the dens of London, to bring a gentleman with me to the Bow street detective office, in London, and I did so. As we went down through the streets he said: "I am going to take you as near the mouth of hell as we can get you." We dismissed our cab, and he said to cabby, "Don't stand here." Turning to us he said: "Say nothing; button up your coats. Take care of your valuables." We listened. The raw night breeze offered prayers. We heard the wailing cry of neglected children, and then the hoarse voice of carousing and blasphemy. There was music with no melody, laughter with no mirth. Listening, by and by we heard shuffling of feet. "Murder! police!" And a half-naked woman crossed the street. Stand still and listen. By and by we heard a voice going up from one of these hovels. What a cry! it seemed all out of place. He said to me: "Come with me and I will show you another phase of London life." Standing by a lamp-post was a man in fustian-jacket and corduroy trousers, and very ignorant was he, and very absurd. He had a big Testament in his hand, and around him were forty or fifty women, and men, burglars, thieves, costermongers, sneaks, and pickpockets; and on the curb-stone sat seven outcast women. He was preaching to them. Take one of these ministers, who could move a congregation to work for Christ in a certain society, down there, and they would rip his coat from the bottom up to the collar. They wouldn't understand him. This man said: "My poor friends, I've come down here to bring yer good news. I've come to tell yer of one who was king in Heaven, who had all that heart could wish, and when the angels spoke to 'im the very archangels covered their faces up; and he was king in Heaven. And he saw they was a sufferin' and he came down to help 'em; and they slapped 'im on the face, and they hung 'im up between two thieves. He wanted to help just such poor creeters as you and me is. He never turned a beggar away. He never turned anybody away. And there aint any one of these women as has hearts but he wants to help 'em. I'll tell yer what he said to 'em what set themselves up: What did he say to 'em? He say: 'How can ye escape the damnation of hell?' They brought a poor woman to 'im, and what did he say to her? My friends, he didn't say nuthin' to her because he didn't want to shame that poor creeter; and then he said, 'My child, where's them ere what's cussin on yer?'" One woman in the crowd lifted up her naked arms and said, "O, my God!" That's preaching! That's preaching! I don't care whether a man has been to school or college.

In June, 1829, I left my native village on the top of a night-coach for London, on my way to America. In June, 1879, I entered my native village, a man of sixty-two, to lay the corner-stone of a memorial coffee palace, to be called by my name, and the good people in the kindness of their hearts drew us into the town. Fifty years of life! And what a variety of experiences! And sometimes I think of my experiences, and they absolutely overwhelm me. At one time I was entertained by Canon Wilberforce. I said to him: "I am very glad you entertain me, for when I was

a small boy in my native town, my father was then a gentleman's servant, and your father took lodgings in this little village. There was a prayer-meeting instituted by your father, and William Wilberforce called me to his side and gave me his blessing. And now his son is my host. How things change! Wonderfully change! There are passages of experiences almost forgotten that spring up in the memory with a vividness almost startling.

Young man, you have life before you! What are you going to make of it? When you are sixty years of age, and passages of experience spring up in your mind, what are they to be? You can make them to be just what you please; and I tell you there are men to-day, who, from self-indulgence, are gratifying their passions, which will make them to understand fully what remorse and regret mean. When I was a young man I used to think of old age; there can be no compensation for old age. But now I am reaching on toward it. What are you looking after? Some of you remember me when I was a young man, when the newspapers said that I was so thin that a tolerable wind would blow me to any desirable point of the compass. It seems to me as if I could lay my one hand on my childhood and the other hand on the edge of the grave toward which I am tending.

What is the future? You ought to begin to answer that right speedily. In advancing years the great question should be, "What lessons have I learned?"

One or two things I have learned in my experience, and am learning more and more every day. One is that the chief end of man is to glorify God, and the best way to glorify him is to help the creatures he has made, and in self-denial to stretch down the hand to lift up those who have fallen. Now you say that is all very beautiful, very beautiful, all these self-denial efforts for the good of others; but do you practice them? Suppose a drunkard—"O," you say, "you are going on to the old temperance question." I will never speak to the day of my death if I can not speak on the temperance question.) How glad you are that the drunkard is trying to reform. Every one of you here wants to help him. How do you do it? Some one will come up and say: "Now you stick to it." Is that a help? Is that a help to the man, expressing doubt, the doubt you have in your mind that he will? "It will be a good thing; yes, it will be a good thing to you, if you only stick it out." There is not a drunkard on the face of the earth who has signed the pledge but was afraid he wouldn't "stick it out." And you come up with your doubt, just in the moment of his weakness. A poor drunkard was met by a kind man whose heart went out to him, and the man was the very picture of dirt and filth. The poor fellow undertook to show that he had no linen, or decent clothing. The good man wanted to help him; what did he say? "You have signed the pledge; stick to it?" No. "I hope you will stick to it?" No. "Where are you going to sleep to-night?" Eh? "Where did you sleep last night?" No. But he said: "You have signed the pledge, and you belong to us, and you must go home with me." And he took him home. His wife told him in the morning: "James, I'll have to burn every one of the bed-clothes, for they are nearly alive." He took care of him; gave him employment when he could be employed. He could not read and write. As soon as he got all the liquor out of him he took him to the Sunday-school. The fellow was ashamed that he could not read and write, but he asked for the superintendent, and said he would like to go into the school as a teacher. A class of small boys was given him. He had furnished himself with a pocket full of pictures. "Now," he said, "when I ask you a question, if you tell me right, I will give you a picture." He learned rapidly, and in two years he stood up a Christian man, and came into the church, and to-day is one of the most active

city missionaries in Whitechapel. "Come home with me," is more mighty than all other kinds of things.

In Edinburgh they have what they call a Teetotal Club-Room. They have dominoes, checkers, and chess. You say they ought to spend their evenings at home, but many of them have no home, so they go there. One man came in very drunk; he could hardly get in. A gentleman said to him, "Do you know what place this is?" "Yessur, a teetotal club-room." "Well, what are you here for?" "I come in to teetotal 'em." "You are drunk." "You needn't tell me I'm drunk; I know I am. Did you ever see a drunk 'totler before? for if not, I'm one." Some one said, "You had better go out of this." He said, "I'm a 'totler. Here is my pledge in my pocket; I signed it about a half-hour ago down street, and I've come in here for safety." [Applause and laughter.] That poor fellow knows, besotted as he is, that the drink is pernicious; he knows what he wants to keep him. You are going to your town or village soon, and there is not a town or village or hamlet in the United States but is bound to supply a place of "safety" for the victim. And if you don't do it, upon you, the people, will rest the condemnation.

Now, I believe in prevention as well as cure. It is hard work to cure a man of drunkenness. Almost impossible. It is a hard matter. But the children—God bless the children—the children are coming up, and I say to you, my friends, the most valuable thing that has challenged my mind's attention in these thirty-eight years of contact with life, is childhood. The forces that should be first and last taken into account in national, patriotic considerations; and the highest position there can be,—none more important, none requiring more holy qualities,—is that of caring for and guiding the children; it should be accounted the most honorable profession; and the heart and brain of the most true men should be elected to guide into the best possibilities the children of to-day. Nothing, in my opinion, nothing can be better for this great question than that a barrier high and strong should be raised between the children of to-day, and anything that will defile the body, or pollute the mind, or harden the heart against God and his truth. I tell you, it is a mean, pitiful, contemptible economy that will reduce the salaries of your public-school teachers to a mere minimum. Talk about their working for day-wages! Our school teacher ranks next to the minister in the sacred work of bringing back the ruined world to God.

Dr. Schaff reminded me the other morning of a story I once heard in reference to asking questions of children. One gentleman, I think it was Lord Shaftesbury, said: "Little girl, who made your vile body?" "Betsey Jones made the body, and I made the skirt." I could give you illustration after illustration of the aptness of children. Oh, what a mighty power are children. There is one man who thanks God for the influence of his little child. He said to me: "Should you think, to look at me, that I was ever a drunkard?" "No." "I was a hard one. I will tell you how it was, and how I began to reform. I was a very hard case." And then he told me in the third person how it was. He said a lady saw a little girl constantly passing her house with a jug. "What have you in that jug?" "Whisky, ma'am." "Where do you live?" "Down in the hollow." She went down there to see the place. What a place! What misery! What a wretched sight! "Is this your little girl?" she asked of a terrible looking man. "Yes." "Does she go to school?" "No." "Why?" "No clothes." "Does she go to Sunday-school?" "No." "Well, she ought to go to Sunday-school." And it was arranged that the lady should come and furnish some clothes. She was a teachable little creature, and her teacher gave her a New Testament. She showed it to everybody; "This is my little Testament." How happy she was with it! She was taken ill, and the

doctor said she could not live. Then the man went on with his story: "One day I went in and sat beside that child. What brought me there I can not tell, but I was mad for liquor. O, the itching, burning, crying for liquor, for whisky! I'd have sold everything in the house to get it. I would have sold that child for whisky!" But, you say, that is the raving of a madman! Is it? The little creature was holding the New Testament in her hands, and it dropped on the coverlet. "And," said he, "I grabbed that Testament and put it into my pocket. And then, like the guilty, sneaking thing I was, I went out. I went to the dram shop. I asked the liquor seller to give me whisky. On my knees I begged him to give me whisky for it. He poured out a tumbler two-thirds full, and I drank off the whole at one draught, and felt better. I went home. There was a little perspiration on my face, but I was burning hot within. The little creature was asleep. When she awoke she said: 'Why, papa, did you know I'm going to die? And when I die I shall go to heaven; but, oh, papa! when I go to heaven, suppose Jesus should ask me what you did with my little Testament; what will I tell him?'" He said: "It was like a flash of lightning, and I cried 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'" It was the last drop of whisky I ever bought in my life."

Asking your pardon for keeping you so long, let us in all our efforts for the highest interests of humanity put this among the first. They will try to discourage us by telling us there are no results. Results are in God's hands. Our business is to work. Work done for God, it dieth not. "He shall subdue all things unto himself."

Go down to New England and see the mighty bed-rock withstanding the fury of the waves, impregnable. Listen! The roar of those waves can be heard for miles, as they come in full sweep. What is the result? Nothing. They fall back defeated, discomfited. That is all. But they still come on, steadily. Fresh levies repeat the assault. What result? Stand there your whole life-time, and you see nothing but spray and foam and defeat and discomfiture, and the war seems endless. What are we? Our life is but a span; a thousand years are but a day in God's sight. Generation after generation may pass away, and the wrong appear to gain the mastery, and the truth appear to be defeated. But it will win. Victory for the right will surely come. Chautauquans, do not be discouraged; do not be disheartened! You are doing a grand work for God and for humanity, for the nation, for the ends of the earth. Do not be discouraged. Remember this, the highest privilege a man or woman can have is to coöperate with God, and with holy angels, in preventing sin, and making the world better for having lived in it.

OUR LATTER DAYS.

A cloudy morning and a golden eve

Warm with the glow that never lingers long;
Such is our life; and who would pause to grieve
Over a tearful day that ends in song?

The dawn was grey, and dim with mist and rain;
There was no sweetness in the chilly blast;
Dead leaves were strewn along the dusky lane
That led us to the sunset light at last.

'Tis an old tale, beloved; we may find
Heart-stories all around us just the same.
Speak to the sad, and tell them God is kind:
Do they not tread the path through which we came?

Our youth went by in recklessness and haste,
And precious things were lost as soon as gained;
Yet patiently our Father saw the waste,
And gathered up the fragments that remained.

Taught by his love, we learnt to love aright;
Led by his hand, we passed through dreary ways;
And now how lovely is the mellow light
That shines so calmly on our latter days!

THE CHURCH LYCEUM.*

When we mention the "Church Lyceum" we meet the inquiry as to its name, history, and value.

(1) *By a definition of terms.* The name "Church Lyceum" defines its significance. As the old Athenian Lyceum—surrounded by buildings, groves, fountains—a place for varied exercises and a resort for philosophic studies and contemplation—the first Chautauqua Assembly—so stands the Methodist Church Lyceum in our system of educational provisions, and in the midst of this Chautauqua gathering of educational agencies. The name "Lyceum" may have originated from the word *Lukios*—i. e. "wolf-like"—indicating the Grecian eagerness for knowledge, like the wolf for her prey, or the influence of the Lyceum in promoting culture, like the fostering care of that animal for her young. Some have supposed that it received its name from the nearness of Aristotle's gymnasium to the temple of Apollo Lycius. Either definition is appropriate, giving in their derivation the purpose and location of the Church Lyceum, to cherish Christian culture and abide under the shadow of the Christian temple. Better than that, the Lyceum is in the temple, and an integral part of it, as is the Sunday-school to which it bears an intimate relation.

The present Church Lyceum is a development of the Lyceum of the Fifth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, subsequently enlarged into a Lyceum Representative Association in the above city in 1871, and finally obtained recognition and adoption as a department of regular church work, at the general conference of 1876. It was a progressive step in the Methodist Church which made the Lyceum in name and nature an organic member of its polity. To Dr. Osler, J. T. Weaver, Bishop Warren, and the Representative Lyceum of Philadelphia, who memorialized the General Conference in its behalf; and to the revered and lamented Bishop E. O. Haven, a counselor of the C. L. S. C., whose pure and progressive spirit has recently entered the Church triumphant, and who was the chairman of the committee of education to which the petition was referred, reporting favorably upon it, exerting himself to secure the adoption of the report—to these and other gentlemen the Methodist Church is indebted for the present and valuable form of the Lyceum. Thus controlled and directed by the Church, it supercedes those aimless, ephemeral, nondescript and often objectionable literary societies and debating clubs, which were created by a pressing want, but often, in seeking to supply it, burdened and embarrassed the Church by their sensationalism. The object of the Lyceum as defined in the Discipline, is to stimulate mental improvement, develop facilities for social intercourse, organize free evening schools, provide a library, text-books, etc., popularize religious literature by reading-rooms, aid suitable persons in obtaining an education with a view to the ministry, and to supply any deficiency in that which the Church ought to offer to the varied nature of man. That it may perform this mission, it is made the duty of the presiding elder to bring the subject of education in individual churches before the quarterly conference, and obtain the appointment of a committee, of which the pastor shall be *ex-officio* chairman, to organize a Church Lyceum, under the supervision of the quarterly conference. This work is not optional, but obligatory upon the quarterly conference, and makes the Church what is called in France "a great educational league," by which the pastor directs the reading and thinking of his people in secular and religious truth.

We learn of the Lyceum,

(2) *By the definition of relations.* In its relation to the

Church, the Lyceum is an adopted child, organized and directed by official authority. It places the responsibility upon the Church of directing the mental and social culture of its members; wisely encouraged, it diffuses knowledge, develops intelligent religious life, and secures trained workers for the various departments of Christian activity. It is the Church scattering healthful and vigorous ideas in the community. It is the answer of the Church to the despairing wail of that part of humanity which, fettered with the neglect of early opportunities, possibly barred by poverty from the school room, or crowded with years and occupations, can give but limited time to reading and study, and who, in the deep consciousness of their ignorance, cry for help and deliverance. The Lyceum gives the Church an agency to rescue from the current of worldly tastes and associations the literary culture of its members and the community. That such a work is demanded by some agency appears from two facts: First—In the character of the books taken from the public libraries. An examination of these libraries furnishes illustrations. In their catalogues there are eighty-one pages of books on science, art, history, etc., and only twenty-nine pages of prose fiction. The latter circulate sixty-two per cent. of the total. I recognize the educational value of some novels, and read proportionately with other books, they elevate, purify, and ennoble the mind. But much of the fiction read, as these figures show, not only prevents intellectual growth, but paralyzes any desire for a better literature. They undermine solid qualities of mind, encourage vapidness, false views of life, and maudlin sentiment. Are the foundations of any institution strengthened by penetrating "The Fatal Secret," "The Bride's Fate," etc., *ad nauseam*? Do not understand me as the enemy of all fiction, but as a friend of good novels. That agency is to be welcomed which suggests and discriminates the good from the bad, and expels the bad from society by the wise use of the good. The second fact is, that books are the brain-food of the nineteenth century, and for that matter of all future centuries. By facts gathered from books of science, history, even the daily papers, we are prepared to reason, imagination is developed, and life inspired. Who can estimate the treasure which, through books, each age hands down to its successor? All the mighty thinkers come at our beck and stay until we bid them go. But while they stay they are moulding us. Many a man's life has turned a sharp corner toward light or darkness on the page of some book. Franklin said that his reading of Cotton Mather's essay, "To Do Good," entirely moulded his life. The assassin of Lord Russell declared he was led into a life of crime by reading one vicious romance. John Angel Janes, one of the best of men, declared in old age that he never got over the reading for fifteen minutes of a bad book in early life. These facts show the relation of the Lyceum to the Church in providing for the intellectual wants of society, and making the associations of the sanctuary pure and elevating. The relation of the Lyceum to the Sunday-school is that of a friend, amplifying its resources, promoting its biblical and normal studies; meeting the wants of its older members in intellectual and social provisions; furnishing a library for reference and study, and obtaining for the literature of the denomination a host of readers. Its connection with the Sunday-school is seen in the organizing by Dr. Vincent of "The Lyceum Reading Union," presenting a course of systematic study and reading in denominational, historical, and fictional lines, adapted to the young, and prepared under the editorial eyes of the man whose ability to lead and provide for the hungry multitudes of the age is demonstrated by this summer university. What shall our children read, and how shall their tastes be correctly formed, and early developed, are answered by the Methodist Pub-

* A lecture delivered at Chautauqua, by Rev. D. H. Muller, D. D., in 1881.

lishing House, through the *Sunday-school Advocate*, *Children's and Youths' Class mate*, and the beautiful series of "The Lyceum Library." I regard the Lyceum Reading Union as one of the wisest, happiest, and most consequential and beneficial applications of the Chautauqua Idea. As there are plants of which each twig or leaf, when cut off and put into the ground, will form a new plant, and that will cover a field at last which was once in a flower-pot, so this Chautauqua Idea, susceptible of division and enlargement, will become universal among the hundreds of thousands of children. Could I have the ear of every Sunday-school superintendent and pastor, my exhortation would be, organize the Lyceum Reading Union in your Sunday-school, and among the children, and the future will crown you as benefactors.

The relation of the Lyceum to the C. L. S. C. is that of an egg to an incubator, a stock to the graft, of the clay form to the inspiring breath of life. Though older in organic form by two years than the Circle, yet the Lyceum had to wait for the ideas and suggestions the latter brought, to interpret its possibilities and practicability. By the Circle course of study, modified and adapted to local conditions and facilities, "The Church Lyceum" is hatched into a little "ciclet," gives a better variety of fruit than the old tree grew, and becomes a living institution, and not merely a dead form. The relation of the Lyceum to the community is that of a benefactor, popularizing culture, and directing the needful social and intellectual recreations of the undisciplined, inquiring, unprovided, but not ungrateful masses.

We learn again of the Lyceum,

(3) *By a definition of values.* The chief element in man is mind, or, as Sir William Hamilton wrote, "There is nothing great on earth but man, and nothing great in man but soul." The Church Lyceum has a personal value, by emphasizing man's true greatness. It makes the discovery of mind to many, and encourages intellectual pursuits in those who would otherwise remain in the darkness of ignorance. Said a poor young man who had pursued the studies of the Lyceum: "It has made me over; life is different to me now." Said a lawyer: "It revives my former taste for literature." The Lyceum may not secure the discipline produced by mental conflict in the college, but it aims at the same object, that of teaching men to think and inquire; by persuading men to listen, read, observe, reflect. All that the school can do is to prepare the scholar for subsequent study and meditation (and sometimes fails to do that), and this the Lyceum seeks to do for the masses. It leads men and women to do something for themselves, and thus quickens their mental interest and increases their mental strength. By personal resolution it leads them to find for themselves the charm of life. By its flexible methods, the Lyceum, having a defined object before it, broadens and exalts the intellects of its attendants. The mind which surveys great periods of history, grapples with fragmentary portions of science or philosophy, is invigorated and instructed by such exercise. Its value to the individual is enhanced from the fact that it is a society surrounded by Christian influences, inspired by Christian motives, and exalted by Christian purposes, and commends itself, therefore, to his confidence and esteem. Dr. Wheeler, in *The Methodist*, nobly says: "Christianity gives correct color to the individual, so that where the Church is, is the best society, and the Church must expand until it absorbs all society." The value of the Lyceum to home is seen, in changing the cottage into a palace; made more beautiful by elevated, ennobling and entertaining mental and social culture, than by its architectural proportions and lavish material adornments. A rich clothier, about to build a fine mansion, visiting a neighbor to get some ideas, he and his wife were shown into the library. A happy thought occurred to the wife: "By the

way," said she to her husband, "why can't we have books?" That thought never occurs to many persons, until the Lyceum suggests it by its wholesome course of reading. This institution impresses the parents not only with the duty of being high priests of the religious household, but to be leaders and companions of their children in the pursuit and enjoyment of culture, and promotes contentment, love and unity in the home, and furnishes a helpful auxiliary in the training of the family. It enables the parents, especially the mother, intelligently and competently to meet their great responsibilities. A mother who was taking the Lyceum course of study last winter, was asked how, with her many home cares and large family, she could possibly find time for so much study. Her tired face became illuminated as she replied: "It's the course of study that makes home duties light, for I know that I am fitting myself to be the guide of my children in wisdom's way." Says a Brooklyn preacher: "In this day, when there are so many books on the subject, no parent is excusable in being ignorant of the best mode of bringing up a child. If parents knew more of dietetics there would not be so many dyspeptic stomachs, weak nerves and inactive livers among children. If parents knew more of physiology there would not be so many curved spines, cramped chests, inflamed throats, and diseased lungs among children. If parents knew more of art, and were in sympathy with all that is beautiful, there would not be so many children coming out into the world with boorish proclivities. If parents knew more of Christ, and practiced more of his religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and all around us voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph." The Church Lyceum increases the opportunities of parents to perform in the best manner the cultivating of their children. The parental power that may lift a child up, can press it down, and whatever augments and guides that power to lift upward, is a blessed agency. The value of the Lyceum to the Church is seen in directing her members to be students, and through knowledge rise superior to the materialistic and skeptical tendencies of the day, and present an intelligent piety to the world. There is need of this type of piety. A pastor said to me, in expressing his desire to organize a Lyceum in his Church: "It is utterly impossible to form such a society here, for my people can not appreciate its necessity and worth! A few weeks since I preached a sermon on 'Temperance,' and on children's day, with fear and trembling I preached on the 'Importance of early religious education.' The officers of the church said to me the following day: 'We do not want any more such stuff preached. We pay you to preach the Gospel, and if you can not give us that, we must look elsewhere.'" I said to the discouraged man: "Your church and people are the very persons that need a Lyceum, and I should organize one if there was no reader, lecturer, or member besides myself." Such a church reminds us of what a minister once said: "The Gospel to some people is like water poured on a sponge—it absorbs it and stays; but to others it is like the wind going through a chicken-coop; and this congregation is the largest coop I ever saw." Intelligence and wisdom make a Christian stronger as a church officer or worker in the Sunday-school and prayer-meeting. Everywhere he will be more valuable and fruitful for having improved his intellect and acquainted himself with the grand responsibilities and opportunities of Christian labor. Such a general spirit of study would save the Church from much gossip, slander and disgraceful quarreling that so often rend and destroy her, for these largely arise from the ignorant and selfish. Among the ignorant false doctrines find devoted advocates, which Christian culture would have rejected. The Church must take higher ground in regard to the general intelligence of her members. Conversions that

do not stimulate the intellect, and beget a love for God's word, his works and ways in the world, should be counted out. In this age of literature and information, mental indolence and ignorance is a disgrace to a religion that believes in the Holy Ghost. The Lyceum, in teaching the Christian, and even the sinner, what and how to study, next to their soul's salvation, is an eternal fortune, especially to the former, leading him to be a student forever.

Its value to the State is seen in increasing intellectual and moral power. This power develops the facts that constitute political progress. It strengthens the citizen in his loyalty to its institutions, and makes him a contributor to its wealth and true glory. Whatever increases love for home, prepares for its duties and responsibilities, advances the morality of the nation no less than the family. The alarming frequency of suicides points as a cause to mental depression and immorality as the outcome of disordered home-life. The Church Lyceum has a personal, social, religious, and political value not often considered.

We learn of the Church Lyceum,

(4) *By a definition of methods.* There is no motive to impel man along his years much stronger than intellectual pursuits. It is essential that he follow this impulse or divine law, because the world moves and changes so rapidly that the lessons learned in early life, must be unlearned or revised, that they may be true, fresh and inspiring. Besides, experience shows that animal gratification and the race for riches or gain, confer no happiness equal to that found in mental occupation and pleasure. It witnesses to the truth that the mind is greater than money, property, or gluttonous feasting. The Lyceum makes obedience to this motive possible and available to the men and women crowded with work and cares. It throws open a universe filled with the great truths of history, riches of language, inspiration of poetry, outlines of science, propositions of religion, beauties of art, all shapes of learning and information, and invites the people to enter and gaze upon its wealth. Not to enter and walk a few steps daily is to sin against self and our Maker; and each must enter and walk for himself, think, reflect, enjoy for himself. The Church Lyceum—the dispenser of the Chautauqua Idea, generated here, distributes and applies, in a limited form, this intellectual electricity among the people. It takes the uninformed, and even the learned, by the hand, and says, "A half-hour a day spent under my direction, will color the years that are to come, and like a drop of attar of rose, breathe an enchanted fragrance over your life. These moments so economized and devoted will change despair into hope, complaint into thankfulness, poverty into true riches, and an almost barren life into the glory of fruitfulness." To the obedient and diligent, through systematic and adequate exercise of the mind, it will bring surprising results. The Church Lyceum enlists the sympathy and obtains the aid of the professional and non-professional talent of the community and the church, all who desire the true welfare of the people. In conducting the reviews, furnishing varied entertainment by illustrative apparatus, music, lectures, etc., persons, instruments, and subjects are made contributors to its success and growth. The methods that make this practicable are: (1) A comprehensive organization, such as any literary society should possess, originated and controlled by the pastor and committee of education. Its officers and committees should be adapted to the work of the Lyceum. Competent, energetic, enthusiastic men or women should be placed at the head of each department of study, lectures, entertainments, etc. (2) Make the invitation to membership as broad as the Gospel, open to all without distinction of sex, age or color, and the conditions as few and encouraging as possible. Instead of a membership fee, take up a collection at each meeting. (3) Make a plan of study and other

exercises, to extend over six months; the text-books used, those recommended by Dr. Vincent, and each member to purchase the book studied. By buying a book as needed, the expense will not be felt. Encourage all to study by making the reviews attractive, exhilarating, rather like a summary than a recitation, and presenting certificates to those completing the course. Avoid trying to do too much at the start; take one study at a time. (4) Hold the meetings regularly, either weekly or semi-monthly; prepare and publish well-arranged programmes, and see that they are executed with promptness, energy and cheerfulness, and close the course with all the pomp and circumstance of a college commencement. I give a form of organization used by the First Church, Erie, Pa., and also a programme. Our course of study was "Yonge's History of Greece," "Steele's Physiology," "History of the Bible," and "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation." The principal of the academy reviews the first, four physicians the second, two Bible teachers the third, and two ministers the fourth. For our organization we had: (1) President, vice-president, recording secretary, corresponding secretary, and treasurer. (2) Executive committee. (3) Department of History. (4) Department of Science. (5) Department of Biblical History. (6) Department of Ecclesiastical History. (7) Department of Music. (8) Department of Lectures. (9) Department of Programme. Each department was controlled by six gentlemen and ladies—(appoint freely what the deacon called the "female brethren")—and they were responsible for meeting the requirements of their department, in furnishing a reviewer, lecturer, music, and programme for the next meeting. This programme was used at one of our meetings:

PROGRAMME OF LYCEUM MEETING, NOVEMBER 20.

1. Song—(congregation).
2. Prayer.
3. Reading of minutes, etc.
4. Music—Pastime Glee Club.
5. Review: "The Traditional Period of Greek History"—first six chapters Yonge's History. (Half hour.) Prof. Strong.
6. Recess. (Five minutes' opportunity to receive names for membership, etc.)
7. Collection.
8. Notices, programme of next meeting, etc.
9. Music.
10. Essay by Miss Minnie Torrey.
11. Half hour in Chemistry, with experiments, by Otto Jarecki.
12. Music and Benediction.

Lastly, the "Church Lyceum" is known

(5) *By a definition of results.* In encouraging the daily accumulation of knowledge "The Lyceum" displaces nothing good, but forms an expulsive force to that which is evil. It blends with the motives of business and pleasure. It destroys idleness. It plucks the charm from vice. It brings us nearer all times and nations, and binds us to the noble living and dead. As foreign and wide travel breaks up the local prejudices of the mind, and makes all the world seem to be the home of man, and all the dwellers upon it to be brothers, so the wide reading of the world's truths beats down the walls of partition and transforms the reader and thinker into a better friend, citizen and Christian. It excites and directs mental desire, elevates and creates a taste for the beautiful and useful, and produces refined and rational pleasures. It contributes to the religious, social and financial interest, more closely identifying the young with the Church, and gives the pastor the confidence and affections of the people, and demonstrates, where it has been tried, that it is the need of the Church and society.

The fable of the bird whose shadow falling upon a head brought to that head a crown, is true here. The shadow of the Holy Dove, the Divine Spirit, resting upon man or the agencies used for his mental and spiritual culture, bring a crown of blessing in time, and a crown of glory in eternity.

THE BRITISH AND INDIANS

AT CHAUTAUQUA LAKE, AND THE BURNING OF HANNASTOWN.

The surrender of Cornwallis on the 19th of October, 1781, did not close the war of the Revolution; peace was not actually proclaimed until a year and three months later; more than two years elapsed before the evacuation of New York, and more than fourteen years passed, after the surrender of Yorktown, before all the places held by British arms within the limits of the United States were given up. The treaty of peace in 1783, assigned the northwestern posts to the United States, but contained no express stipulations for their surrender. Jay's treaty in 1794, however, required their evacuation before June 1, 1796. Fort Niagara, a fortress clearly within the jurisdiction of the United States, continued in possession of the British until that year, when it was delivered up by Colonel Smith, its British commandant. It is a curious fact that this officer commanded at the battle of Lexington. He was, consequently, principal actor in the conflict which opened, and the event which closed that memorable war that spread its dark shadows so long over the land.

"The last blood shed in the field during the war," says Bancroft, "was at Cambahee Ferry, in South Carolina, on the 27th of August, 1782, when the young and gallant Laurens fell mortally wounded." According to Lossing, the last life sacrificed was that of Captain Willmot, who was killed at Stone Ferry in September following. The last hostile expedition in the North proceeded from Niagara—a marauding excursion planned against Pittsburgh. It passed over Chautauqua Lake, and ended in the burning of Hannastown, once a famous, but now almost forgotten town of Westmoreland County, in Western Pennsylvania. The destruction of Hannastown occurred on the 13th of July, 1782, not two months before the affair in which Colonel Laurens fell.

A century has elapsed since this event, and the circumstances attending it (but little known) are fast fading from remembrance. Its importance as a closing act of the war for independence demands that it should not pass into oblivion, and some account of it, to many of those who are this month gathered at Chautauqua, will be of special interest. Chautauqua one hundred years ago was a solitary lake, buried in the depths of the silent woods, seldom visited by man. The wild fowl gathered unmolested in its waters, and the wolf prowled nightly along its shores, when it became the scene of the warlike events that we are to relate.

Apprehensions were entertained during the war of the Revolution by Washington and the American commandant at Pittsburgh, that the British meditated a descent upon that post from Niagara. In 1779 intelligence was received that Butler, and two hundred rangers, designed attacking it when strawberries should become ripe. In 1781 Washington was informed that Sir John Johnson and Colonel Connelly were collecting a large force to proceed against Pittsburgh, and Colonel Brodhead, who then commanded there, carefully guarded against such an attempt. In June or July, 1782, Brigadier-general William Irvine, who then commanded at Pittsburgh, received repeated accounts, from Canadians who deserted to him, and from friendly Indians, of a strong force moving to attack him. In August of that year he picked up at Fort Pitt a number of canoes that had drifted down the river. Subsequent to the Revolution while exploring Chautauqua Lake he learned further particulars of the expedition. In a long and entertaining letter to General Washington dated January 27, 1788, he communicated many interesting facts concerning this force and

Chautauqua Lake where they had assembled. We have only space for that part of his communication which relates to the subject of this article. Information respecting this armament had been communicated to him by a white man named Matthews, who was taken prisoner by the Indians in 1777, and also by a chief of the Seneca tribe, concerning which he wrote: "The Seneca related many things to corroborate and convince me of its truth. He stated that he was constantly employed by the British during the late war, and had the rank of captain, and that he commanded the party which was defeated on the Allegheny by Colonel Brodhead; that in the year 1782 a detachment composed of three hundred British and five hundred Indians was formed and actually embarked in canoes on Lake Chautauqua with twelve pieces of artillery, with an avowed intention of attacking Fort Pitt. This expedition was laid aside in consequence of the reported repairs and strength of Fort Pitt carried by a spy from the neighborhood of the fort. They then contented themselves with the usual mode of warfare by sending small parties on the frontier, one of which burned Hannastown."

Along the borders of a stream called the Inlet, which flows into the head of the lake, as early as 1810, were to be seen many decayed and moss-covered stumps. The bodies of the trees felled from them had been removed, carved, perhaps, into boats and canoes. The tops and unavailable parts remained where they fell. At one point an ancient ax, and at another, a musket with a rusty barrel and a rotten stock, found at an early day near the shore of the Lake, were perhaps relics of this expedition. William Bemis, in 1822, when deepening the channel of the outlet to the Lake at Jamestown, found a row of piles driven firmly into the earth, and extending across the bed of the stream. They were placed there years before the settlement of the country, to dam and raise the waters of the Lake, it is supposed, sufficient to create a flood that would bear the boats down the river. Besides these marks of the presence of this armament, we have other evidences that this expedition proceeded from Niagara and passed over Chautauqua Lake: contained in letters written at the time, and published in the newspapers of the day; the route pursued by the enemy on their retreat after the burning of Hannastown; jackets left there by them with buttons marked the "King's 8th," a regiment then stationed at Niagara. But we have not the space to give in this article in greater detail the proofs collected, heretofore unpublished, that justify this conclusion.

Hannastown, the ill-starred village that suffered the vengeance of these marauders, was once a place of importance on the border, some forty miles easterly from Pittsburgh, and three miles northeast from where is now the town of Greensburg. It was the first place west of the Alleghenies at which courts of justice were held. It contained a court house and jail, a stockaded fort, and about thirty substantial houses, two stories in height, built of squared logs. It was formerly the gathering place for frontiersmen, and often the scene of exciting events.

The story of the calamities that befel Hannastown may be briefly told. During the spring of 1782, the perils from the Indians that threatened Westmoreland County filled the hearts of its people with gloomy forebodings. Fears of want oppressed them, but as the season advanced, it brought with it the usual promise of plenty, and a genial summer early browned its fields with ripening grain. On the 13th of July, a band of villagers went out from Hannastown half a league north to O'Conner's field, to gather in the harvest of Michael Huffnagle. The reapers prosecuted their labors with diligence, and when they had cut down one field, one of their number, who had passed to the side nearest the woods, was startled by the appearance of Indians. He gave the alarm, and the harvesters fled to the village in the

greatest consternation, unseen by their Indian foes. When they arrived at Hannastown, the inmates of the jail having been released, the citizens, men, women and children, were gathered within the stockade.

Of the marauding party assembled at Chautauqua Lake, the greater portion had descended the Allegheny as far as the mouth of Kiskiminetas, which was ascended by them to a convenient point at which to safely conceal their canoes; they then proceeded by land a distance of about twenty-seven miles to Hannastown, carefully avoiding the clearings and settled places, that no notice should be given of their approach; but Captain Jack discovered them as they passed his farm five miles north of Hannastown; he mounted his horse, reached the town by a shorter route, and gave the alarm.

In the meantime David Shaw and three other active young men, who had lingered in the flight from O'Conner's field, that they might better watch the movements of the foe, or had gone out for that purpose from Hannastown, were discovered and pursued by the approaching Indians. The race was for life. The Indians, lest they should arouse the townspeople, whom they believed to be ignorant of their approach, refrained from discharging their guns, but silently followed, with tomahawk in hand. The young men, fleet and vigorous as they were, scarcely gained upon their swift pursuers. They could hear the rapid foot-falls of the savages close behind them, light as the panther's tread. As they furtively glanced backward in their flight, they could see the Indians' scalp-locks tossing in the wind, and their dark and shining skins glistening among the leaves. When they had gained the open space near the town, the Indians brandished their tomahawks and gave the war-whoop, but the young men felt sure of their safety, and David Shaw raised his rifle to his shoulder and brought the foremost Indian to the earth. He and his companions entered the fort in safety. The Indians, exasperated to find themselves thwarted, set up terrifying yells, and commenced their work of destruction. They pillaged the houses and set them on fire, and all were burned but two, that fortunately stood within the protection of the fort. One Indian was killed while parading in a military coat which he had found in a deserted house. The only disaster that befell the inmates of the fort was of a most affecting character. A little child had strayed opposite an aperture in the gate through which the bullets often whistled. Janette, the kind-hearted sister of David Shaw, ran to rescue it from its peril. As she stooped to take the little one an Indian bullet pierced her breast.

Soon after the attack was commenced, a portion of the marauders drew off toward Millerstown, a small settlement some three miles away, where, besides a principal dwelling-house, or mansion, sometimes called Fort Miller, were a dozen rude cabins, occupied by settlers who had fled from the dangers to which their isolated homes in the forest exposed them. In the mansion, on the day before, a young couple who came to escape the perils of the border, were joined in marriage. John Brownlee, a brave and generous frontiersman, and his family, and others from Hannastown, were there participating in the festivities of the occasion. On the succeeding day, while some of the occupants of the cabins were mowing in the meadows, or engaged in their ordinary duties, they were startled by the arrival of the marauders from Hannastown, who announced their approach by wild yells. Happily, the occupants of the cabins made their escape. A remarkable incident is told of their flight: One man, while carrying his little child in his arms, and assisting his mother to flee, was so closely pursued as to be forced to the choice of abandoning his child, or leaving his aged parent to the cruel mercies of the savages. What influenced his action on that trying occasion,

we know not, nor could we, if we knew, justly censure an act compelled by such a cruel necessity; he left the child and saved his mother, and fortune smiled upon the act, for, strange to relate, when the grief-stricken father returned at the earliest dawn on the succeeding day to find some trace of his child, he found that the little fellow had gone back through bushes and briars to his cabin, and was curled in his own bed fast asleep. The inmates of the mansion were less fortunate than the occupants of the cabins. The wedding festivities were still being continued, when the guests were appalled by the wild war-whoop of the Indians. The surprise was so complete that they were unprepared either to fight or to flee, and many were made prisoners. One strong young man made a resolute effort to escape. He caught up one of Brownlee's children that stood near him, and fled, closely pursued by the Indians; his coolness and vigor enabled him to escape his pursuers, and secure the safety of himself and the child. Brownlee himself would not abandon his wife and remaining child. He was consequently made an unresisting prisoner.

All the afternoon, from two o'clock, when the attack upon Hannastown commenced, Captain Jack was busy arousing the country, and gathering the women and children to places of safety. It is said that he saved six families from captivity. His generous care for the safety of others, his coolness and daring, made him the hero of the occasion. When he saw the Indians moving off toward Millerstown, he galloped away to warn the people of their peril. He rode rapidly up a long lane leading to the place, ignorant that the Indians were there before him. He had come within gun-shot when he discovered them. He quickly turned his horse to fly. Many bullets whistled near him, one of which cut his bridle-rein. Yet he galloped away and made his escape. Captain Jack lived long after these events near the scene of their occurrence, highly esteemed by his neighbors for his humane and gallant conduct on that occasion, as well as for his modest bearing afterward. In his old age the Legislature of Pennsylvania granted him a pension, chiefly for rescuing the women and children on the day that Hannastown was burned.

The Indians at Millerstown, loaded their captives with spoils and set out to return to Hannastown. Brownlee was well-known to them for his courage and exploits. The party had not proceeded far when one of their number, by a concerted signal, stepped behind Brownlee and buried a tomahawk in his head. The same Indian killed the child which Brownlee was carrying on his back. A woman who had screamed with horror at the deed, fell also by the same tomahawk. The three were buried the next day by the people of Hannastown, in the Machlin field. The place of burial has been long preserved. By nightfall, all the Indians, including those who had pillaged Millerstown, had assembled in the valley of Crab Tree Creek, near Hannastown, and were preparing to renew the attack on the fort early the following morning, but thirty settlers, some on foot and others on horseback, managed to enter the fort that night. By means of the drum and fife, and other artifices, they impressed the besiegers with the belief that the fort had been strongly reinforced. Although there were but forty-five rifles and fifty-five or sixty men in the fort, the marauders took the alarm and soon after withdrew. Their trail was followed the next morning as far as the Kiskiminetas.

This marauding party was estimated to number three hundred Indians, under the celebrated chief, Guyasutha, and sixty refugees. Their numbers may have been exaggerated, however. The captives they took were surrendered by the Indians to the British, and all but one, it is said—a beautiful young lady who had been wooed and wedded while in captivity, by a British officer—were delivered up after the peace of 1783, and returned to their country.

For nearly half a century after these events, the site where Hannastown stood remained untilled. In 1828 it was purchased by John Steele, and has since been occupied by cultivated fields. William Steele, his son, now owns this ancient site. The rank growth of grain, the luxuriant crops of corn that have grown above it for many years, show that here were once fertile fields and gardens, where a numerous population must long have dwelt. Copper coins of the dates of the reigns of the three Georges, and other relics still are found. An excellent and never-failing spring of pure cold water marks the spot where the stockade stood. Upon the hill to the west of the place, still known as Gallows Hill, stands an oak tree, upon which the criminals in those early days suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Upon this hill also, over several acres, are thickly strewn the graves of that frontier people. The rough head-stones upon which are rudely carved, quaint, out dim inscriptions, still remain undisturbed by the plow. May this ancient cemetery, where these rude forefathers sleep, long remain undescracted. Here, it is probable, rest the remains of the kind-hearted Janette Shaw. Here also lies brave Brownlee, his child, and the poor woman who fell by the Indian's tomahawk. Not a stone or mound of earth marks the spot where Hannastown stood. Of the fort and court-house, once places of stirring events, no relics remain. The habitations of the bold and sturdy frontiersman, if any escaped the Indian's torch, have long since gone to decay, and the plow has passed over the hearth-stone.

"All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree,
And traveled by few is the grass-covered road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior strode
To the hill which encircles the sea."

JAMESTOWN AND CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

There is no movement at the present time which is attracting so much attention in educational and religious circles, as that one to which the name "Chautauqua" is attached. It has not gained notoriety from any public criticisms and opposition which it has awakened, for these common sources of notoriety, by means of which new educational and religious movements are usually advertised to the world, have been withheld from it. The whole complex plan, embracing the ideas of rest, recreation, religious culture, the fostering of social and moral reforms, a higher sphere of usefulness for the Sabbath-school, and the establishment of a summer school of high grade for the masses, which will at the same time supervise their private studies during the whole year, is in such harmony with the established convictions of the Christian public that no adverse criticism from any high source has been heard from any quarter. The Chautauqua movement seems to be just what earnest Christians of cultivated tastes were waiting for, and when divine Providence brought forth a man of versatile genius to formulate their thought, and with sufficient organizing and executive abilities to put it into successful operation, they were ready at once to give him their hearty coöperation. Hence, the Chautauqua Idea, in so short a time from its inception, has been spoken of with approval from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and is not unknown across the seas.

It is not our purpose in this article to dwell upon the peculiar work of Dr. Vincent at Chautauqua, for that work has been already, and will be hereafter, explained in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, but we simply present the fact that the place to which the Chautauquans make their annual pilgrimage is not unworthy of the peculiar interest which has gathered around it. It is a region full of historic interest, and pos-

sesses many natural attractions, to which many other attractions have been added by the enterprise of its inhabitants. We can not suggest a better locality, all things considered, anywhere between the Atlantic and Pacific, in which the central home of the Chautauqua Idea could have been planted. If great elevation of land, pure water, cool, invigorating atmosphere, a beautiful lake, with an adequate supply of boats, an abundance of fish, surrounding forests and meadows, adequate supplies of all the fruits of the season from neighboring farms, and lovely landscape scenes looking down upon a beautiful sheet of water, are to be desired, the Chautauqua region in these particulars will compare favorably with any place with which we are acquainted. It presents the advantages of a mountain retreat, without the privations which are usually incident to such resorts. If it is desirable that the place which is to be the central home of the Chautauqua Idea, shall be near to other great points of interest which the tourist and student may visit in some short interval of rest from the instructions and enjoyments at Chautauqua, surely this condition is fully met by the fact that Lake Erie, as one link in the great chain of lakes, is joined to Chautauqua by a few miles of railway on the north, while Niagara, with its unparalleled grandeur, is distant only a half-day's journey. A well-known ledge of rocks in an adjoining county is of especial interest to geologists, while the pains-taking investigator, guided by some old inhabitant, can find the remains of Indian mounds, forts, and other objects to remind him of the existence and habits of that peculiar race which once peopled this region, but which has long since passed away. A reservation peopled by Indians is only about twenty miles distant. If the visitor wishes to "rough it" in a cabin or tent, or if he wishes to enjoy in the woods all the luxuries of a first-class hotel, his utmost wish can be gratified. If the Chautauqua student or tourist becomes weary of the city in the woods, and of its suburban forests and solitudes, and desires a respite by spending a day in a city filled with schools, churches, stores, factories, beautiful homes along shaded streets, and supplied with the best hotels, after a delightful passage over the lake, he is landed at Jamestown, a delightful village of twelve thousand inhabitants, and which in these particulars is all that could be desired. For these and many other reasons, we think that the wise projectors of the Chautauqua Idea did another very wise thing when they planted that Idea at Chautauqua.

After these more general observations, we will proceed to mention more particularly some of the interests which are native to Jamestown and Chautauqua Lake. The Chautauquan who, by his annual return to the place, has become fully initiated into the spirit which the name has now come to imply, very naturally feels an interest in the histories and traditions which cluster around it. Such traditions and histories are like those which we treasure concerning the place of our birth, for have not multitudes found at Chautauqua an intellectual home, and the place where they received their mental and spiritual awakening? The Chautauqua region is full of historic interests. The earliest settlers found it an unbroken wilderness, partly occupied by Indian tribes, but giving evidence of having been previously inhabited by an ancient people, possessing a degree of civilization which the Indians did not possess. They found pits which had been dug, and in which fires for some unknown purpose had been kindled; mounds containing human skeletons, circular fortifications, traces of fortified villages, and when they began to plow the fields, their plowshares uncovered the rude implements of war and peace, some of which gave proof that either a partly civilized people had perished here, or had degenerated into the savageness of the more recent Indian tribes. The great antiquity of these relics was manifested by the fact that the

forest trees were then growing above them. The early settlers could learn nothing of this ancient population from the Indian traditions. Similar traces of an ancient civilization, which became extinct at a very remote period in the past, are to be found in many places from Central America to Lake Superior. Numerous mounds and other vestiges were found along the shore and outlet of Chautauqua Lake. Two of these tumuli, and traces of an old roadway are still visible near the eastern shore of the Lake at Griffith's Point. The Kah-was, or "Neutrals," a tribe of Indians composed of about twelve thousand souls, gaining their livelihood by hunting and fishing, rudely clad with dresses made of the skins of animals, degraded in intellect and morals, were the first Indian tribe occupying the Chautauqua region of which we have any definite knowledge. But from the relics observed by the first white settlers, some of which are still traceable, we know that before them there was a tribe of Indians here who dwelt in villages fortified with a ditch and rows of palisades, who used hoes made of wood and bone for tilling the soil, and who cut down trees with axes of stone. The Neutrals were driven out by the Senecas, a still more savage tribe. They were accustomed to mutilate, torture, and even burn alive the captives whom they took in their battles with other tribes. There was here an abundance of game, upon which the wild man depended for his subsistence, including the buffalo, which, like the Indian, is now fast disappearing toward the Pacific coast, soon to vanish forever.

The name Chautauqua is supposed by many to be a modification of *Jadaqua*, signifying, "The place of an easy death." A tradition, which was current among the Senecas, relates that a beautiful young Indian girl ate of a sweet root growing on the shore of the Lake, which, when she had eaten, produced an intense thirst. Stooping down to drink of the pure waters of the Lake, she fell into it and disappeared. Some poet has put into verse a wish expressed by a Seneca chief:

"Since that hour Jadaqua named,
Or, 'The place of easy death,'
When I pant with parting breath,
I will eat the root that grows
On thy banks, and find repose
With the loveliest of our daughters
In thy blue engulfing waters."

The first work performed here by white men was done by two hundred Frenchmen under the command of Monsieur Péau, who cut a roadway, beginning at Lake Erie at Westfield and ending near what is now the dock at Mayville, on Lake Chautauqua. This work was performed in the fall of the year 1753. This road was known by the early settlers as the old French road, and was a part of the highway over which the first merchandise was conveyed to Pittsburgh and the regions below. Traces of the old road are still visible. George Washington, in the year 1753, came into what is now Chautauqua County, and spent five days negotiating with the French commander, St. Pierre, and in order to visit this place for that purpose he made his remarkable journey through a dangerous wilderness, journeying eight hundred miles in two months and a half. A British and Indian expedition passed over Chautauqua Lake in A. D. 1782. Rev. S. Kirkland, missionary to the Indians, visited the shores of this Lake the year following. The unwritten history of the Chautauqua country would embrace many thrilling chapters describing the bloody battles, as at least three successive Indian tribes became its possessors, the tortures endured by captives, and the unrecorded adventures and suffering of some bold white men who penetrated their then inhospitable regions.

The first attempts for the permanent settlement of this region are almost within the memories of men now living,

a fact which fills us with astonishment when we recollect that since then, the forests and prairies have been subdued, and populous cities have arisen far away toward the Pacific Coast. The section of country lying around Jamestown and Chautauqua Lake was originally included in the lands owned by the Holland Land Company, to whom the land was given by the state of New York in payment for money borrowed in Holland.

The Jamestown of to-day is the principal town on Chautauqua Lake. It is situated on the outlet of the Lake, all the Chautauqua boats landing at its docks, and the ride through the winding stream overshadowed with trees, presenting a new picture for the eye at every turn, is a befitting termination for a voyage over the Lake. Jamestown is a typical American village of about twelve thousand inhabitants, and the number of the population is constantly increasing. A new impetus has been given to it of late on account of its rapidly increasing manufacturing interests, and those who may be supposed to know, inform us that the present rate of the increase of its population, is somewhere between one thousand and fifteen hundred per year. Between two and three hundred new houses are now building or preparing to build. A large number of manufacturing establishments are in successful operation, some of them having attained to considerable wealth. It is said that there are some manufacturing establishments here which do a business of near a half a million of dollars per year. Many smaller factories are starting in an humble way which give promise of rapid growth and which, if no financial panic sweeps over the country at large to obstruct the channels of trade, will be enlarged, adding to the wealth of the town and continuing to increase its population. There are more than one hundred factories, great and small, located here. Many of these incipient concerns will speedily rival the larger ones, and we predict that Jamestown is destined to become one of the chief manufacturing cities of the country. While Chautauqua Lake, in the summer season, is a great financial help to the stores and hotels of the city, it is also a great advantage for another reason. Men of means who come to Chautauqua in the summer are attracted to the place, and have a natural desire to locate their business interests in this healthful atmosphere and in the midst of the many attractions of Chautauqua, so pleasing to themselves and their families. For these reasons capital has of late been seeking investment here. And the native population of Jamestown, unlike many others, are alive to the situation, and offer many inducements for manufacturers to come into the place. For example, a short time ago they raised a sum of money to induce a boot and shoe manufacturer to locate his business here. He did so, and began his work in a very unpretending way, and this year he has built, on Third Street, opposite the new Sherman House, a fine six-story block filled with busy employes. Encouraged by his success, another shoe factory company is just now being organized. Besides these two shoe factories Jamestown contains: Two piano factories; two axe and cutlery factories; two large and well-established alpaca mills; one large cotton mill, put in operation this year; two knitting mills; one yarn factory; two cane-seat chair factories; one wood-seat chair factory; one splint-seat chair factory; one grain drill works; two foundries; three lounge factories; one bedstead works; three furniture factories; one organ factory; one woolen mill; the Horton Manufacturing Company, which manufactures the Western Washer, the hand corn-planter, leather splitter, leather rollers, and six kinds of heel shaves; three grist mills; two lumber factories; one turning mill; two carriage factories; one measure factory; one broom factory; one bending works; two spring-bed works; and, we are sorry to be compelled to confess, one brewery, which seeks to destroy what the others

build up. A carpet factory is soon to be established here, and other enterprises are under contemplation. Many smaller enterprises we have not mentioned, which are in their infancy as yet, but which may compel honorable mention a few years hence.

Jamestown is well provided with churches and schools. There are three Swedish churches here, one of them Methodist Episcopal, and two of them Lutheran, one colored Methodist church, just organized, one Catholic, one Baptist, one Congregational, one Protestant Episcopal, one Presbyterian, and one English Methodist Episcopal. The Universalists, Spiritualists, and Jews, are at present unorganized. Jamestown is orthodox, being in such close proximity to Chautauqua and Dr. Vincent. An intellectual atmosphere, wafted from Chautauqua, pervades the place. The public schools are of a superior order. A Collegiate Institute is joined with the village schools proper, and is under the same management, affording an education of higher grade than is usually afforded in a town of this size. The amount of business done at Jamestown may be suggested by the fact that five thousand packages are handled daily at our postoffice, and the number is constantly increasing. Of course during the summer season, when our hotels are crowded with guests, and the multitude, is passing through to Chautauqua, the business of the postoffice is much larger. Our postmaster arranges fifteen separate mails daily.

Ex-Governor Reuben E. Fenton resides in Jamestown, near which place he began his public career. He is at present occupied with his duties as president of the First National Bank, and in private life he manifests those many qualities which were so highly valued when he was governor of the State of New York and a member of the United States Senate. He is a model of unaffected politeness, a far-seeing statesman, and as the sun of his life looks toward the west, with grace and dignity he still stands among his fellow citizens, who hold him in honor for what he has been and what he still is. Let us hope that ere long he will consent once more to return to an active political life. He was elected to Congress in 1852, at the early age of thirty-three. He was a member of Congress for a period of ten years. In 1864 he was elected governor of the State of New York. Horatio Seymour was his opponent in the contest. He was reelected to this high position in 1866. In 1869 he was elected by the Legislature of the State to the office of United States Senator, which place he held until 1875, since which time he has been engaged with his extensive and varied business interests.

Orsino E. Jones, who has long been an active leader in the Republican politics of this section, and who is well-known in political and business circles in the State of New York, resides at Jamestown. The town has a full share of prominent men, all of whom we can not mention in this brief article.

That Jamestown and the surrounding community possess some intellectual activity, may be inferred from the fact that from this village issue eight papers and periodicals, two of them dailies.

Chautauqua Lake is believed to be the highest navigable water in the United States. About two miles from the head of the Lake is the ridge which divides the waters which flow into Lake Erie and through the St. Lawrence River into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic, from the waters which flow into Lake Chautauqua, and from thence into the Allegheny, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers and the Gulf of Mexico. The first steamboat was launched upon Lake Chautauqua in 1828, and ever since then, partly for the purpose of business and partly for the use of pleasure-seekers, the Lake has been amply supplied with boats. The distance from Jamestown over the Lake to Mayville

is about twenty-four miles, and the fathers enjoyed the exhilarating journey no less than their sons do now. The scenery is not bold and precipitous, but presents rather that more gentle but not less thrilling effect which artists ever delight to copy. We have already spoken of the splendid opportunities for fishing and pleasure-seeking which the Lake affords. Bathing in the Lake is a luxury which all enjoy, and women and children take particular delight in this healthful diversion at Chautauqua, and at other pleasure resorts on the Lake, on account of its comparative safety.

Chautauqua Lake has a supply of steamboats which has hitherto proved adequate to meet all the demands of the summer travel, and to the number already existing one new steamer has just now been added, and another is building. The "Cincinnati," the new boat just finished, is stoutly built, and is fitted up with especial reference to the tastes and comforts of the traveling public. Some of the boats with which we have been familiar in past years, have been refitted with especial reference to the coming season, which already gives promise of an unusually large crowd at Chautauqua and other points along the Lake. The steamers owned by the Chautauqua Lake Transit Company are: "Jamestown," "J. A. Burch," "Alaska," "Mayville," "M. A. Griffith," and the "W. B. Shattuc." Besides these there are the "Vincent," "J. F. Moulton," "Cincinnati," "Josie Belle," "C. J. Hepburn," "Marshal," and many steam yachts, and one large flatboat for the use of private excursions. Sail boats and row boats seem to be without number. It is a characteristic of the people who inhabit this section of the country, to be thoroughly alive to every new enterprise, and to every indication contained in those events which "cast their shadows before," and hence the coming crowds at Chautauqua can never take our enterprising capitalists by surprise. A healthful competition among the owners of these lines of boats will hereafter, more than heretofore, increase the comforts afforded to passengers, while it will often reduce the fares to less than reasonable rates. Chautauqua steamers run in direct connection with the following railroads: The New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio; Lake Shore and Michigan Southern; New York, Lake Erie and Western; Buffalo, Pittsburgh and Western; Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley and Pittsburgh; and the New York, Chicago and St. Louis. Chautauqua is therefore well located for receiving her guests from every part of the country.

The hotel accommodations at the various resorts around the lake have been excellent, but this season will be even better than heretofore. At Jamestown a new hotel has just been finished, and is now ready to receive guests for the summer. It is called the Sherman House, taking the well-known name of its manager. It is one hundred and twenty feet by one hundred feet, five stories high, and contains one hundred and seventy-five suites of rooms. It is furnished with an elevator, which is run by steam, and the building contains every modern convenience. The rates of board are from two dollars to three dollars and a half per day. The Weeks House, in Jamestown, is well and favorably known to the traveling public. The proprietor knows how to make his guests feel at home while at his hotel. In front of the Weeks House there is a fountain of water, conveyed from an artesian well, which is of a superior quality. At Fluvanna, near the foot of the lake, is a quiet retreat, furnished with two comfortable hotels. This place would be especially attractive to those persons who desire an unpretentious house, where they may forget the busy world, and dwell alone in the quiet company of their own memories of the past and thoughts of the future. The hotel at Griffith's Point has been destroyed by fire, but doubtless another and yet better structure will soon take its place, since the advan-

tages of its location forbid the idea of its being abandoned. At Bemus Point one good hotel has existed for some years, but the patronage which that beautiful retreat has received has encouraged the building of another commodious hotel, which will doubtless be ready for guests early this season. At Point Chautauqua the Baptist Association has laid out a fine tract of land into lots, upon which many cottages have been built. They also have a large building for their religious convocations, and one of the best hotels on the Lake. At Lakewood there are many attractive cottages, and two very large hotels, provided with spacious verandas commanding a view of the lake, and a landscape scene which is truly delightful. Mayville, the county seat of Chautauqua County, situated at the head of the Lake, has one large hotel designed particularly for summer patronage, besides a number of smaller hotels, in which guests are always well provided for. In addition to the hotels about the Lake, many of the farmers and private families receive boarders during the summer season.

And last, but not least, rather best of all, is our own CHAUTAUQUA, the city in the woods, the home of the far-famed Sunday-school Assembly, and the younger, but not less promising, summer university for the people. Its lack of first-class hotel accommodations has been felt in the past, but now that lack has been supplied. The Chautauqua Hotel Company, of which John H. Glidden, of Cleveland, Ohio, is president, A. K. Warren, of Mayville, secretary, and Henry Minton, of Mayville, treasurer, will have finished by the 15th of July on the Assembly grounds, a hotel which will cost one hundred thousand dollars. It has a frontage on the Lake of two hundred and ten feet, and a depth of one hundred and seventy-five feet. It will contain one hundred and sixty guest-rooms, and a dining-room capable of seating four hundred persons at one time. The front of the hotel will be divided by a tower one hundred and twenty feet from base to summit. On the front of the hotel for each floor will be a veranda one hundred feet long and twenty feet wide, supported by columns thirty feet in height. It will contain parlors, telegraph office, barber shop, baggage room, elevator, and all the appointments of a first-class hotel. The "Hotel Athenæum," as it is called, for it must have a classic name, being situated in these classic shades, will be under the management of General Bolly Lewis, of Cincinnati. This hotel meets a demand which has long been felt on the Chautauqua Assembly grounds, and we are glad to know that the demand will be so fully met. We are not surprised that this want has not been supplied before, when we call to mind the untamed forest in which Chautauqua had its beginning. A rough shore, at great expense, was made into a great model of the Holy Land. Docks had to be built, the stumps and rubbish had to be cleared away, and the ground had to be prepared. Parks have been laid out, a vast Amphitheatre, a Children's Temple, a Hall of Philosophy, a Museum, and other buildings, had to be erected; the costly land had to be paid for, and many items of expense of which the visitor can have no adequate idea, must be incurred. At last we have boarding and hotel accommodations on the Assembly grounds which will be adapted to every purse and to every taste. All the institutions at Chautauqua are controlled by the Association. Even the lots occupied by cottagers are held, not by deeds, but by long leases, on condition. It is, in fact, the cheapest summer resort in the country; and, besides offers advantages not to be had at any other place.

Jamestown and Chautauqua Lake have many natural attractions which are peculiarly their own, but their chief interest to the outside world must ever lie in the fact that they are associated with Chautauqua, of which the reader has gained a clear idea through THE CHAUTAUQUAN and CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD.

LAVENGRO.

A DREAM OR DRAMA; OR, A SCHOLAR, A GYPSY, A PRIEST.

CHAPTER LI.

It might be about ten o'clock at night. Belle, the postillion, and myself, sat just within the tent, by a fire of charcoal which I had kindled in the chafing-pan. The man had removed the harness from his horses, and, after tethering their legs, had left them for the night in the field above, to regale themselves on what grass they could find. The rain had long since entirely ceased, and the moon and stars shone bright in the firmament, up to which, putting aside the canvas, I occasionally looked from the depths of the dingle. Large drops of water, however, falling now and then upon the tent from the neighboring trees, would have served, could we have forgotten it, to remind us of the recent storm, and also a certain chilliness in the atmosphere, unusual to the season, proceeding from the moisture with which the ground was saturated; yet these circumstances only served to make our party enjoy the charcoal fire the more. There we sat bending over it: Belle, with her long beautiful hair streaming over her magnificent shoulders; the postillion smoking his pipe, in his shirt-sleeves and waistcoat, having flung aside his great-coat, which had sustained a thorough wetting; and I without my wagoner's slop, of which, it being in the same plight, I had divested myself.

The new-comer was a well-made fellow of about thirty, with an open and agreeable countenance. I found him very well informed for a man in his station, and with some pretensions to humor. After we had discoursed for some time on indifferent subjects, the postillion, who had exhausted his pipe, took it from his mouth, and, knocking out the ashes upon the ground, exclaimed, "I little thought, when I got up in the morning, that I should spend the night in such agreeable company, and after such a fright."

"Well," said I, "I am glad that your opinion of us has improved; it is not long since you seemed to hold us in rather a suspicious light."

"And no wonder," said the man, "seeing the place you were taking me to. I was not a little, but very much afraid of ye both; and so I continued for some time, though, not to show a craven heart, I pretended to be quite satisfied; but I see I was altogether mistaken about ye. I thought ye vagrant Gypsy folks and trampers; but now—"

"Vagrant Gypsy folks and trampers," said I; "and what are we but people of that stamp?"

"Oh," said the postillion, "if you wish to be thought such, I am far too civil a person to contradict you, especially after your kindness to me, but—"

"But!" said I, "what do you mean by but? I would have you to know that I am proud of being a traveling blacksmith: look at these donkey-shoes, I finished them this day."

The postillion took the shoes and examined them. "So you made these shoes?" he cried at last.

"To be sure I did; do you doubt it?"

"Not in the least," said the man.

"Ah! ah!" said I, "I thought I should bring you back to your original opinion. I am, then, a vagrant Gypsy body, a trumper, a wandering blacksmith?"

"Not a blacksmith, whatever else you may be," said the postillion, laughing.

"Then how do you account for my making those shoes?"

"By your not being a blacksmith," said the postillion; "no blacksmith would have made shoes in that manner. Besides, what did you mean just now by saying you had finished these shoes to-day? a real blacksmith would have

flung off half a dozen sets of donkey-shoes in one morning, but you, I will be sworn, have been hammering at these four days, and they do you credit, but why? because you are no blacksmith; no, friend, your shoes may do for this young gentlewoman's animal, but I shouldn't like to have my horses shod by you, unless at a great pinch indeed."

"Then," said I, "for what do you take me?"

"Why, for some runaway young gentleman," said the postillion. "No offense, I hope?"

"None at all; no one is offended at being taken or mistaken for a young gentleman, whether runaway or not; but from whence do you suppose I have run away?"

"Why, from college," said the man; "no offense?"

"None whatever; and what induced me to run away from college?"

"A love affair, I'll be sworn," said the postillion, "You had become acquainted with this young gentlewoman, so she and you—"

"Mind how you get on, friend," said Belle, in a deep, serious tone.

"Pray proceed," said I, "I dare say you mean no offense."

"None in the world," said the postillion; "all I was going to say was that you agreed to run away together, you from college, and she from boarding-school. Well, there's nothing to be ashamed of in a matter like that; such things are done every day by young folks in high life."

"Are you offended?" said I to Belle.

Belle made no answer, but, placing her elbows on her knees, buried her face in her hands.

"So we ran away together?" said I.

"Ay, ay," said the postillion, "to Gretna Green, though I can't say that I drove ye, though I have driven many a pair."

"And from Gretna Green we came here?"

"I'll be bound you did," said the man, "till you could arrange matters at home."

"And the horse-shoes?" said I.

"The donkey-shoes, you mean," answered the postillion; "why, I suppose you persuaded the blacksmith who married you to give you, before you left, a few lessons in his trade."

"And we intend to stay here till we have arranged matters at home?"

"Ay, ay," said the postillion, "till the old people are pacified, and they send you letters directed to the next post town, to be left till called for, beginning with, 'Dear children,' and enclosing you each a cheque for one hundred pounds, when you will leave this place, and go home in a coach like gentlefolks, to visit your governors; I should like nothing better than to have the driving of you; and then there will be a grand meeting of the two families, and after a few reproaches, the old people will agree to do something handsome for the poor thoughtless things; so you will have a genteel house taken for you, and an annuity allowed you. You won't get much the first year, five hundred at the most, in order that the old folks may let you feel that they are not altogether satisfied with you, and that you are yet entirely in their power; but the second, if you don't get a cool thousand, may I catch cold, especially should young madam here present a son and heir for the old people to fondle, destined one day to become sole heir of the two illustrious houses, and then all the grand folks in the neighborhood, who have, bless their prudent hearts! kept rather aloof from you till then, for fear you should want anything from them—I say, all the carriage people in the neighborhood, when they see how swimmingly matters are going on, will come in shoals to visit you."

"Really," said I, "you are getting on swimmingly."

"O," said the postillion, "I was not a gentleman's servant nine years without learning the ways of gentry, and being able to know gentry when I see them."

"And what do you say to all this?" I demanded of Belle.

"Stop a moment," interposed the postillion, "I have one more word to say:—and when you are surrounded by your comforts, keeping your nice little barouche and pair, your coachman and livery servant, and visited by all the carriage people in the neighborhood—to say nothing of the time when you come to the family estates on the death of the old people—I shouldn't wonder if now and then you look back with longing and regret to the days when you lived in the damp, dripping dingle, had no better equipage than a pony or donkey-cart, and saw no better company than a trumper or Gypsy, except once, when a poor postillion was glad to seat himself at your charcoal fire."

"Pray," said I, "did you ever take lessons in elocution?"

"Not directly," said the postillion; "but my old master, who was in Parliament, did, and so did his son, who was intended to be an orator. A great professor used to come and give them lessons, and I used to stand and listen, by which means I picked up a considerable quantity of what is called rhetoric. In what I last said, I was aiming at what I have heard him frequently endeavoring to teach my governors as a thing indispensably necessary in all oratory, a graceful pere—pere—peregrination."

"Peroration, perhaps?"

"Just so," said the postillion; "and now I'm sure I am not mistaken about you; you have taken lessons yourself, at first hand, in the college vacations, and a promising pupil you were, I make no doubt. Well, your friends will be the happier to get you back. Has your governor much borough interest?"

"I ask you once more," said I addressing myself to Belle, "what you think of the history which this good man has made for us?"

"What should I think of it," said Belle, still keeping her face buried in her hands, "but that it is mere nonsense?"

"Nonsense!" said the postillion.

"Yes," said the girl, "and you know it."

"May my leg always ache, if I do," said the postillion, patting his leg with his hand; "will you persuade me that this young man has never been at college?"

"I have never been at college, but—"

"Ay, ay," said the postillion; "but—"

"I have been to the best schools in Britain, to say nothing of a celebrated one in Ireland."

"Well, then, it comes to the same thing," said the postillion; "or perhaps you know more than if you had been at college—and your governor?"

"My governor, as you call him," said I, "is dead."

"And his borough interest?"

"My father had no borough interest," said I; "had he possessed any, he would perhaps not have died as he did, honorably poor."

"No, no," said the postillion; "if he had had borough interest, he wouldn't have been poor, nor honorable, though perhaps a right honorable. However, with your grand education and genteel manners, you made all right at last by persuading this noble young gentlewoman to run away from boarding-school with you."

"I was never at boarding-school," said Belle, "unless you call—"

"Ay, ay," said the postillion, "a boarding-school is vulgar, I know; I beg your pardon, I ought to have called it academy, or by some other much finer name—you were in something much greater than a boarding-school."

"There you are right," said Belle, lifting up her head and looking the postillion full in the face by the light of the charcoal fire; "for I was bred in the workhouse."

"Wooh!" said the postillion.

"It is true that I am of good—"

"Ay, ay," said the postillion, "let us hear—"

"Of good blood," continued Belle; "my name is Berners, Isopel Berners, though my parents were unfortunate. Indeed, with respect to blood, I believe I am of better blood than the young man."

"There you are mistaken," said I; "by my father's side I am of Cornish blood, and by my mother's of brave French Protestant extraction. Now, with respect to the blood of my father—and to be descended well on the father's side is the principal thing—it is the best blood in the world, for the Cornish blood, as the proverb says—"

"I don't care what the proverb says," said Belle; "I say my blood is the best—my name is Berners, Isopel Berners—it was my mother's name, and is better, I am sure, than any you bear, whatever that may be; and though you say that the descent on the father's side is the principal thing—and I know why you say so," she added with some excitement—"I say that descent on the mother's side is of most account, because the mother—"

"Just come from Gretna Green, and already quarrelling," said the postillion.

"We do not come from Gretna Green," said Belle.

"Ah, I had forgot," said the postillion, "none but great people go to Gretna Green. Well, then, from church, and already quarrelling about family, just like two great people."

"We have never been to church," said Belle, "and to prevent any more guessing on your part, it will be as well for me to tell you, friend, that I am nothing to the young man, and he, of course, nothing to me. I am a poor traveling girl, born in a workhouse: journeying on my occasions with certain companions, I came to this hollow, where my company quarrelled with the young man, who had settled down here, as he had a right to do, if he pleased; and not being able to drive him out, they went away after quarrelling with me, too, for not choosing to side with them; so I stayed here along with the young man, there being room for us both, and the place being as free to me as to him."

"And, in order that you may be no longer puzzled with respect to myself," said I, "I will give you a brief outline of my history. I am the son of honorable parents, who gave me a first-rate education, as far as literature and languages went, with which education I endeavored, on the death of my father, to advance myself to wealth and reputation in the big city; but failing in the attempt, I conceived a disgust for the busy world, and determined to retire from it. After wandering about for some time, and meeting with various adventures, in one of which I contrived to obtain a pony, cart, and certain tools, used by smiths and tinkers, I came to this place, where I amused myself with making horse-shoes, or rather pony-shoes, having acquired the art of wielding the hammer and tongs from a strange kind of smith—not him of Gretna Green—whom I knew in my childhood. And here I live, doing harm to no one, quite lonely and solitary, till one fine morning the premises were visited by this young gentlewoman and her companions. She did herself anything but justice when she said that her companions quarreled with her because she would not side with them against me; they quarreled with her, because she came most heroically to my assistance as I was on the point of being murdered; and she forgot to tell you, that after they had abandoned her she stood by me in the dark hour, comforting and cheering me, when unspeakable dread, to which I am occasionally subject, took possession of my mind. She says she is nothing to me, even as I am nothing to her. I am of course nothing to her, but she is mistaken in thinking she is nothing to me. I entertain the highest regard and admiration for her, being convinced that I might search the whole world in vain for a nature more heroic and devoted."

"And for my part," said Belle, with a sob, "a more quiet

agreeable partner in a place like this I would not wish to have; it is true he has strange ways, and frequently puts words into my mouth very difficult to utter; but—but—" and here she buried her face once more in her hands.

"Well," said the postillion, "I have been mistaken about you; that is, not altogether, but in part. You are not rich folks, it seems, but you are not common people, and that I could have sworn. What I call a shame is, that some people I have known are not in your place and you in theirs,—you with their estate and borough interest, they in this dingle with these carts and animals; but there is no help for these things. Were I the great Mumbo Jumbo above, I would endeavor to manage matters better; but being a simple postillion, glad to earn three shillings a day, I can't be expected to do much."

"Who is Mumbo Jumbo?" said I.

"Ah!" said the postillion, "I see there may be a thing or two I know better than yourself. Mumbo Jumbo is a god of the black coast, to which people go for ivory and gold."

"Were you ever there?" I demanded.

"No," said the postillion, "but I heard plenty of Mumbo Jumbo when I was a boy."

"I wish you would tell us something about yourself. I believe that your own real history would prove quite as entertaining if not more, than that which you imagined about us."

"I am rather tired," said the postillion, "and my leg is rather troublesome. I should be glad to try to sleep upon one of your blankets. However, as you wish to hear something about me, I shall be happy to oblige you; but your fire is rather low, and this place is chilly."

Thereupon I arose, and put fresh charcoal on the pan; then taking it outside the tent, with a kind of fan which I had fashioned, I fanned the coals into a red glow, and continued doing so until the greater part of the noxious gas, which the coals are in the habit of exhaling, was exhausted. I then brought it into the tent and reseated myself, scattering over the coals a small portion of sugar. "No bad smell," said the postillion; "but upon the whole I think I like the smell of tobacco better; and with your permission I will once more light my pipe."

Thereupon he relighted his pipe; and, after taking two or three whiffs, began in the following manner.

CHAPTER LII.

"I am a poor postillion, as you see; yet, as I have seen a thing or two, and heard a thing or two of what is going on in the world, perhaps what I have to tell you connected with myself may not prove altogether uninteresting. Now, my friends, this manner of opening a story is what the man who taught rhetoric would call a hex—hex—"

"Exordium," said I.

"Just so," said the postillion; "I treated you to a per-per-peroration some time ago, so that I have contrived to put the cart before the horse, as the Irish orators frequently do in the honorable House, in whose speeches, especially those who have taken lessons in rhetoric, the per-per-what's the word?—frequently goes before the exordium."

"I was born in the neighboring country; my father was land-steward to a squire of about a thousand a year. My father had two sons, of whom I am the youngest by some years. My elder brother was of a spirited roving disposition, and for fear that he should turn out what is generally termed ungain, my father determined to send him to sea; so once upon a time, when my brother was about fifteen, he took him to the great sea-port of the county, where he apprenticed him to a captain of one of the ships which trade to the high Barbary coast. Fine ships they were, I have heard say, more than thirty in number, and all belonging to a wonderful great gentleman, who had once been a parish

boy, but had contrived to make an immense fortune by trading to that coast for gold dust, ivory, and other strange articles; and for doing so, I mean for making a fortune, had been made a knight baronet. So my brother went to the high Barbary shore, on board the fine vessel, and in about a year returned and came to visit us; he repeated the voyage several times, always returning to see his parents on his return. Strange stories he used to tell us of what he had been witness to on the high Barbary coast, both off shore and on. He said that the fine vessel in which he sailed was nothing better than a painted hell; that the captain was a veritable fiend, whose grand delight was in tormenting his men, especially when they were sick, as they frequently were, there being always fever on the high Barbary coast; and that though the captain was occasionally sick himself, his being so made no difference, or rather it did make a difference, though for the worse, he being when sick always more inveterate and malignant than at other times. He said that once, when he himself was sick, his captain had pitched his face all over, which exploit was much applauded by the other high Barbary captains; all of whom, from what my brother said, appeared to be of much the same disposition as my brother's captain, taking wonderful delight in tormenting the crews, and doing all manner of terrible things. My brother frequently said that nothing whatever prevented him from running away from his ship, and never returning, but the hope he entertained of one day being captain himself, and able to torment people in his turn, which he solemnly vowed he would do, as a kind of compensation for what he himself had undergone. And if things were going on in a strange way off the high Barbary shore amongst those who came there to trade, they were going on in a way yet stranger with the people who lived upon it.

"O, the strange ways the black men who lived on that shore, of which my brother used to tell us at home; selling their sons, daughters, and servants for slaves, and the prisoners taken in battle, to the Spanish captains, to be carried to Havana, and when there, sold at a profit, the idea of which, my brother said, went to the hearts of our own captains, who used to say what a hard thing it was that free-born Englishmen could not have a hand in the traffic, seeing that it was forbidden by the laws of their country; talking fondly of the good old times when their forefathers used to carry slaves to Jamaica and Barbadoes, realizing immense profit, besides the pleasure of hearing their shrieks on the voyage; and then the superstitions of the blacks, which my brother used to talk of; their sharks' teeth, their wisps of fowls' feathers, their half-baked pots, full of burnt bones, of which they used to make what they called fetich; and bow down to, and ask favors of, and then, perhaps, abuse and strike, provided the senseless rubbish did not give them what they asked for; and then, above all, Mumbo Jumbo, the grand fetich master, who lived somewhere in the woods, and who used to come out every now and then with his fetich companions; a monstrous figure, all wound round with leaves and branches, so as to be quite indistinguishable, and, seating himself on a high seat in the villages, received homage from the people, and also gifts and offerings, the most valuable of which were pretty damsels, and then betake himself back again, with his followers, into the woods. Oh, the tales that my brother used to tell us of the high Barbary shore! Poor fellow! what became of him I can't say; the last time he came back from a voyage, he told us that his captain, as soon as he had brought his vessel to port, and settled with his owner, drowned himself off the quay, in a fit of the horrors, which it seems high Barbary captains, after a certain number of years, are much subject to. After staying about a month with us, he went to sea again, with another captain; and, bad as the old one had been, it

appears the new one was worse, for, unable to bear his treatment, my brother left his ship on the high Barbary shore, and ran away up the country. Some of his comrades, whom we afterward saw, said that there were various reports about him on the shore; one that he had taken on with Mumbo Jumbo, and was serving him in his house in the woods, in the capacity of swash-buckler, or life-guardsmen; another, that he was gone in quest of a mighty city in the heart of the negro country; another, that in swimming a stream he had been devoured by an alligator. Now, these two last reports were bad enough; the idea of his flesh and blood being bit asunder by a ravenous fish, was sad enough to my poor parents, and not very comfortable was the thought of his sweltering over the hot sands in quest of a negro city; but the idea of their son, their eldest child, serving Mumbo Jumbo as swash-buckler, was worst of all, and caused my poor parents to shed many a scalding tear.

"I stayed at home with my parents until I was about eighteen, assisting my father in various ways. I then went to live at the squire's, partly as groom, partly as footman. After living in the country some time, I attended the family in a trip of six weeks, which they made to London. Whilst there, happening to have some words with an old ill-tempered coachman, who had been for a great many years in the family, my master advised me to leave, offering to recommend me to a family of his acquaintance who were in need of a footman. I was glad to accept his offer, and in a few days went to my new place. My new master was one of the great gentry, a baronet in Parliament, and possessed of an estate of about twenty thousand a year. His family consisted of his lady, a son, a fine young man, just coming of age, and two very sweet amiable daughters. I liked this place much better than my first, there was so much more pleasant noise and bustle—so much more grand company—and so many more opportunities of improving myself. Oh, how I liked to see the grand coaches drive up to the door, with the grand company; and though, amidst that company there were some who did not look very grand, there were others, and not a few, who did. Some of the ladies quite captivated me; there was one, the Marchioness of —, in particular. This young lady puts me much in mind of her; it is true, the marchioness, as I saw her then, was about fifteen years older than this young gentlewoman is now, and not so tall by some inches, but she had the very same hair, and much the same neck and shoulders—no offense, I hope? And then some of the young gentlemen, with their cool, haughty, care-for-nothing looks, struck me as being very fine fellows. There was one in particular, whom I frequently used to stare at, not altogether unlike some one I have seen hereabouts—he had a slight cast in his eye, and—but I won't enter into particulars. And then the footmen! Oh, how those footmen helped to improve me with their conversation. Many of them could converse much more glibly than their masters, and appeared to have much better taste. At any rate, they seldom approved of what their masters did. I remember being once with one in the gallery of the play-house, when something of Shakspeare's was being performed; some one in the first tier of boxes was applauding very loudly. 'That's my fool of a governor,' said he; 'he is weak enough to like Shakspeare—I don't—he's so confoundedly low, but he won't last long—going down. Shakspeare culminated'—I think that was the word—culminated some time ago.'

"And then the professor of elocution, of whom my governors used to take lessons, and of which lessons I had my share, by listening behind the door; but for that professor of elocution I should not be able to round my periods—an expression of his—in the manner I do.

"After I had been three years at this place my mistress died. Her death, however, made no great alteration in my

way of living, the family spending their winters in London, and their summers at their old seat in S—, as before. At last, the young ladies, who had not yet got husbands, which was strange enough, seeing, as I told you before, they were very amiable, proposed to our governor a traveling expedition abroad. The old baronet consented, though young master was much against it, saying they would all be much better at home. As the girls persisted, however, he at last withdrew his opposition, and even promised to follow them, as soon as his parliamentary duties would permit, for he was just got into Parliament, and, like most other young members, thought that nothing could be done in the House without him. So the old gentleman and the two young ladies set off, taking me with them, and a couple of ladies' maids to wait upon them. First of all, we went to Paris, where we continued three months, the old baronet and the ladies going to see the various sights of the city and the neighborhood, and I attending them.

"They soon got tired of sight-seeing, and of Paris too; and so did I. However, they still continued there, in order, I believe, that the young ladies might lay in a store of French finery. I should have passed my idle time at Paris, of which I had plenty after the sight-seeing was over, very unpleasantly, but for Black Jack. Eh! did you never hear of Black Jack? Ah! if you had ever been an English servant in Paris, you would have known Black Jack; not an English gentleman's servant who has been at Paris for this last ten years but knows Black Jack and his ordinary. A strange fellow he was—of what country no one could exactly say—for as for judging from speech, that was impossible, Jack speaking all languages equally ill. Some said he came direct from Satan's kitchen, and that when he gives up keeping ordinary, he will return there again, though the generally-received opinion at Paris was, that he was at one time butler to King Pharaoh; and that, after lying asleep for four thousand years in a place called the Kattycombs, he was awakened by the sound of Nelson's cannon, at the Battle of the Nile; and going to the shore, took on with the admiral, and became, in course of time, ship steward; and that after Nelson's death, he was captured by the French, on board one of whose vessels he served in a somewhat similar capacity till the peace, when he came to Paris, and set up an ordinary for servants, sticking the name of Katcomb over the door, in allusion to the place where he had his long sleep. But, whatever his origin was, Jack kept his own counsel, and appeared to care nothing for what people said about him, or called him. Yes, I forgot, there was one name he would not be called, and that was Portuguese. I once saw Black Jack knock down a coachman, six foot high, who called him a black-faced Portuguese. 'Any name but dat, you shab,' said Black Jack, who was a little round fellow, of about five feet two; 'I would not stand to be called Portuguese by Nelson himself.' Jack was rather fond of talking about Nelson, and hearing people talk about him, so that it is not improbable that he may have sailed with him; and with respect to his having been King Pharaoh's butler, all I have to say is, I am not disposed to give the downright lie to the report. Jack was always ready to do a kind turn to a poor servant out of place, and has often been known to assist such as were in prison, which charitable disposition he perhaps acquired from having lost a good place himself, having seen the inside of a prison, and known the want of a meal's victuals, all of which trials King Pharaoh's butler underwent, so he may have been that butler; at any rate, I have known positive conclusions come to, on no better premises, if indeed as good. As for the story of his coming direct from Satan's kitchen, I place no confidence in it at all, as Black Jack had nothing of Satan about him, but blackness, on which account he was called Black Jack. Nor am I disposed to give credit to a report

that his hatred of the Portuguese arose from some ill treatment which he had experienced when on shore, at Lisbon, from certain gentlewomen of the place, but rather conclude that it arose from an opinion he entertained that the Portuguese never paid their debts, one of the ambassadors of that nation, whose house he had served, having left Paris several thousand francs in his debt. This is all that I have to say about Black Jack, without whose funny jokes, and good ordinary, I should have passed my time in Paris in a very disconsolate manner.

"After we had been in Paris between two and three months, we left it in the direction of Italy, which country the family had a great desire to see. After traveling a great many days in a thing which, though called a diligence, did not exhibit much diligence, we came to a great big town, seated around a nasty salt-water basin, connected by a narrow passage with the sea. Here we were to embark; and so we did as soon as possible, glad enough to get away; at least I was, and so I make no doubt were the rest, for such a place for bad smells I never was in. It seems all the drains and sewers of the place run into that same salt basin, voiding into it all their impurities, which, not being able to escape into the sea in any considerable quantity, owing to the narrowness of the entrance, there accumulate, filling the whole atmosphere with these same outrageous scents, on which account the town is a famous lodging-house of the plague. The ship in which we embarked was bound for a place in Italy called Naples, where we were to stay some time. The voyage was rather a lazy one, the ship not being moved by steam; for at the time of which I am speaking steamships were not so plentiful as now. There were only two passengers in the grand cabin, where my governor and his daughters were, an Italian lady and a priest. Of the lady I have not much to say; she appeared to be a quiet respectable person enough, and after our arrival at Naples, I neither saw nor heard anything more of her; but of the priest I shall have a good deal to say in the sequel (that, by-the-bye, is a word I learned from the professor of rhetoric), and it would have been well for our family had they never met him.

"On the third day of the voyage the priest came to me, who was rather unwell with sea-sickness, which he, of course, felt nothing of, that kind of people being never affected like others. He was a finish-looking man of about forty-five, but had something strange in his eyes, which I have since thought denoted that all was not right in a certain place called the heart. After a few words of condolence, in a broken kind of English, he asked me various questions about our family; and I, won by his seeming kindness, told him all I knew about them, of which communicativeness I afterward very much repented. As soon as he had got out of me all he desired, he left me; and I observed that during the rest of the voyage he was wonderfully attentive to our governor, and yet more to the young ladies. Both, however, kept him rather at a distance; the young ladies were reserved, and once or twice I heard our governor cursing him between his teeth for a sharking priest. The priest, however, was not disconcerted, and continued his attentions, which in a little time produced an effect, so that by the time we had landed at Naples, our great folks had conceived a kind of liking for the man, and when they took their leave invited him to visit them, which he promised to do. We hired a grand house or palace at Naples; it belonged to a poor kind of prince, who was glad enough to let it to our governor, and also his servants and carriages; and glad enough were the poor servants, for they got from us what they never got from the prince—plenty of meat and money—and glad enough, I make no doubt, were the horses for the provender we gave them; and I dare say the coaches were not sorry to be

cleaned and furnished up. Well, we went out and came in, going to see the sights and returning. Amongst other things was the burning mountain, and the tomb of a certain sorcerer called Virgilio, who made witch rhymes, by which he could raise the dead. Plenty of people came to see us, both English and Italians, and amongst the rest the priest. He did not come amongst the first, but allowed us to settle and become a little quiet before he showed himself; and after a day or two he paid us another visit, then another, till at last his visits were daily.

"I did not like that Jack Priest, so I kept my eye upon all his motions. Lord! how that Jack Priest did curry favor with our governor and the two young ladies; and he curried, and curried, till he had got himself into favor with the governor, and more especially with the two young ladies, of whom their father was dotingly fond.

"At last the ladies took lessons in Italian of the priest, a language in which he was said to be a grand proficient, and of which they had hitherto known but very little, and from that time his influence over them, and consequently over the old governor, increased, till the tables were turned, and he no longer curried favor with them, but they with him; yes, as true as my leg aches, the young ladies curried, and the old governor curried favor with that same priest; when he was with them, they seemed almost to hang on his lips, that is, the young ladies; and as for the old governor, he never contradicted him, and when the fellow was absent, which, by-the-bye, was not often, it was 'Father so-and-so said this, and Father so-and-so said that; Father so-and-so thinks we should do so-and-so, or that we should not do so-and-so.' I at first thought he must have given them something, some philtre or the like; but one of the English maid servants, who had a kind of respect for me, and who saw much more behind the scenes than I did, informed me that he was continually instilling strange notions into their heads, striving, by every possible method, to make them despise the religion of their own land, and take up that of the foreign country in which they were. And sure enough, in a little time, the girls had altogether left off going to an English chapel, and were continually visiting places of Italian worship. The old governor, it is true, still went to his church, but he appeared to be hesitating between two opinions; and once when he was at dinner, he said to two or three English friends, that since he had become better acquainted with it, he had conceived a much more favorable opinion of the Catholic religion than he had previously entertained. In a word, the priest ruled the house, and everything was done according to his will and pleasure; by degrees he persuaded the young ladies to drop their English acquaintances, whose place he supplied with Italians, chiefly females. My poor old governor would not have had a person to speak to, for he never could learn the language, but for two or three Englishmen who used to come occasionally and take a bottle with him, in a summer-house, whose company he could not be persuaded to resign, notwithstanding the entreaties of his daughters, instigated by the priest, whose grand endeavor seemed to be to render the minds of all three foolish, for his own ends. And if he was busy above stairs with the governor, there was another busy below with us poor English servants, a kind of subordinate priest, a low Italian; as he could speak no language but his own, he was continually jabbering to us in that, and by hearing him the maids and myself contrived to pick up a good deal of the language, so that we understood most that was said, and could speak it very fairly; and the themes of the jabber were the beauty and virtues of one whom he called Holy Mary, and the power and grandeur of one whom he called the Holy Father; and he told us that we should shortly have an opportunity of seeing the Holy Father, who could do anything he liked with Holy Mary;

In the mean time we had plenty of opportunities of seeing Holy Mary, for in every church, chapel, and convent to which we were taken, there was an image of Holy Mary, who, if the images were dressed at all in her fashion, must have been very fond of short petticoats and tinsel, and who, if those said figures at all resemble her in face, could scarcely have been half as handsome as either of my two fellow-servants, not to speak of the young ladies.

"Now, it happened that one of the female servants was much taken with what she saw and heard, and gave herself up entirely to the will of the subordinate, who had quite as much dominion over her as his superior had over the ladies; the other maid, however, the one who had a kind of respect for me, was not so easily besotted; she used to laugh at what she saw, and at what the fellow told her, and from her I learned that amongst other things intended by these priestly confederates was robbery; she said that the poor old governor had already been persuaded by his daughters to put more than a thousand pounds into the superior priest's hands for purposes of charity and religion, as was said, and that the subordinate one had already inveigled her fellow-servant out of every penny which she had saved from her wages, and had endeavored likewise to obtain what money she herself had, but in vain. With respect to myself, the fellow shortly after made an attempt toward obtaining a hundred crowns, of which, by some means, he knew me to be in possession, telling me what a meritorious thing it was to give one's superfluities for the purpose of religion. 'That is true,' said I, 'and if, after my return to my native country, I find I have anything which I don't want myself, I will employ it in helping to build a Methodist chapel.'

"By the time the three months were expired for which we had hired the palace of the needy prince, the old governor began to talk of returning to England, at least of leaving Italy. I believe he had become frightened at the calls which were continually being made upon him for money; for after all, you know, if there is a sensitive part of a man's wearing apparel, it is his breeches pocket; but the young ladies could not think of leaving dear Italy and the dear priest; and then they had seen nothing of the country, they had only seen Naples; before leaving dear Italy they must see more of the country and the cities; above all, they must see a place which they called the Eternal City, or by some similar nonsensical name; and they persisted so that the poor governor permitted them, as usual, to have their way; and it was decided what route they should take, that is the priest was kind enough to decide for them; and was also kind enough to promise to go with them part of the route, as far as a place where there was a wonderful figure of Holy Mary, which the priest said it was highly necessary for them to see before visiting the Eternal City; so we left Naples in hired carriages, driven by fellows they call *veturini*, cheating, drunken dogs, I remember they were. Besides our own family there was the priest and his subordinate, and a couple of hired lackeys. We were several days upon the journey, traveling through a very wild country, which the ladies pretended to be delighted with, and which the governor cursed on account of the badness of the roads; and when we came to any particularly wild spot we used to stop, in order to enjoy the scenery, as the ladies said; and then we would spread a horse-cloth on the ground, and eat bread and cheese, and drink wine of the country; and some of the holes and corners in which we bivouacked, as the ladies called it, were something like this place where we are now, so that when I came down here it put me in mind of them. At last we arrived at the place where was the holy image.

"We went to the house or chapel in which the holy image was kept, a frightful, ugly, black figure of Holy Mary, dressed in her usual way; and after we had stared at the figure, and

some of our party had bowed down to it, we were shown a great many things which were called holy relics, which consisted of thumb-nails and fore-nails and toe-nails, and hair and teeth, and a feather or two, a mighty thighbone, but whether of a man or camel, I can't say; all of which things I was told, if properly touched and handled, had mighty power to cure all kinds of disorders; and as we went from the holy house, we saw a man in a state of great excitement, he was foaming at the mouth, and cursing the holy image and all its household, because, after he has worshiped it and made offerings to it, and besought it to assist him in a game of chance which he was about to play, it had left him in the lurch, allowing him to lose all his money; and when I thought of all the rubbish I had seen, and the purpose which it was applied to, in conjunction with the rage of the losing gamester at the deaf and dumb image, I could not help comparing the whole with what my poor brother used to tell me of the superstitious practices of the blacks on the high Barbary shore, and their occasional rage and fury at the things they worshiped, and I said to myself, if all this here doesn't smell fetish, may I smell fetid.

"At this place the priest left us, returning to Naples with his subordinate, on some particular business I suppose. It was, however, agreed that he should visit us at the Holy City. We did not go direct to the Holy City, but bent our course to two or three other cities which the family were desirous of seeing, but as nothing occurred to us in these places of any particular interest, I shall take the liberty of passing them by in silence. At length we arrived at the Eternal City; an immense city it was, looking as if it had stood for a long time, and would stand for a long time still; compared with it, London would look like a mere assemblage of bee-skeps; however, give me the bee-skeps with their merry hum and bustle, and life and honey, rather than that huge town, which looked like a sepulcher, where there was no life, no busy hum, no bees, but a scanty, sallow population, intermixed with black priests, white priests, grey priests; and though I don't say there was no honey in the place, for I believe there was, I am ready to make my Bible oath that it was not made there, and that the priests kept it all for themselves."

CHAPTER LIII.

"The day after our arrival," continued the postillion, "I was sent, under the guidance of a lackey of the place, with a letter, which the priest, when he left, had given us for a friend of his in the Eternal City. We went to a large house, and on ringing, were admitted by a porter into a cloister, where I saw some ill-looking, shabby young fellows walking about, who spoke English to one another. To one of these the porter delivered the letter, and the young fellow going away, presently returned and told me to follow him; he led me into a large room, where, behind a table, on which were various papers, and a thing, which they call in that country a crucifix, sat a man in a kind of priestly dress. The lad having opened the door for me, shut it behind me, and went away. The man behind the table was so engaged in reading the letter which I had brought, that at first he took no notice of me; he had red hair, a kind of half-English countenance, and was seemingly about five-and-thirty. After a little time he laid the letter down, appeared to consider a moment, and then opened his mouth with a strange laugh, not a loud laugh, for I heard nothing but a kind of hissing deep down the throat; all of a sudden, however, perceiving me, he gave a slight start, but instantly recovering himself, he inquired in English concerning the health of the family, and where we lived; on my delivering him a card, he bade me inform my master and the ladies that in the course of the day he would do himself the honor of waiting upon them. He then arose and opened the door

for me to depart; the man was perfectly civil and courteous, but I did not like that strange laugh of his, after having read the letter. He was as good as his word, and that same day paid us a visit. It was now arranged that we should pass the winter in Rome, to my great annoyance, for I wished to return to my native land, being heartily tired of everything connected with Italy. I was not, however, without hope that our young master would shortly arrive, when I trusted that matters, as far as the family were concerned, would be put on a better footing. In a few days our new acquaintance, who, it seems, was a mongrel Englishman, had procured a house for our accommodation; it was large enough, but not near so pleasant as that we had at Naples, which was light and airy, with a large garden. This was a dark gloomy structure in a narrow street, with a frowning church beside it; it was not far from the place where our new friend lived, and its being so was probably the reason why he selected it. It was furnished partly with articles which we bought, and partly with those which we hired. We lived something in the same way as at Naples; but though I did not much like Naples, I yet liked it better than this place, which was so gloomy. Our new acquaintance made himself as agreeable as he could, conducting the ladies to churches and convents, and frequently passing the afternoon drinking with the governor, who was fond of a glass of brandy and water and a cigar, as the new acquaintance also was—no, I remember, he was fond of gin and water, and did not smoke. I don't think he had so much influence over the young ladies as the other priest, which was, perhaps, owing to his not being so good-looking; but I am sure he had more influence with the governor, owing, doubtless, to his bearing him company in drinking mixed liquors, which the other priest did not do.

"He was a strange fellow, that same new acquaintance of our, and unlike all the priests I saw in the country, and I saw plenty of various nations,—they were always upon their guard, and had their features and voice modulated; but this man was subject to fits of absence, during which he would frequently mutter to himself; then, though he was perfectly civil to everybody, as far as words went, I observed that he entertained a thorough contempt for most people, especially for those whom he was making dupes. I have observed him whilst drinking with our governor, when the old man's head was turned, look at him with an air which seemed to say, 'What a thundering old fool you are!' and at our young ladies, when their backs were turned, with a glance which said distinctly enough, 'You precious pair of ninnyhammers;' and then his laugh—he had two kinds of laughs—one which you could hear, and another which you could only see. I have seen him laugh at our governor and the young ladies, when their heads were turned away, but I heard no sound. My mother had a sandy cat, which sometimes used to open its mouth wide with a mew which nobody could hear, and the silent laugh of that red-haired priest used to put me wonderfully in mind of the silent mew of my mother's sandy-red cat. And then the other laugh, which you could hear; what a strange laugh that was, never loud, yes, I have heard it tolerably loud. He once passed near me, after having taken leave of a silly English fellow—a limping parson of the name of Platitude, who they said was thinking of turning Papist, and was much in his company; I was standing behind the pillar of a piazza, and as he passed he was laughing heartily. O, he was a strange fellow, that same red-haired acquaintance of ours!

"After we had been at Rome about six weeks, our old friend the priest of Naples arrived, but without his subordinate, for whose services he now perhaps thought that he had no occasion. I believe he found matters in our family wearing almost as favorable an aspect as he could desire:

with what he had previously taught them and shown them at Naples and elsewhere, and with what the red-haired confederate had taught them and shown them at Rome, the poor young ladies had become quite handmaids of superstition, so that they, especially the youngest, were prepared to bow down to anything, and kiss anything, however vile and ugly, provided a priest commanded them; and as for the old governor, what with the influence which his daughters exerted, and what with the ascendancy which the red-haired man had obtained over him, he dared not say his purse, far less his soul, was his own. Only think of an Englishman not being master of his own purse. My acquaintance, the lady's maid, assured me, that to her certain knowledge, he had disbursed to the red-haired man, for purposes of charity, as it was said, at least one thousand pounds during the five weeks we had been at Rome. She also told me that things would shortly be brought to a conclusion, and so indeed they were, though in a different manner from what she and I and some other people imagined; that there was to be a grand festival, and a mass, at which we were to be present, after which the family were to be presented to the Holy Father, for so those two priestly sharks had managed it; and then—she said she was certain that the two ladies, and perhaps the old governor, would forsake the religion of their native land, taking up with that of these foreign regions, for so my fellow-servant expressed it, and that perhaps attempts might be made to induce us poor English servants to take up with the foreign religion, that is herself and me, for as for our fellow-servant, the other maid, she wanted no inducing, being disposed body and soul to go over to it. Whereupon, I swore with an oath that nothing should induce me to take up with the foreign religion; and the poor maid, my fellow-servant, bursting into tears, said that for her part she would sooner die than have anything to do with it; thereupon we shook hands and agreed to stand by and countenance one another: and moreover, provided our governors were fools enough to go over to the religion of these here foreigners, we would not wait to be asked to do the like, but leave them at once, and make the best of our way home, even if we were forced to beg on the road.

"At last the day of the grand festival came, and we were all to go to the big church to hear the mass.

"On arriving there we dismounted, and the two priests who were with us led the family in, whilst I followed at a little distance, but quickly lost them amidst the throng of people. I made my way, however, though in what direction I knew not, except it was one in which everybody seemed striving, and by dint of elbowing and pushing, I at last got to a place which looked like the aisle of a cathedral, where the people stood in two rows, a space between being kept open by certain strangely-dressed men who moved up and down with rods in their hands; all were looking to the upper end of this place or aisle; and at the upper end, separated from the people by palings like those of an altar, sat in magnificent-looking stalls, on the right and the left, various wonderful-looking individuals in scarlet dresses. At the farther end was what appeared to be an altar, on the left hand was a pulpit, and on the right a stall higher than any of the rest, where was a figure whom I could scarcely see.

"I can't pretend to describe what I saw exactly, for my head, which was at first rather flurried, had become more so from the efforts which I had made to get through the crowd; also from certain singing which proceeded from I know not where, and above all, from the bursts of an organ which were occasionally so loud that I thought the roof, which was painted with wondrous colors, would come toppling down on those below. So there stood I, a poor English servant, in that outlandish place, in the midst of that foreign crowd, looking at that outlandish sight, hearing those out-

landish sounds, and occasionally glancing at our party, which, by this time, I distinguished at the opposite side from where I stood, but much nearer the place where the red figures sat. Yes, there stood our poor governor, and the sweet young ladies, and I thought they never looked so handsome before, and close by them were the sharking priests, and not far from them was that idiotical parson Platitude, winking and grinning, and occasionally lifting up his hands as if in ecstasy at what he saw and heard, so that he drew upon himself the notice of the congregation.

"And now an individual mounted the pulpit and began to preach in a language which I did not understand, but which I believe to be Latin, addressing himself seemingly to the figure in the stall; and when he had ceased, there was more singing, more organ playing, and then two men in robes brought forth two things which they held up; and then the people bowed their heads, and our poor governor bowed his head, and the sweet young ladies bowed their heads, and the sharking priests, whilst the idiotical parson Platitude tried to fling himself down; and then there were various evolutions withinside the pale, and the scarlet figures got up and sat down, and this kind of thing continued for some time. At length the figure which I had seen in the principal stall came forth and advanced toward the people; an awful figure he was, a huge old man with a sugar-loaf hat, with a sulphur-colored dress, and holding a crook in his hand like that of a shepherd; and as he advanced the people fell on their knees, our poor old governor amongst them; the sweet young ladies, the sharking priests, the idiotical parson Platitude, all fell on their knees, and somebody or other tried to pull me on my knees; but by this time I had become outrageous, all that my poor brother used to tell me of the superstitions of the high Barbary shore rushed into my mind, and I thought they were acting them over here; the idea that the sweet young ladies, to say nothing of my poor old governor, were, after the conclusion of all this mummery, going to deliver themselves up body and soul into the power of that horrible-looking old man, maddened me, and, rushing forward into the open space, I confronted the horrible-looking old figure with the sugar-loaf hat, the sulphur-colored garments, and shepherd's crook, and shaking my fist at his nose, I bellowed out in English:

"I don't care for you, old Mumbo Jumbo, though you have fetish!"

"I can scarcely tell you what occurred for some time. I have a dim recollection that hands were laid upon me, and that I struck out violently left and right. On coming to myself, I was seated on a stone bench in a large room, something like a guard-room, in the custody of certain fellows dressed like Merry Andrews; they were bluff, good-looking, wholesome fellows, very different from the sallow Italians; they were looking at me attentively, and occasionally talking to each other in a language which sounded very like the cracking of walnuts in the mouth, very different from cooing Italian. At last one of them asked me in Italian what had ailed me, to which I replied, in an incoherent manner, something about Mumbo Jumbo; whereupon the fellow, one of the bluffest of the lot, a jovial, rosy-faced rascal, lifted up his right hand, placing it in such a manner that the lips were between the forefinger and thumb, then lifting up his right foot and drawing in his head, he sucked in his breath with a hissing sound, as if to imitate one drinking a hearty draught, and then slapped me on the shoulder, saying something which sounded like 'goot wine, goot companion,' whereupon they all laughed, exclaiming, 'ya, ya, goot companion.' And now hurried into the room our poor old governor, with the red-haired priest; the first asked what could have induced me to behave in such a manner in such a place, to which I replied that I was not going to bow down to Mumbo Jumbo, whatever other people might do. Where-

upon my master said he believed I was mad, and the priest said he believed I was drunk, to which I answered that I was neither so drunk nor so mad but I could distinguish how the wind lay. Whereupon they left me, and in a little time I was told by the bluff-looking Merry Andrews I was at liberty to depart. I believe the priest, in order to please my governor, interceded for me in high quarters.

"But one good resulted from this affair; there was no presentation of our family to the Holy Father, for old Mumbo was so frightened by my outrageous looks that he was laid up for a week, as I was afterward informed.

"I went home, and had scarcely been there half an hour when I was sent for by the governor, who again referred to the scene in church, said that he could not tolerate such scandalous behavior, and that unless I promised to be more circumspect in future, he should be compelled to discharge me. I said that if he was scandalized at my behavior in the church, I was more scandalized at all I saw going on in the family, which was governed by two rascally priests, who, not content with plundering him, appeared bent on hurrying the souls of us all to destruction; and that with respect to discharging me, he could do so that moment, as I wished to go. I believe that his own reason told him that I was right, for he made no direct answer; but, after looking on the ground for some time, he told me to leave him. As he did not tell me to leave the house, I went to my room intending to lie down for an hour or two; but scarcely was I there when the door opened, and in came the red haired priest. He showed himself, as he always did, perfectly civil, asked me how I was, took a chair and sat down. After a hem or two he entered into a long conversation on the excellence of what he called the Catholic religion; told me that he hoped I would not set myself against the light, and likewise against my interest; for that the family were about to embrace the Catholic religion, and would make it worth my while to follow their example. I told him that the family might do what they pleased, but that I would never forsake the religion of my country for any consideration whatever; that I was nothing but a poor servant, but I was not to be bought by base gold. 'I admire your honorable feelings,' said he, 'you shall have no gold; and as I see you are a fellow of spirit, and do not like being a servant, for which I commend you, I promise you something better. I have a good deal of influence in this place; and if you will not set your face against the light, but embrace the Catholic religion, I will undertake to make your fortune. You remember those fine fellows to-day who took you into custody, they are the guards of his Holiness. I have no doubt that I have interest enough to procure your enrollment amongst them.' 'What,' said I, 'become swash-buckler to Mumbo Jumbo up here! May I—'—and here I swore—'If I do. The mere possibility of one of their children being swash-buckler to Mumbo Jumbo on the high Barbary shore has always been a source of heart-breaking to my poor parents. What, then, would they not undergo if they knew for certain that their other child was swash-buckler to Mumbo Jumbo up here?' Thereupon he asked me, even as you did some time ago, what I meant by Mumbo Jumbo? And I told him all I had heard about the Mumbo Jumbo of the high Barbary shore; telling him that I had no doubt that the old fellow up here was his brother, or nearly related to him. The man with the red hair listened with the greatest attention to all I said, and when I had concluded, he got up, nodded to me, and moved to the door; ere he reached the door I saw his shoulders shaking, and as he closed it behind him I heard him distinctly laugh, to the tune of—he! he! he!

"But now matters began to mend. That same evening my young master unexpectedly arrived. I believe that he soon perceived that something extraordinary had been go-

ing on in the family. He was for some time closeted with the governor, with whom, I believe, he had a dispute; for my fellow-servant, the ladies' maid, informed me that she heard high words.

"Rather late at night the young gentleman sent for me into his room, and asked me various questions with respect to what had been going on, and my behavior in the church, of which he had heard something. I told him all I knew with respect to the intrigues of the two priests in the family, and gave him a circumstantial account of all that had occurred in the church; adding that, under similar circumstances, I was ready to play the same part over again. Instead of blaming me, he commended my behavior, told me I was a fine fellow, and said he hoped that if he wanted my assistance, I would stand by him; this I promised to do. Before I left him, he entreated me to inform him the very next time I saw the priests entering the house.

"The next morning, as I was in the court-yard, where I had placed myself to watch, I saw the two enter and make their way up a private stair to the young ladies' apartment; they were attended by a man dressed something like a priest, who bore a large box; I instantly ran to relate what I had seen to my young master. I found him shaving. 'I will just finish what I am about,' said he, 'and then wait upon these gentlemen.' He finished what he was about with great deliberation; then taking a horsewhip, and bidding me follow him, he proceeded at once to the door of his sisters' apartment; finding it fastened, he burst it open at once with his foot and entered, followed by myself. There we beheld the two unfortunate young ladies down on their knees before a large female doll, dressed up, as usual, in rags and tinsel; the two priests were standing near, one on either side, with their hands uplifted, whilst the fellow who brought the trumpery stood a little way down the private stair, the door of which stood open; without a moment's hesitation, my young master rushed forward, gave the image a cut or two with the horsewhip—then flying at the priests, he gave them a sound flogging, kicked them down the private stair, and spurned the man, box and image after them—then locking the door, he gave his sisters a fine sermon, in which he represented to them their folly in worshipping a silly wooden graven image, which, though it had eyes, could see not; though it had ears, could hear not; though it had hands, could not help itself; and though it had feet, could not move about unless it were carried. Oh, it was a fine sermon that my young master preached, and sorry I am that the Father of the Fetish, old Mumbo, did not hear it. The elder sister looked ashamed, but the youngest, who was very weak, did nothing but wring her hands, weep and bemoan the injury which had been done to the dear image. The young man, however, without paying much regard to either of them, went to his father, with whom he had a long conversation, which terminated in the old governor giving orders for preparations to be made for the family's leaving Rome and returning to England. I believe that the old governor was glad of his son's arrival, and rejoiced at the idea of getting away from Italy, where he had been so plundered and imposed upon. The priests, however, made another attempt upon the poor young ladies, through the assistance of the female servant who was in their interest; they found their way once more into their apartment, bringing with them the fetish image, whose body they partly stripped, exhibiting upon it certain sanguine marks which they had daubed upon it with red paint, but which they said were the result of the lashes which it had received from the horsewhip. The youngest girl believed all they said, and kissed and embraced the dear image; but the eldest, whose eyes had been opened by her brother, to whom she was much attached, behaved with proper dignity; for, going to the door, she called the female servant

who had a respect for me, and in her presence reproached the two deceivers for their various impudent cheats, and especially for this their last attempt at imposition; adding, that if they did not forthwith withdraw and rid her sister and herself of their presence, she would send word by her maid to her brother, who would presently take effectual means to expel them. They took the hint and departed, and we saw no more of them.

"At the end of three days we departed from Rome, but the maid whom the priests had cajoled remained behind, and it is probable that the youngest of our ladies would have done the same thing, if she could have had her own will, for she was continually raving about her image, and saying she should wish to live with it in a convent; but we watched the poor thing, and got her on board ship. Oh, glad was I to leave that fetish country and old Mumbo behind me!"

CHAPTER LIV.

"We arrived in England, and went to our country-seat, but the peace and tranquillity of the family had been marred, and I no longer found my place the pleasant one which it had formerly been; there was nothing but gloom in the house, for the youngest daughter exhibited signs of lunacy, and was obliged to be kept under confinement. The next season I attended my master, his son, and eldest daughter to London, as I had previously done. There I left them, for hearing that a young baronet, an acquaintance of the family, wanted a servant, I applied for the place, with the consent of my masters, both of whom gave me a strong recommendation; and, being approved of, I went to live with him.

"My new master was what is called a sporting character, very fond of the turf, upon which he was not very fortunate. He was frequently very much in want of money, and my wages were anything but regularly paid; nevertheless, I liked him very much, for he treated me more like a friend than a domestic, continually consulting me as to his affairs. At last he was brought nearly to his last shifts, by backing the favorite at the Derby, which favorite turned out a regular brute, being found nowhere at the rush. Whereupon, he and I had a solemn consultation over fourteen glasses of brandy and water, and as many cigars—I mean between us—as to what was to be done. He wished to start a coach, in which event he was to be driver, and I guard. He was quite competent to drive a coach, being a first-class whip, and I dare say I should have made a first-rate guard; but to start a coach requires money, and we neither of us believed that anybody would trust us with vehicles and horses, so that idea was laid aside. We then debated as to whether or not he should go into the church; but to go into the church—at any rate to become a dean or bishop, which would have been our aim—it is necessary for a man to possess some education; and my master, although he had been at the best school in England, that is, the most expensive, and also at college, was almost totally illiterate, so we let the church scheme follow that of the coach. At last, bethinking me that he was tolerably glib at the tongue, as most people are who are addicted to the turf, also a great master of slang, remembering also that he had a crabbed old uncle, who had some borough interest, I proposed that he should get into the House, promising in one fortnight to qualify him to make a figure in it, by certain lessons which I would give him. He consented, and during the next fortnight I did little else than give him lessons in elocution, following to a tittle the method of the great professor, which I had picked up, listening behind the door. At the end of that period, we paid a visit to his relation, an old gouty Tory, who at first received us very coolly. My master, however, by flattering a predilection of his for Billy Pitt, soon won his affections so much that he promised to bring him into Parliament, and in less than a month was as good as his word. My master,

partly by his own qualifications, and the assistance which he had derived, and still occasionally derived, from me, cut a wonderful figure in the House, and was speedily considered one of the most promising speakers. He was always a good hand at promising—he is at present, I believe, a cabinet minister.

"But as he got up in the world, he began to look down on me. I believe he was ashamed of the obligation under which he lay to me; and at last, requiring no further hints as to oratory from a poor servant like me, he took an opportunity of quarrelling with me and discharging me. However, as he had still some grace, he recommended me to a gentleman with whom, since he had attached himself to politics, he had formed an acquaintance, the editor of a grand Tory review. I lost caste terribly amongst the servants for entering the service of a person connected with a profession so mean as literature, and it was proposed at the Servants' Club, in Park Lane, to eject me from that society. The proposition, however, was not carried into effect, and I was permitted to show myself among them, though few condescended to take much notice of me. My master was one of the best men in the world, but also one of the most sensitive. On his veracity being impugned by the editor of a newspaper, he called him out and shot him through the arm. Though servants are seldom admirers of their masters, I was a great admirer of mine, and eager to follow his example. The day after the encounter, on my veracity being impugned by the servant of Lord C—in something I said in praise of my master, I determined to call him out; so I went into another room and wrote a challenge. But whom should I send it by? Several servants to whom I applied refused to be the bearers of it; they said I had lost caste, and they could not think of going out with me. At length the servant of the Duke of B— consented to take it, but he made me to understand that, though he went out with me, he did so merely because he despised the Whiggish principles of Lord C—'s servant, and that if I thought he intended to associate with me, I should be mistaken. Politics, I must tell you, at that time ran as high among the servants as the gentlemen, the servants, however, being almost invariably opposed to the politics of their respective masters, though both parties agreed in one point, the scouting of everything low and literary, though I think, of the two, the liberal or reform party was the most inveterate. So he took my challenge, which was accepted; we went out, Lord C—'s servant being seconded by a reformed footman from the palace. We fired three times without effect; but this affair lost me my place; my master on hearing it forthwith discharged me; he was, as I said before, very sensitive, and he said this duel of mine was a parody of his own. Being, however, one of the best men in the world, on his discharging me he made a donation of twenty pounds.

"And it was well that he made me this present, for without it I should have been penniless, having contracted rather expensive habits during the time that I lived with the young baronet. I now determined to visit my parents, whom I had not seen for years. I found them in good health, and, after staying with them for two months, I returned again in the direction of town, walking, in order to see the country. On the second day of my journey, not being used to such fatigue, I fell ill at a great inn on the north road, and there I continued for some weeks till I recovered, but by that time my money was entirely spent. By living at the inn I had contracted an acquaintance with the master and the people, and had become accustomed to inn life. As I thought I might find some difficulty in procuring any desirable situation in London, owing to my late connection with literature, I determined to remain where I was, provided my services would be accepted. I offered them to the master, who, finding I knew something of horses, engaged

me as a postillion. I have remained there since. You have now heard my story.

"Stay, you shan't say that I told my tale without a peroration. What shall it be? Oh, I remember something which will serve for one. As I was driving my chaise some weeks ago, on my return from L—, I saw standing at the gate of an avenue, which led up to an old mansion, a figure which I thought I recognized. I looked at it attentively, and the figure, as I passed, looked at me; whether it remembered me I do not know, but I recognized the face it showed me full well.

"If it was not the identical face of the red-haired priest whom I had seen at Rome, may I catch cold!

"Young gentleman, I will now take a spell on your blanket—young lady, good night."

THE END.

CONCERNING STORMS.

"It was not a blow on the head this morning. It was not so bad as that. But it was a smart rap over the fingers. And I found it painful enough."

These were the words which my friend Milverton said to me, relating that day's experience of troublesome life.

Trouble is of infinite variety. Even after you have passed fifty years you may get a blow on the head or a rap over the fingers which will be entirely different in its sensation from any you had ever felt before. All troubles are disagreeable: some are very terrible: yet no two are alike; each has its own characteristic and distinguishable sting. And the sting is indescribable in words. You can not communicate to another what like it is; in suffering you are quite alone. And in fact, you do not try to communicate to any one your inner experiences. If you had a bad headache, you would naturally say so to those nearest you. But the headache you keep to yourself. A cloud has overspread your sky: you are jorred and unhappy through some painful thought which has possessed you. But you are ashamed of this, as you were not ashamed of the headache. You go away out for a solitary walk of many miles, hoping thus to escape your trouble, or at least to endure it without worrying anybody else. And though you live in a well-filled home, through these melancholy miles you are as truly alone as you would be in the Great Sahara, in the vicinity of Timbuctoo.

"I think I have known every kind of trouble but the want of money. That I have never known." I once heard a good and tried man say just these words. Poor Campbell the poet (who seems being quickly forgotten) had his years of this special trouble. They came pretty near to killing him. And he records that he had found this cross so agonizing that he would say to misfortune, "Take any form but that!"

You and I, kindly reader, have been thinking of certain troubles which our experience of this life suggests as likely to come to us: possibly as being sure to come. And I have ventured to assert that we shall not be so much afraid of these as we sometimes tend to be, if we boldly look them in face, reckon them up and see the worst of them. For to bring things to book does almost invariably bring them down greatly: and it is the vague and undefined that crows us.

There is a trouble of which young and inexperienced folk never think at all, which longer experience of the way of this world shows to be very likely to come. For there is nothing whatsoever which experience makes more certain than the fact that this trouble has many times come in past years. You would say there is no need for its ever coming at all. You would not think it likely. Yet it has come. And doubtless it will come.

It is what I call a storm. Do not fancy that by any harmlessness, insignificance or caution, you will escape such. The quest of quietness is a vain quest, in the world without us or the world within. *You need not think to say that you are such an inoffensive little being, you so shrink from strife, you so long for peace, that surely the winds of heaven will never blow rudely on your humble dwelling; never shake your windows and moan in your chimney and turn your umbrella inside out. You are not so foolish as that comes to. You know you must take your share of the winter gales and sleet: always liking them less as you grow older.

But you must take it in, for it is certain, that now and then a howling storm will arise in the world of your spiritual concerns, God knows why and how. Even if you had been far wiser than Solomon you could not have foreseen or averted it: and in fact, you are not so wise as Solomon, but you sometimes make hasty speeches and do ill-considered deeds. The moral storm must come as surely as the physical: and you need no more look to keep quiet always within your heart than to have calm always around your eaves. The coming of the storm is as incalculable in the spiritual as in the material world. Ay, more incalculable: No telegram comes with a weather prognostic bidding you for the next few days or weeks be specially careful to keep your temper and bridle your tongue, for that the condition of the atmosphere in which your soul lives, bodes a storm as brewing: no warning comes to bid you be prepared to submit patiently to the buffeting of a moral and social blast, which you had no share, earthly, in arousing. Everything is going on quietly and pleasantly and friendly; when suddenly there is thunder in the air, and the storm breaks bitterly and fiercely upon your defenceless head. Many things go wrong all at once. The gossiping person, always telling malignant lies, somehow of a sudden has his (or her) thoughts turned upon you. Things said and done in all innocence are by a little twist in telling made to appear not at all to your advantage. A very little twist sometimes suffices. I know a preacher who ministers in a historic church which Carlyle came to see a few years ago. The great man asked who ministered in that church: and being told, he said *God bless him*. But Mr. Mactattle diligently disseminated throughout the parish that the words of the sage were *God help them*: implying that the flock which worshiped in that edifice needed help and pity in a special degree. No doubt they did, and do: but the sentiment expressed by Carlyle did not convey that sense. Then a certain proportion of those who know you are sure to dislike you, and they hasten to be down upon you when you seem to be down. This is not magnanimous. But many of the race are not magnanimous. And I remark that among civilized and Christian nations the manner is just the same. Likewise that in the realm of party politics the case is even so. But we pass from these: It is the microscope we are using, just at this moment. A man of mean nature quite honestly dislikes your doings: always disliked them: but he kept silent when all was prosperous with you. Now, he opens his mouth and dips his little quill. One has remarked, in a small community, how when a disaffected person writes to the local newspaper complaining that some public man has said or done this or that, quite a chorus of like letters follow: human beings pluck up courage and have a kick at the wounded lion. Now is the time to quarrel with the bishop: to tell lies about the principal. Your luck has quite failed you for the time: nothing succeeds to which you put your hand. And under the circumstances the sad likelihood is that you lose your head, and say and do things which harm yourself and play into the hands of the adversaries. In lesser and greater matters, notably in the very least, many of the thanes will fall from what seems a fall-

ing cause. The petted and quarrelsome person whom you kept right with difficulty, of a sudden develops a special wrong-headedness. Doubtless, you too, are not so patient and forbearing as you are wont to be. And, with the extraordinary capriciousness and irony of events in this world, the day comes on which something you have said fifty times without causing complaint from any mortal, being said once more suddenly brings a nest of hornets about your ears. For not only may one privileged man steal a horse without rebuke while another may not look over the hedge without being accused of horse-stealing, but the self-same man may at one season steal a team of horses amid general approbation, and at another season be severely mauled for looking over the hedge and being thankful he has nothing to do with horseflesh. It is a fact of not remote history that a certain great man, by expressing views upon a certain subject which (though unsound) are in fact held by all educated persons, and are most freely expressed in social life: which, moreover, as fenced about by him could not possibly do harm to any mortal: did (because the time was not opportune and things not quite ripe) raise a brief though most furious hurricane which even he did not like at all. And one remarked how, in those dark days, every spiteful little creature (some hawks and many geese) hastened to peck and hiss at the maimed eagle. It was a sorry manifestation of what abides, under a little veneer, in many human souls.

You and I, friendly reader, are humble folk: quite content if we may be let alone to quietly do the work given us. Yet the painful storm (it may appear to many as no more than a storm in a teacup) will break loose upon remote nooks in the valley of humiliation, and will vehemently shake even "Nature's unambitious underwood, and flowers that prosper in the shade." One has known it prove a specially trying and sorrowful experience to pass through. It has bent some weary heads to the very earth: and made some weary hearts wish they were under it. But looking out from the loopholes of retreat toward the high places of this world, one has many times wondered how the mighty of the earth, those who direct the great councils of nations, manage to live at all. For upon those heights the storm rarely ceases: the furious storm of abuse, misrepresentation, and keen hatred, from this or that class whose interests are menaced: not to name the earthquakes and convulsions which are always imminent in the politics of even fairly-settled nations. I remember a time, some years ago, a wintry time, when we had in this remote place two months of ceaseless tempest: no weaker word than tempest will convey the fact. Every afternoon, as it darkened, round a dwelling set on a cliff above a wide and bleak sea, the wind began to howl: it produced moans and shrieks which you would have said no wind could make: stout walls shook under it: and there were hours through which you could hardly hear a voice. It appeared as though life would not have been worth having had that raging fury of the elements been appointed to abide in permanence. Yet even such, as concerns the moral tempest, is in these days the life of some who have scaled ambitious heights: and who must stand out ceaselessly in the sight and hearing of many millions of men. I suppose their skins become tough. One has heard of a great prime minister who gazed long upon a hippopotamus, and said, "How I envy that creature the thickness of his hide!" I suppose, too, that they conclude that upon the whole it is worth while to be so blown about, so blown up. Possibly they merely feel that they are in for it, and must go through: the sensation being like that of one who found himself rolling along in a tumbril in the days of the Terror. One thing is certain: that in this world there are many souls, like Izaak Walton, studying to be quiet, who would not have that awful eminence at any price.

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But to these shrinking mortals their own storm is sure to come: a great storm to their little strength and endurance. Revolutionary periods will arrive in their modest history in which all things will go amiss: and the dear old way, which they wished might just go on as heretofore, will change, will cease. And I include in this apprehension of the storm which must come when it is due, the disquieting knowledge, brought by experience, that a moral machinery which is playing smoothly and efficiently and which has long done so, may all of a sudden jar, creak, stand still, break down. Only experience can make us understand the truth, so well understood by the ageing, that the chance is great against any considerable number of human beings going on for any great length of time in harmonious and cordial coöperation. The little rift may come from the most unexpected quarter. Good sense and good nature may some day utterly desert one who has hitherto been invariably judicious and good-natured. "We have gone on beautifully in this pleasant organization for six months; for two years; we are safe to go on beautifully for ever." That is the reasoning of inexperienced youth. But such as have lived longer, and come to understand the curious material with which you deal, dealing with human nature, are thankful that things go smoothly, take great pains to avoid what may ruffle, make the most of the present time and opportunity, but know that time is on the side of change, and that pleasant things can not always go on. It is not that those will fail you, who are old friends. One has no fear of that sad contingency, no fear at all. That is an impossibility, in the case of the few who are indeed old friends. Only the last great change can bring any change *there*. But you have to work a good deal with people who are no more than acquaintances; whom you never would have chosen even to be such; but circumstances make many things inevitable. And men who have lived long have very strong reason for placing no reliance on the sense and temper of the people with whom they are brought into professional or business relations; little reliance (it must be sorrowfully said) upon their truthfulness and consistency. You may find it necessary to make use of crooked sticks; to have transactions with men and women whom you know to have told malignant falsehoods, whom you know to be little better than fools.

Ah, the wrong-headedness of many even among educated folk, and their capacity of taking offense, of taking the pet, of jibbing, of lying down in the harness, of kicking out viciously! Any man who has to deal with a great many of his fellow-creatures is taught by experience to calculate on a certain percentage of cantankerous, quarrelsome, crotchety, and dishonest beings. Wherefore, precious above words is a sweet-natured, sensible, and truthful man or woman. God be thanked, the race (Frederick the Great notwithstanding) has its percentage of these too. No greater blessing has been vouchsafed this writer in this life, than that he is brought into daily relation with not a few of them.

Sometimes the current of things in general sets in a direction which favors and encourages some evil tendency in human nature. This is notably so in the matter of procrastination. For though it frequently happens that great trouble comes through putting off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, yet now and then it happens, too, that something about which you were worrying yourself clears itself up wonderfully through being left alone, and things come right of themselves which your best endeavors might have put further wrong. Not through willful procrastination, but through unwilling delay, has help come, in the matter of this essay, to its writer, at this stage. He is going to say just what he intended from the first; but fresh experience has made him feel, very vividly, how true is what

he intended to say as consolation to the reader who is to-day beaten by a moral storm. *It will blow over.*

For a fortnight this page remained without a line added. In all these years the like never happened the writer before. You think this a small matter; but it is not such to one for whom the burden is never lifted till the work has ended which has been once begun. But there came a great pressure and worry of work, some of it most uncongenial; the driving day passed over, leaving nothing to show; and there was not a minute in which to collect one's thoughts, in which to write a line. It was a painful experience: that is the fact. But good has come of it at the end. For I have seen and felt, with wonderful distinctness, how true it is that if you do but have patience, the storm passes away, and things right themselves that seemed as if they would never have been right more. Here is my consolation under this trouble, which is sure to come, and which some of us very specially fear to see.

That which I have called the storm will come; unless our luck is quite exceptional. And it may be very trying while it lasts. But it will blow over; it will go down again as capriciously as it rose. Things had gone all amiss, in some degree through your own fault, but in tenfold greater degree through your ill-luck. Just bow your head to the blast: and bear, as you may, the jarring of all your nature. Things will come right again. Only a good deal of experience will convince you that the storm must come. Only a good deal of experience will assure you that the storm will go. Just you cheer up: do not lose heart. We can stand very trying experiences, if we are sure they can not last long. It is very painful, very discouraging, after all your hard, faithful work, after all the thought you have given to the avoiding of offense, to be so misapprehended, misrepresented, and vilified. Believe, it will all be made up for. Those who to-day are doing you less than justice, will in a little while do you much more. I am not speaking of those human beings who by grave misconduct have passed under a cloud which is not likely to lift in this world: that is a different case altogether, though I could suggest very strong consolation there too. I am speaking of ordinary decent folk, who have got into a painful scrape but will get out of it: who have brought a hornet's nest about their ears by some doing which at the very worst is far short of an unpardonable sin. The storm will go down as capriciously as it got up. I have seen it do so twice since I paused in writing this essay.

And this is the consolation I suggest, in the endurance and the prospect of this especial trouble. I might speak of our getting good through the storm breaking upon us. Nothing on earth is more certain than that in divers ways we do: always providing we take the storm rightly: wisely, humbly, patiently. Yet this is equally certain: that if on this page I went on that tack, the blight of the sermon would forthwith fall upon my page, and the average reader would turn away from it. There is a certain line of thought which, though it be true and real, yet suggests church and church-time: and we all know extremely well what happens to pages which set out that line of thought. It shall not happen to this, if I can help it: the reader need not have the smallest fear that anything more transcendental than the most worldly considerations shall be presented to him here. It might indeed be suggested, without rousing that peculiar pricking sensation of the extremest weariness with which we are all familiar, that the storm teaches us to take pains to avoid that in speech or conduct which raises the storm; and that the mortal who has got into a painful scrape learns at least to shun that which may get him into another like it. But the consolation for to-day is this one assured fact of experience: that the storm, in all ordinary cases, will not last long: that the storm, in all but the most excep-

tional cases, will in due time blow over. In our days of ignorance and inexperience, we fancy that when the sky blackens in the moral world and the wind gets up, it will never be calm again. You know whether a storm abides for ever in the outward world: and the two worlds are analogous. It may blow hard upon earth and sea for a long time: but the time comes to an end. "Is the weather ever to clear up, John?" was the question I heard put in my boyhood by a country parson to his "man." The cautious Scot forebore to prophesy. But he said what suggested much: "It has aye done so hitherto."

I looked out this morning (though the morning be but midway in February), on a calm sea and a blue sky which smiled like May: and I thought of the blackness and the wild waves of two days since. I recalled the long-departed season in which one of the most amiable of men, and the most cautious, the incumbent of a rural parish, did, by publishing in an official document a statement (which was quite true) as to the ways of his female parishioners, make that parish for several weeks too hot to hold him. Then it cooled down to the normal temperature as of old. I thought how a great preacher and orator, by making a speech which stupid folk understood as meaning that you need not obey the Ten Commandments unless you liked, awakened a storm which was furious for a little space: but which speedily changed into the most sunshiny of summer weather. I remembered how my friend Smith attended a meeting in the city of St. Peter (near Melipotamus in Ethiopia), held in honor of a retiring ruler of that little community; and heard men speak kindly of one who had been very severely mauled, verbally, while he reigned. There had been breezes: that was the word employed, and it was a mild one to express the fact. But the breezes had died away; and the calm was as of the evening of July.

These things are sure. And they are consolatory.—*Good Words.*

TO-DAY.

Why do we tune our hearts to sorrow
When all around is bright and gay,
And let the gloom of some to-morrow
Eclipse the gladness of to-day?

When summer's sun is on us shining,
And flooding all the land with light,
Why do we waste our time repining,
That near and nearer creeps the night?

We teach ourselves with scornful sadness
That it is vain to seek for bliss—
There is no time for glee and gladness
In such a weary world as this.

The snare of doubting thoughts has caught us,
And we to grim forebodings yield,
And fail to learn the lesson taught us,
By all the "lilies of the field."

They take no thought for each to-morrow,
They never dream of doubt or sin,
They fear no dim forthcoming sorrow,
"They toil not, neither do they spin."

Yet still they tell the same old story
To us who crave in vain for ease,
That "Solomon in all his glory
Was not arrayed like one of these."

GARIBALDI.

Mrs. Jessie Mario White writes of the world-renowned and recently deceased Garibaldi as follows:

Giuseppe Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, soldier and statesman, was born at Nice, on the 4th of July, 1807. The little house upon the quay in which he first saw the light, and which his townsmen point out with pride to strangers, commands a view of the harbor of Nice, with the mountain-site of its ancient castle and present cemetery, where the ashes of the brave Anita repose with those of his parents, rising westward. Mont Boron but indicates the lofty range of hills that form its eastern ramparts, while southward the Mediterranean sweeps from the horizon and nestles in its quiet bay. His father was a sea captain, his grandfather a ship owner, and Giuseppe was born with that love of freedom and adventure which a seaboard life engenders. But his gentle-hearted mother, Rosa Ragiudo, whose piety and tenderness hover ever as a charm around his stormy life, had destined him for the priesthood, her one ambition being to see him a minister of that Church which in her eyes was of no sect or party, but her life and trust. So the education given him was adapted to these designs. Joseph profited thereby as much as might have been expected, especially as his studies were carried on in French, a language which he always spoke perfectly, but which was distasteful to him from a boy. He spent his time chiefly among the mountains, eagerly conning the Saracen traditions of "battles fought and won," or wandering by the olive-bordered gulf where Doria, with his handful of braves, defied the stranger myriads, and Caterina Segurana kept Turk and Gaul at bay, and preserved to the house of Savoy the castle and town of Nice, which but for her heroism would have been wrested then by Francis I, king of France, from the effeminate grasp of Carlo, but which remained to be bartered later by one of Carlo's descendants. It was to these legends and historical memories that Garibaldi owed his early aspirations for Italy's future to be worthy of her heroic past.

EARLY LIFE.

Many a story of noble daring and self-forgetfulness in which we recognize the hero of later years are still current among his townsmen, and very soon it became evident to his friends that his unresting energies would ill befit the tonsure and the gown. A sailor he was to be. He had privately commenced his nautical career by a voyage to Genoa in a little boat with a few daring comrades; but, betrayed by a "spy," his priestly tutor, and pursued by a "corsair," his own father, he was brought back to Nice, to find his mother sorrowfully preparing his sailor's outfit, with which, in the brig *Constantine*, whose "wooden walls" in these days of iron-clads he still talked of with regretful pride, he sailed for the Black Sea. As a member of Young Italy he was among the volunteers enlisted for the Savoy expedition, and the result was that on the 5th of February, 1834, in the disguise of a watercress seller, he passed out of Genoa an exile. At Marseilles he saw his own name in print for the first time. The sentence of death had been passed on him by King Charles Albert. From Marseilles, where he acted as voluntary nurse in a cholera hospital, he went to Rio Janeiro, and soon espoused the cause of the republicans of Rio Grande against their haughty Brazilian foes. Wishing to extend the revolution to other provinces, the republic offered aid to the inhabitants of the island of St. Caterina, and in passing the narrow channel by which the island is approached, Garibaldi's vessel struck upon a rock and went to pieces. Out of the seven Italians devoted to him, and whom he strove in vain to save, not one survived; out of a crew of thirty, but sixteen. But it was on this island of St. Caterina, parted from all early friends, that he found the young Brazilian, who from the moment the words "*Tu devi*

esser mia" (Thou ought to be mine) were uttered in her ears, followed him as wife, friend, and fellow-soldier, never quitting him unless torn away by the foe, even then escaping, guided back to him by her love. So she cherished, so sustained him, till the woman's strength was spent, and when Rome's disastrous work was done, closed this life of devotion, following, flying with him, and dying in his arms. With this helpmate to share his dangerous exploits, Garibaldi, commanding one of the three new vessels built by the South American republic, commenced a series of daring enterprises, the mere index of which would occupy a column. At San Simon, on the 10th of September, 1840, his first child was born, and called Menotti, after *Ciro Menotti*, the victim of the Duke of Modena. Before his birth the mother had endured great fatigue and much hunger, and had several falls from her horse, and Dr. Odicini has often related that when summoned to attend her he found neither light nor food nor clothing for the new born babe, afterward a fine, stalwart fellow, who never knew an hour's illness in his life. The government of Montevideo next made Garibaldi commander of its squadron, then of its little army, and here he trained the *vieux garde*, whose blood has watered every Italian battle-field, and of whom a few mutilated members told of the battles fought for the liberties of a foreign people, of which Garibaldi was so proud. Two battles he singled out from the rest as typical of Italian valor—San Antonio and Calatafimi. In the battle of San Antonio three hundred Italians gained a signal victory and put to flight the cavalry and infantry of the enemy in overwhelming force. Garibaldi's war-cry was, "Italy's honor is at stake!" The South American government erected a monument to the fallen braves. On one side is written, "Thirty-six Italians killed on the 8th February, 1846." On the other, "One hundred and eighty-four Italians killed on the battle-field of San Antonio," and on the Italian banners in letters of gold inscribed, "Exploit of the 8th February, 1846, of the Italian Legion, under the command of General Garibaldi." In each review of the national militia the right was always occupied by this legion. Garibaldi, in writing of it to a friend, says, "I would not change my title of Italian Legionary for the world in gold (*il globo in ora.*)"

AID FOR PIO NONO.

But in 1847, rumors of the new hopes for Italy reached Montevideo, and we can not refrain from giving the concluding sentence of Garibaldi's letter to the Nuncio of Pio Nono, then the idol of the liberals and the centre of their aspirations:

If, then, to-day, men who have some practice in the use of arms should prove acceptable to His Holiness, it is scarcely needful to say that we shall gladly consecrate ourselves to the service of him who is doing so much for the country and the Church. We shall, indeed, deem ourselves fortunate if we can contribute aught to the work of redemption instituted by Pio Nono. We speak in the name of our companions, who gladly offer their blood and their hearts to such a sacred cause.

MONTEVIDEO, October 12, 1847.

On the 15th of April, 1848, the *Speranza*, freighted with sixty-three patriots, all young and accustomed to the battle field—the remnants of San Antonio—set sail for Italy, and, touching at the island of St. Palo, learned that the Milanese had driven out the Austrians; that the bloodless revolution of Venice was achieved; that the King of Piedmont had sent his army to aid the Lombards, and that Italy was sending up her thousands to the holy war. Charles Albert, instead of Pio Nono, was now the Italian pole star, and Garibaldi went straight to the king's camp. But the king received him coldly. For weeks he was sent from Dan to Beersheba without being able to point a musket at the Austrians. Then, when delay and party politics had rendered the return of the Austrians inevitable, he was allowed to organize a corps of volunteers in Milan, and soon suc-

ceeded in enrolling and drilling 5,000 men. But before he could lead them against the foe the fatal armistice was signed, and Garibaldi, hearing that his newly formed legion was to be disarmed, marched off to Bergamo, sending messengers to other revolutionary leaders to join him, to consider the armistice null and void, and to make war on their own account.

Mazzini joined the legion at Bergamo and was acclaimed standard bearer of the flag on which was inscribed the motto of Young Italy, "God and the People." But the legionaries, discouraged or not caring to share the hardships of a partisan war, deserted in numbers. Only seven hundred remained; yet still Garibaldi determined to lead them against the Austrians. On the 12th of August, in a fiery proclamation, he denounced Charles Albert as a traitor and called on all Italians to make common cause against native and foreign foes. Capturing two steamers on Lake Como he embarked his troops, and, arriving at Luino, being attacked by the Austrians he led out four hundred of his best volunteers against fifteen hundred of the enemy. Then, bringing up the remainder and ordering a bayonet attack, he defeated and pursued the Austrians to Arona. With this skirmish began and ended Garibaldi's Lombard campaign in 1848. Finding it impossible to resist longer, with five hundred men he fought his way through five thousand Austrians to Switzerland, disbanded his troops and went to Piedmont, and after various adventures arrived at Ravenna, there organized a column of volunteers, and finally arrived at Rome, and on the 9th of February, 1849, was the first to proclaim the Roman Republic, which at two o'clock in the morning was solemnly promulgated from the capitol by Mazzini, who, with Saffi and Armellini, was named triumvirate.

FIERCENESS OF THE STRUGGLE.

Another red letter day in Garibaldi's memory was the 30th of April, when the French, who had vaunted that "*les Italiens ne se battent pas*," were repulsed with heavy loss—so heavy that it was no longer a question whether General Oudinot should enter Rome, but whether he or any of his soldiers would be able to regain Civita Vecchia. Had Garibaldi been allowed to follow his own devices very few assuredly would have succeeded in reaching their vessel, but the triumvirate, hoping in the democratic party of France, decided merely to defend their capitol, not to exasperate French pride by an ignominious defeat. Garibaldi was recalled, and from that hour dated the breach between the two great patriots, which later differences and the "whispering tongues that poison truth," but widened and deepened so that in death they are still divided. Even now, after the miracles of 1860, the history of the siege of Rome, as recorded by hostile writers and recounted by eyewitnesses and actors, has in it elements of valor and reckless heroism which vie with the bravest story of Sparta, Greece and ancient Rome. From the 3d of June to the 30th intervened twenty-six days of increasing, ferocious, hopeless struggle. Forty thousand French soldiers against nine thousand raw recruits! Austria victorious in the provinces, Bomba revelling in vengeance, Piedmont defeated, Lombardy reenslaved. Hope there was none: only the certainty that "Italy would live when Italians knew how to die" remained, and that sufficed. The aspect of the legionaries was in itself fantastic. Dressed in red shirts and gray trousers, with a scarf around their waists, brigand hats and plumes, vaulting into their saddles with the ease of men who had ridden barebacked all their lives, or running at lightning speed at a word or glance from their chief, the remnants of San Antonio soon drilled and disciplined the youths, many of them mere lads, who flocked round the fair-haired, lion-faced hero, whose face women pronounced "angelic" and Frenchmen "diabolical;" whose words were

few and to the purpose; whose voice rang clarion-like over the vastest battle field. From the moment when General Oudinot, violating the amnesty, fraudulently occupied Mount Mario and took possession of Villa Pamfili, to the hour when the French entered the gate of San Pancrazio, day and night Garibaldi lived in the camp. At Villa Pamfili three hundred and thirty-six wounded, one hundred and ten dead, fell around him. On the 14th and 15th of June the battle field was a vast cemetery, but the spirit of the dead had passed into the living. When all hope was at an end Garibaldi himself was not able to recall his officers from their posts of useless slaughter. One has but to visit the ruins of the Vascello which Medici defended until not one stone was left upon another, to understand the desperate country passion that inspired him. When ordered to reënter Rome each company demanded "to fire one more shot," and on June 30 fell Emilio Morosini, Signorini, Bindi, Verzelli, even as the poet soldier Mameli, Daverio, Dandolo, Scarani, Scarcele, names beloved in Italy, had fallen on the former days.

But this useless slaughter could not be permitted longer. The Assembly summoned Garibaldi, haggard, dripping with blood—the blood of his faithful negro Aguilan, killed an hour before—and asked his advice. "Abandon the Trastevere; burn the houses that hinder our aim; open loop-holes along the walls and houses on the left of the Tiber; fortify Castle St. Angelo; arm the people and await the assault. Thus, amid her smoking ruins, we shall save the honor of Rome." His advice rejected, he refused even to listen to the terms of capitulation, and observing that there was "Venice yet left to die in," quitted Rome with four thousand infantry, three hundred horsemen, his faithful wife—just on the eve of her confinement—Ugo Bassi and Angelo Brunette, surnamed Ciceruacchio, with his two young sons. After a month of marching, counter-marching, hunger, danger and fatigue, with but two hundred of his followers and Anita, during the nights of July 31 and August 1 Garibaldi succeeded in embarking his force in thirteen fishing-boats at Cesenatico. He hoped thus to reach Venice. Three Austrians steamers discovered them. Garibaldi dispersed his little fleet, bidding the captain of each boat save his crew. He, with Anita, Captain Leggero, Ugo Bassi and Ciceruacchio gained the pine forests of Ravenna, wandered there throughout three days and nights, hidden by peasants, even by the coast-guards and police, till they reached the cottage of one of the peasants of Marquis Guiccioli. Here Anita fainted—she who had never uttered a lament. Garibaldi carried her in his arms and laid her on the peasant's bed, where, with one murmured wail, "Menotti, Teresita, Riciotti," she smiled into his eyes and died.

Another weary month of wandering. When Garibaldi reached Genoa the Piedmontese government detained him till, moved by a vote of censure from the opposition members of the Chamber, they allowed him to visit his old mother and children at Nice, whence, alone for the first time in ten eventful years, he started for Tunis, Gibraltar, and, finally, for New York, where he supported himself by working in a tallow chandler's shop, and then, starting for Lima, voyaged to China and returned to Italy in 1854.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1859.

Here he found parties and politics greatly changed. The hopes of the majority of Italians were now centered in Victor Emmanuel, who had at least maintained the constitution, which all other Italian princes had violated, and whose army might form the nucleus for a greater Italian army. Garibaldi accepted the vice-presidency of the National Italian Society, of which Cavour was the inspirer, and Pallavicino La Farina and Mamie the chief agents. With intense satisfaction he watched the little Piedmon-

tese army gaining its spurs in the Crimea, and when called by the government, in 1859, to form a volunteer corps to act with the allied armies, he obeyed with glad alacrity, and the followers of Mazzini who refused to enlist, not because of the monarchical flag, but because they would not ally themselves with the murderer of the Roman and French republics, alone excepted, all his old officers and soldiers and the flower of the young generation flocked to his standard. Before they could reach the general of their heart they were, for the most part, drafted off into the regular corps. "You gave me the cripples and hunchbacks," said Garibaldi to Cavour on their memorable field day in the House, but with these the "Red Devil," as the Austrians surnamed him, wrought wonders. Up to the 3d of May he had worn his usual costume, but on that day, receiving news that the Austrians were advancing, he donned his Piedmontese uniform. The képi worried him considerably. Finally he stuffed it into his saddle bag and covered his head with his bandana colored silk handkerchief as usual.

He was the first to cross the Ticino and the first to cross fire with the Austrians on the 8th of May near the village of Pontestura. At his approach the people of Varese rose, disarmed the Austrian garrison and proclaimed the dictatorship of Victor Emanuel. General Urban, attacking him at Como with cavalry, artillery and five thousand infantry, was beaten, routed and pursued to Malnate, with heavy loss in dead, wounded, prisoners and two cannon. Following up his advantage, Garibaldi entered Como at one side, the Austrians fleeing at the other. Thus, with three thousand volunteers, eight thousand of Austria's best soldiers were defeated. From Como to Bergamo, Brescia, Tre Ponte and Salò, back to Bergamo, Lecco, then into the Tyrol Edölo, Breno, Treo, Vestone, in less than three months the volunteers marched over nine hundred miles, with one slight check at Laveno, victorious always until the peace of Villafranca suddenly cut short the triumphal march.

On the 11th of August Garibaldi and his officers resigned. On the 15th he had a private interview with the king at Bergamo, and consented to command a portion of the troops of Central Italy not yet annexed to Piedmont. His object was to carry the revolution into the States of the Church or to second a movement in Sicily and Naples. In this project the Dictator of Parma and Modena, Signor Farini, was *d'accord*. Indeed, he gave money for the purpose, but the Governor of the Romagna, Cetriani, a Bonapartist, opposed the scheme. The king, fearing that the Emperor of France would intervene and prevent the annexation of Tuscany, Parma, Modena and the Romagna, recalled Garibaldi just as he was about to cross the Rubicon. In high dudgeon he threw up his command, and, when all hopes of a revolution in the south of Italy were at an end, returned to Caprera. Garibaldi's friends were not satisfied with his abrupt withdrawal, but—and it is necessary to insist on this fact to understand the man's work and character—Garibaldi never counselled a special insurrection at a special time. When the king said, "Enroll volunteers to fight against Austria," he enrolled them; even as in 1849 we have seen him offer his services first to the Pope, then to Charles Albert, then skirmish on his own account, then head the forces of the Roman Republic against France and the Bourbon, then don the Piedmontese uniform, then stand to his guns in the center till further insistence would have engendered civil war, for had he crossed the Rubicon, General Fauti would have of necessity disarmed him. Even so, when entreated by his friends to put himself at the head of a revolutionary movement, he replied invariably, "Prepare, show me a reasonable chance and I am with you; but remember that the days for failure are past. An abortive revolution would now retard Italy for years." And in a private letter dated Fino, January 24, 1860, addressed to Dr.

Bertani, the indefatigable, miraculous organizer of the expeditions of 1860, after expressing his "mortification" for reproaches addressed to him, he said:

Under Cavour I scarcely know how the affair of the subscription (for the million muskets) will go. I do not doubt that at this moment they are studying every means to get them out of our hands. I have sent Colonel — to the king, but I hope little. We shall see. In any case, you can assure our friends of Southern Italy that I am always at their service when they are seriously resolved to act, and that if I have arms these also will be at their service if they intend to put them to a profitable use. From your letter I see that the desire to act an act well exists, and I, God knows, am as anxious as any one to shoulder a weapon once more. *Tramo lo sa Dio come chiunque di menare le mani una colla ancora.*

"ITALY AND VICTOR EMMANUEL."

The negotiations went on for the first three months of 1860. Rosalino Pilo on the 24th of February informed Garibaldi that the Sicilians were ready, that Mazzini made no question of the republic. Garibaldi's reply is characteristic and important as an answer to those who accuse him of enlisting under the republican flag, and when at Talamone changing to the monarchical. It reads: "Caro Rosalino—When you receive this come to an understanding with Bertani and the Direction at Milan to obtain as many arms and means of action as possible. In case of action remember that the programme is Italy and Victor Emmanuel." He added that the moment did not seem opportune for action, and that nothing ought to be attempted without reasonable prospects of success. Bertani, Crepi and Bixio wrestled with Garibaldi, who had left Caprera for the Continent. He, knowing the immense loss of prestige which his failures would engender, keeping to his belief that there is a time to be prudent as well as a time to dare, insisted on waiting for precise news from Sicily. On the 26th of April came a telegram that confirmed him in his resolution, thus: "Total failure in city of Palermo and provinces." Later came brighter news. Bertani, Crepi and Bixio went to him once more. "Very well," he answered, "we will go, and go at once." A thousand volunteers were gathered on the shore of Quarto. Rubattino, the patriotic prince of Italian ship-owners, shut his eyes while the "corsairs" seized two of his best steamers, the Piedmonte and the Lombardo. Garibaldi landed about a hundred men with Zambianchi, with orders to invade the Papal States. As the Sicilian insurrection succeeded, it is now said that this microscopic expedition was meant to divert the attention of the government from the South. Had the Sicilian revolution failed, it was believed that Garibaldi would have flung himself into the Papal States. In any case, he thought it wise to have two strings to his bow. But he succeeded in landing at Marsala without firing a shot. "*Veni, vidi, vici*," was the summary of his five months' campaign. Now as it is shown that Garibaldi did not initiate the Sicilian revolution, it is believed that but for his timely arrival it would have been suffocated. Rosalino, encamped round Palermo, fell with a bullet through his brain while marching to meet Garibaldi. Cinimeria, Ventimiglia, Mezzondo, Carione and Misilmeri were invaded by armed bands, but it was not until after the battle of Calatapini that the Bourbon troops felt that a mightier than "Bomba" was among them. Garibaldi sought out Calatapini as the bloodiest and most daring of the feats of his "red shirts." The Bourbons manned the heights, resolute to block the path of the invaders. Garibaldi from his watch-tower counted their numbers, and saw at a glance that eight successive positions must be taken at the bayonet's point. Eight hundred volunteers against four thousand Bourbons! So impossible seemed victory that Bixio, a brave of braves, whispered to Garibaldi in the foremost ranks, "I fear retreat is inevitable." "Retreat?" and Bixio never forgot the look that accompanied the words, "Here we win or die!" One, two, three, five po-

sitions were taken, the volunteers slipping over the blood and bodies of their companions in the onward, upward struggle. Then the clarion voice rang out: "One more for Italy! One more together! To the bayonet!" "To the bayonet! *Viva l'Italia! viva Garibaldi!*" The sixth and seventh terrace carried; two little cannon secured at Orbetello come into play and complete the disorder of the enemy, literally stupefied by such audacity. They begin to waver, to retreat, to carry off their guns? No! The "red shirts," fired with vengeance for the terrible losses sustained, and flushed with victory, resolve to secure a trophy; rush upon the cannon, seize it, bayonet the defenders, who turn and flee, and receive from the inhabitants of Partinico and Montelepepe parting salutations. Still, while defeat would have been fatal to the volunteers, they could not rest on their arms. Then came twenty-five thousand soldiers into Palermo, and Palermo had to be taken. Not a word spoke the Duce dei Mille to son or friend. "March! march! march!" through scorching sun-rays, and some days torrents of rain. On the 17th, 18th, 19th of May Passo di Renna is reached. The enemy—Garibaldi's own staff—believed that Moredi was the objective point. Troops are sent out of Palermo to surround the volunteer camp. Garibaldi sends all his artillery and heavy baggage to Collom, and in the twinkling of an eye marches himself on Palermo. The Admiral's bridge is defended hotly; the "surprise" is hindered by the shouting of the *Picciotti*. Precisely the last were first and the first last, for the order of battle was not kept at all. But Palermo is entered; Garibaldi and his handful of braves bivouac in the streets of the city garrisoned by twenty thousand men with twenty guns. Vainly the enemy parleys, protests, seeks to gain time. "Go, and make haste about it," was Garibaldi's reply; and the enemy went; showed once more fair fight at Milazzo.

That battle gained, Garibaldi turned his thoughts toward Naples.

ON TO NAPLES.

Negotiations were still going on between the Neapolitan and Piedmontese courts, and the king, in an autograph letter, begged Garibaldi not to cross the straits, and precise orders were given to Persano, admiral of the fleet; to afford him no help in case of defeat. But there were no Italian troops arrayed under the tricolor flag who could enforce the prayer—no civil war to be feared, as in Central Italy in 1859 and later in Naples itself. Garibaldi did not hesitate; he concentrated all his available troops at Messina, sent over a band of chosen pioneers, followed quickly, gave battle to the Bourbons at Reggio and granted them an honorable capitulation at San Giovanni and Souvrier. Then he left in an open carriage. The Bourbon troops dispersed "like *sna'* wreaths in thaw;" Garibaldi entered Naples with seven of his officers, with the cannon of San Elmo pointed at the city and the Bourbon troops in occupation. The 7th of September, 1860, must remain a never-to-be-forgotten day for those who witnessed the wild, exulting joy of the liberated. Their cry that rose above the "*Viva Garibaldi!*" was "*Viva l'Italia! Una! Una! Una!*" When, late in the evening, an officer went out on the balcony of the Nigra Palace to say that Garibaldi was weary and would sleep, a hush fell on the mighty crowd. One whispered to the other, "*Do padre dorme*" (the father sleeps), and lifting up their forefingers in token of Italy, One! One! One! the Neapolitans slept their first bright hours of liberty. Clamors for immediate annexation of Sicily arose then at Naples, and Garibaldi more than once had to leave the camp for Palermo or Naples in order to restore peace between the conflicting parties. He never for a moment dreamed of hindering the annexation, only he wished to expel the Bourbon entirely and be free to march or sail to Rome without compromising the Italian government with foreign courts. The Bourbon

had still 50,000 men under arms and the two strong fortresses of Capua and Gaeta, and determined to give battle to Garibaldi on the Volturno. It is almost impossible to give the faintest idea of the battle of the 1st of October. The Neapolitans had 45,000 troops and sixty pieces of cannon. The young king had come from Gaeta in person. Garibaldi had about twenty thousand volunteers. On that day not a single Piedmontese had arrived, and among his own generals were those who wished the royal troops to take part in the final struggle. The Neapolitans gave him no option. At five a. m. his positions were attacked along the line, Milbetz at Santa Maria, Medici at Situgelo, Bixio at Maddaloni—which position, if lost, cut the Garibaldians off from the city of Naples. In the first attacks the Neapolitans were victorious. Garibaldi's carriage was surrounded; his horses wounded; he himself sprang down into one of the deep ditches that run parallel with the river and reappeared in the midst of Media's hardly beset troops. The enemy repulsed there he arrived on horseback at Santa Maria, sent word to Bixio, who asked for reinforcements, that he must shift for himself. Calm, but pale, at three p. m. he was standing with his glass fixed on the road leading from Caserta, whence the last reserves were expected. He had tasted no food that day and smiled as his people offered him some bread, figs and water. Just as he had taken a mouthful, crash came musket balls around him, while a bomb exploded at his feet. "The day is ours," he said as the Milanese brigade came rushing up. Then for a couple of hours the battle raged in deadly earnest, Garibaldi always in the foremost fight. That day he seemed to possess the double gift of omniscience and of omnipresence. It was his last field day before the battle of Aspromonte rendered it impossible for him evermore to practise his favorite maxim, "*Chi vuole va, chi non vuole manda*" (Who wills goes, who wills not sends). At five p. m. he telegraphed laconically to the king, "Victory along all the line." On the morrow of the great victory Garibaldi made a number of Neapolitan prisoners, and in this the Fourth battalion of Bersagliere assisted, or rather were present. On the preceding day not a single soldier wearing the king's uniform either witnessed or took part in the action. The Piedmontese troops who had beaten Lamoriciere and freed Umbria and the Marches, now entered Rome with the king, with the explicit object of preventing Garibaldi from carrying his victories further. He had but one alternative—to array volunteers against the regular army or to withdraw. He adopted the latter. He had handed over the Neapolitan fleet to the king on his entrance into Naples, now he summoned the *plebescito*, and when the populations had voted in favor of annexation he consigned the southern province formally to Victor Emmanuel.

In England he was welcomed as Wellington himself was not welcomed, but with fear and trembling by the government. After his return to Caprera he kept quiet until the war of 1866, when, shut up in the fastnesses of the Tyrol, to be kept out of the way while Venice was being bargained for rather than fought for, he could do no more than make his volunteers fire up at the sharpshooters with their wretched flint-locks, while the sharpshooters fired down on them with their far-reaching, unerring rifles. In the spring of 1867 he went over to the Continent and made a sort of electoral tour throughout the Venetian provinces, but the Venetians were yet in their honeymoon, and with one exception sent up government members. His object was to arouse the enthusiasm of the provinces, so recently freed, for Rome still enslaved. In September he appeared at Geneva at the Peace Congress, where he dwelt especially on the seventh resolution of the peacemakers:—"Slaves alone have a right to make war on tyrants"—then resolutely set his face Romeward. His staunchest friends and officers were

opposed to an attempt on Rome. The Ratazzian government still shilly-shallied; allowed him to cross the frontier, then arrested him and confined him in the fortress of Alessandria, then allowed him to return to Caprera and there blockaded him. He would not believe that the affair was serious until on attempting to go on board the mail steamer to return to the Continent, the Italian man-of-war *Zesia* fired into his boat, took him on board and landed him on his island prison.

The details of his escape are wonderful. From the Continent a boat went up to release him, manned by his son-in-law and a young Sardinian. It was absent for fifteen days. At length it returned with its precious freight. Garibaldi, warned of its approach, fixed a rendezvous, left Caprera in a *beccacino*—literally a snipe, in fact, a toy boat, utterly unfit for the high seas, but between rocks and water only a few inches deep he paddled it to the Maddelena, remained concealed twenty-four hours, crossed the island on horseback, slept in a cave, rode again for seventeen consecutive hours, then joined his rescuers and arrived safely in Florence, while the commanders of the seven men-of-war stationed at Caprera reported daily that he was sulking in the prison-house. It had been agreed that no expeditions to Rome should take place till the Romans should bestir themselves and commence their own revolution. But Garibaldi's arrest made them wary and irresolute. The insurrection, partial and unsuccessful, cost precious blood. Garibaldi, who had crossed the frontier at Passo Corere, pushed on to Monterotondo, defeated the garrison on the 25th of October, and on the 4th of November was defeated by the French at Mentana; or, to speak more correctly by the Papal troops assisted by the French, who, considering the invasion of the States of the Church, even by volunteers, a violation of the convention of September, had landed at Civita Vecchia.

On recrossing the frontier Garibaldi was arrested by the royal troops, once more sent to Alessandria and again allowed to embark for Caprera.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

Here he remained quietly until the news of the defeat of imperial France at Sedan reached him. Then, to the astonishment of Italy and the world, he offered "all that remained of himself" to an invaded people struggling against the invaders. This time few of his old officers, none of the *vieux-gardes*, accompanied him. They could not bring themselves to fight side by side with the soldiers of the Chassepot. Moreover, the court and imperialist party expected, the Italians heartily desired, success to Prussia—Prussia who had freed Venice, nor asked for provinces or pay; Prussia who had the power so far to cripple France as to prevent her, as an empire, a monarchy or a republic, from meddling in her neighbors' affairs, from further delaying the completion of "one Italy, with Rome for its capital." Still the cream of the rank and file responded to the voice that is ever raised for the oppressed. And in what stern discipline Garibaldi, so lenient to the French under his command, "kept his own!" A murmur or complaint and back he sent them across the frontier. Once, displeased at a nomination on the staff, his best officers and one of his sons tendered their resignations. "Only cowards resign in the presence of the enemy; this evening the resignations are withdrawn or they all go before court-martial," was Garibaldi's answer. The jealousy of the French generals prevented the government from offering him any position in which his genius could really avail France; but he never once complained. He obeyed orders; defended Lyons on the Doubs, Creuzot at Autun, and, during the three days of Dijon held his own against a Prussian army whose numbers can not be estimated since General Kettles's troops were told off from the immense mass led by Manteufel

against Bourbaki. Hence there was always the consoling reflection that "there were plenty more behind."

HIS GENIUS IN THE FIELD.

From the first hour of the combat Garibaldi, who in person had previously studied the ground, so that he knew every knoll and ditch and vineyard, directed every movement in person—in a carriage, on horseback, or on foot. He posted the guns, distributed his scanty troops, "went," nor delegated his authority to any. The honor of the first day belongs exclusively to Italians, commanded by Menotti and by Canzio, his son-in-law, and under them by Tanara and other officers wounded at Mentana. Of Tanara's legion alone eight officers were killed, seven wounded, with two hundred non-commissioned officers and soldiers. General Bassak, the brave Pole who had answered "Present" to liberty's every roll-call, was killed on that day. So Imbriani, Cavalotti, Perla—beloved names in Italy—and hundreds of heroes rest in nameless graves in the cemetery of Dijon, or in forgotten heaps their bones are whitening in the vineyards where they fell. Garibaldi's reports are laconic as ever. The first runs thus: "The enemy, vigorously attacked, was obliged to retreat after twelve hours' hard fighting. The army of the Vosges has once more deserved well of the republic."

Second day: "The enemy has again been compelled to retreat, pursued by our brave *franc-tireurs*."

Third day: "The enemy repulsed for the third time. We have taken the flag of the Sixty-first regiment."

That flag, the only Prussian flag lost during the campaign, was taken from the dead hand of the standard-bearer, who lay under a heap of slain, and handed by Ricciotti Garibaldi to his father at the moment. It was still in the general's room when he penned the telegram. But that the armistice followed so closely on the three days' victory there is little doubt that the Prussians would have taken their revenge, for the loss was a bitter one. General Kettles a few days afterward heard the exact truth. It seemed a relief, but he added a moment afterward, "Still, it is lost, all the same." As, however, there seemed no immediate intention of attack, Garibaldi turned his attention to Dôle, which the Prussians had taken from the French, and which he knew was essential to Bourbaki's retreat, and on the 28th the Garibaldian colonel, Bagbino, with eight hundred men, took Mont Rolland, an important position above Dôle, from the Prussians.

On the 29th came the news of the armistice.

Garibaldi, so far from relaxing discipline, had turned every moment to account to organize his little army. The Garibaldians under Colonel Lobbia were the last to exchange shots with the Prussians, for, unaware of the armistice, they continued to make brilliant sorties from Laugres. Suddenly at midday on the 2d, just as Garibaldi had completed a business-like review of Cauroi's troops, the drum sounded the call to arms. The Garibaldians were attacked at the outposts. It turned out that the departments of the Doubs of the Jura and Côte d'Or were not included in the armistice, a fact communicated by the Prussians, not by the authorities of Bordeaux. So, with as much care and rapidity as the strapping on of a knapsack, every Garibaldian—the wounded protected by the red cross of Geneva alone excepted—marched out of Dijon, Ricciotti remaining till midnight to carry off the guns, and at dawn General Manteufel and his staff, and a portion of his army, entered and took possession of Dijon.

RESIGNS HIS FRENCH HONORS.

Named deputy for Paris, Nice, and the Côte d'Or, Garibaldi, who saw that peace would be proclaimed, and who felt that his presence would embarrass the negotiations, went to Bordeaux, tendered his resignation as general and deputy, and went to the ministers to plead the cause of the

widows and families of the dead and of the wounded of his army. The right of speech was denied him. He started on the same night for Bordeaux, for Caprera on the morrow, and there, tending his flocks and herds, cultivating his vines and maize fields, and cheered by the presence of his young family, writing his novel of the "Thousand," which, with all due respect to the writer, might better never have been published, and containing his autobiography, which is quite another thing from his novels, being a terse, detailed, and veracious narrative of the facts of his eventful life, he spent the years of 1871, 1872, 1873 and 1874, then, being elected deputy for the first college of Rome, he went to the Italian capital to try and realize his long-cherished project of protecting Rome from inundation and for restoring to agriculture the waste lands of the Roman Campagna.

THE GENERAL'S LATTER DAYS.

General Garibaldi did not have the felicity of an old age of honor and repose. He was easily influenced by those around him, and communists and infidels eagerly seized every opportunity of making use of his name in agitations against government, human and divine. One bright period in his history has been briefly alluded to above. It was when he presented himself at Rome to take his seat as deputy. The people of the Eternal City went mad over their idol. When he reached the capital the bystanders who had not seen him for years were struck with sympathy at his appearance. He was crippled with gout and rheumatism, and his aspect was that of a confirmed invalid. His son Menotti was obliged to assist his progress, and he was also sustained by crutches. He took his seat and swore allegiance to his king. On January 14, 1880, arrived good news at Caprera. The Court of Appeal at Rome had annulled the sentence of the Civil Tribunal at Turin; the marriage of Giuseppe Garibaldi and Giuseppina Raymondi was declared null and void on grounds that an Austrian could allege but an Italian could not, and for this once Garibaldi's inveterate enemies, the Austrians, did him a good turn, for he had been married at Como before their jurisdiction in that town was at an end. The story of his second marriage is interesting. The somewhat precocious daughter of the Marquis Raymondi admired the warrior while fighting in the Lakes in 1859. The Marquis himself had every reason to wish his daughter to wed; so Giuseppina Raymondi appeared one day in the volunteers' camp with letters which, as she asserted, had been intercepted from the Austrians. Garibaldi received her intelligence thankfully, but without having any sentiments of love kindled in his breast. Next day the father appeared in the camp and explained that his daughter wished to marry the general. Garibaldi, somewhat electrified and taken aback, replied, "Impossible! I never intend to wed again. Since Anita's death my heart has withered; and besides, Signor Marchese, it is impossible that your daughter can feel any attachment for me; she has met me but once." The Marquis then cunningly touched the right chord in Garibaldi's heart. "It is with freedom and Italian unity that my daughter is enamored, and with you as the embodiment of it in Italy." Enough. Garibaldi immediately consented to a union with so high minded a girl, only finding out on the steps of the altar the depths of her treachery and dishonor. On January 24, ten days after the receipt of this intelligence from Rome, Francesca, his nurse, had her *trousseau* ready, the general donned his best clothes, and sat in his smartest bath-chair, while Theresita and her husband hurried from Genoa to assist at the nuptials. Menotti and his wife, who came from Rome, and a few of the general's oldest friends were invited—such as Fazzari, Froselinanti, Sgarallino—more as witnesses than as guests. Signora Francesca, the General's old nurse, and the mother of Manlio and Clelia, became his lawful wife. Since that eventful

day his actions are scarcely of sufficient moment to call for any special notice. He attended the commemoration of the Sicilian Vespers last March, and even then he was almost a corpse. It was a pitiable spectacle that of the old hero being dragged about as a show through the streets, and it was perhaps done more to gratify the vanity of his family than to do honor to Garibaldi.

Had Garibaldi not been summoned by the needs of his country to devote his life to the sword, the spade and the plowshare would have been his favorite instruments. One can fancy him a great colonizer, as he assuredly was a wise and successful agriculturist. One has but to remember the barren, rocky desert of Caprera, when he purchased a portion of it in 1856, with a small sum of money left him by his brother, Felix, and compare its present flourishing and productive condition, to confess that this assertion is true. Add to this predilection his love for Rome, which ever since his boyhood and his first visit was an ever increasing passion; his often expressed regret that Italians should be compelled to emigrate to foreign countries, with such acres and acres of waste but redeemable lands at home, and we have the key to what to some people seemed his "new hobby," but which was instead but the manifestation, as the time he deemed most fitting for success, of one of the favorite dreams of a lifetime—the reclamation of waste lands and the navigation of the Tiber.

C. L. S. C. NOTES AND LETTERS.

On Friday evening, May 26th, the Oswego, New York, C. L. S. C. gave an art entertainment at the residence of Mrs. H. Taylor, No. 108 East Third Street.

A member of the class of 1885 writes: "How thankful I am for the C. L. S. C.! I was obliged to leave school on account of failing health before finishing my school education. I love to study, but, until I heard of the C. L. S. C., I did not know how to read or what to read. When I heard of this people's college I joined right away, and I have enjoyed every minute I have spent in the company of my delightful books."

A member of the C. L. S. C. relates the following interesting and encouraging incidents, illustrative of the good results from the influence of Chautauqua and the C. L. S. C.: "Last summer a few old C. L. S. C.'s of us, together with a lady whose whole life was devoted to pleasure, attended the Assembly. Though Chautauqua was not just suited to our friend's tastes, she found some things that interested her. One evening she was induced to attend a prayer meeting of her church held in the office. On her return she said, 'I was so ashamed. Every one could say a word for Jesus but me; even a little girl spoke.' Since she has been greatly changed, and to-day is an earnest worker in the Sunday-school and church, and a devoted member of the C. L. S. C. She often says, 'This has been the happiest winter of my life.' Another C. L. S. C., a lawyer, a graduate of a prominent Ohio college, said but recently, 'My studies this winter have proven to me that Christian culture gives the truest and most lasting pleasure.'"

A lady member of the class of 1882 writes from Illinois: "I enjoy THE CHAUTAUQUAN and find plenty of time to read it all. If my health is good I hope to be at Chautauqua to graduate this fall. I think I will be one of your oldest students, as I will be in my seventieth year."

Another lady member of the class of 1882 says: "I have been an invalid, a great sufferer, and I did not expect to live until the present day. During my several years' sick-

ness I have not lost my enthusiasm in this course, and have prevailed upon many friends where I have traveled in the west, east and south, to take up this course of study. I hope to finish my reading with the rest of the class in the summer."

One of the class of 1884 says: "Whether I succeed in getting a diploma or not I shall ever be thankful for this course of reading. This getting back to the first of things is what I have longed for all my life."

A member of the class of 1882 writes as follows to Dr. Vincent: "The arrival of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, so full of inspiration and incentives to study, awakens afresh feelings of gratitude for the privileges of the C. L. S. C. I am conscious of improvement in taste and memory, and such hungering and thirsting after knowledge as I fear will never be satisfied. I hope that when this course is completed we will still be permitted to look to you for direction in another course which shall follow closely upon this."

A lady member says: "I write even at this late date to ask that my husband's name and my own may be enrolled for our last year in the C. L. S. C. We have plodded through three years of study, and it has lightened the shadow and brightened the sunshine. We have enjoyed studying and reading together and exchanging ideas and thoughts. I would not for worlds lose what we have gained, and above all, the habit of reading and study which it has brought us."

A member writes from one of the Eastern States as follows: "I feel that Dr. Vincent is a public benefactor; truly he has been to me. I am a cripple, not able to stand the past three years, and with very little use of my hands, save to write and feed myself. My great cry was, in the year 1880, 'What can I do?' I chanced to find this course of reading, and it has been a God-send to me. Though troubled with weak eyes, I still find comfort in its readings by taking a little at a time. I rejoice in the good being done throughout the world in consequence of the C. L. S. C."

In the Questions and Answers of the May number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, there are some obvious mistakes in names that most readers will doubtless readily correct. In questions nineteen and twenty-one "Henry II" should read "Richard II," and in question number sixty-eight "Henry" should read "Edward." Members of the C. L. S. C. will do well to note the correction with pencil in the margin of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

A mother, after alluding to the sudden death of her boy, says: "My object in taking up the C. L. S. C. course was to keep pace with that gifted boy, for I had always felt that I could not be left behind, and while he at school was reading Latin and Greek I at home was reading the same works in English, so that I might have an outlook from as near the same standpoint as possible. I hardly had a thought but for him, and around him centered and clustered every hope. With this great incentive gone you can readily see that it has been very hard to read or study, and for a long time I had given up all hope of ever finishing, but friends urged me on, and I find it is just what I need, and I often thank God that you ever thought of the plan of the C. L. S. C."

A lady member writing from Bermuda Island, says: "During the last month I have been confined to a bed of languishing and pain, but my Chautauqua course has been the greatest comfort to me. Something to think of outside

myself, and the communication kept up by means of the memoranda, is a break in the monotony of an invalid's life, even in this beautiful island. The Questions serve as pins to fix the butterflies of ideas and facts in my mind, something definite to cling to, and objects of search that are not aimless."

Mr. Charles H. Fogx, of East Cambridge, Mass., writes in reference to the fate of Joan of Arc, as follows: "In the readings in English history for the third week in May, it is stated that Joan of Arc was burned in the Market Place at Rouen, on May 30, 1431. In the April, 1882, number of the *London Art Journal* is a sketch of Rouen by Margaret Hunt, continued from previous numbers, from which I quote the following: 'That Joan of Arc lived after 1431 is proved by documentary evidence of the strongest kind, and various places combine to furnish it. In the archives of Metz there is a contemporary account of her arrival in that town on the 20th of May, 1436. She was recognized by her two brothers. The same paper states that she afterward married a *Sieur d'Armoise*, a knight of good family, to whom she bore two sons, and though it is said that the person who assumed the name of the maid was only a worthless woman named Claude, is it likely that the *Sieur d'Armoise* would have been deceived into marrying a well-known adventuress? This discovery was supplemented by finding in the muniment chest of the family of des Armoises of Lorraine, a contract of marriage between Robert des Armoises, knight, with Jeanne d'Arcy, surnamed 'The Maid.'" The account further states that the town presented her with two hundred and ten livres for services rendered during the siege of 1429. And again, 'So sure were they that the Dame des Armoises was the veritable Joan, that they at once put an end to the masses which had been said for the repose of her soul ever since her execution.' Possibly her reappearance had some connection with the death of Regent Bedford, which took place about the same time. According to the *Cyclopedia Britannica*, in 1436 a person claiming to be Joan of Arc appeared, but afterward confessed herself an impostor." In reply to this correspondent we would say that we regard the death of Joan of Arc at the stake in Rouen, as a thoroughly established historical fact, but there is no doubt English authorities would like to remove the stain of this disgrace to their history were it possible.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

At East Liverpool, Ohio, the members of a local circle meet every Friday afternoon. The present membership is composed wholly of ladies. Much interest is manifested and we hope another year will see a large circle in that place.

Brocton, New York, twelve miles distant from Chautauqua, has a local circle organized nearly four years since. The names of twenty-five members were enrolled the first year, although the place contains less than three hundred inhabitants. It is expected the graduating class of this year will number fourteen. The secretary writes: "The present year, with its studies in Art, Mental Philosophy, Antiquity of Man, and all the nineteenth century embraces, finds us with each weekly meeting more engaged and determined that the four years passing shall be but a prelude to the courses to follow. By a cordial invitation from Mr. Holbrook, Longfellow's Day was observed at his pleasant home, and the delightful evening will be long remembered. A short history of the poet was followed by chosen poems and recitations from his works, characteristic speeches were made by the gentlemen of the class, and a humorous sermon, read in fine style by our host, concluded the exercises of

the evening. The president ordered the same reported to you with the following resolution: 'Resolved, That Dr. Vincent is the fortunate man who has found the key to solve the democratic problem, how to do the greatest good to the greatest number.'"

The Meriden, Conn., local circle, was organized April 20th, 1881, with a membership of eighteen; the present number is about seventy. Meetings are held the first and third Monday evenings of each month, in the parlors of the Baptist and Congregational churches, alternately. At the annual meeting, held April 3, 1882, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: William H. Perkins, president; J. H. Morton, vice president; Miss C. B. Underwood, secretary, and E. E. Parkin, treasurer. The president and the pastors of the Baptist and Congregational churches compose the instruction committee. This committee is also assisted by an additional committee of five in preparing class exercises, entertainments, etc. The secretary writes: "Our method of conducting meetings is by reviews, talks, and short essays, generally from three to five minutes in length, and assigned by leaders of reviews. We have also a question box. We take only the most important subjects for reviews. Rev. A. H. Hall, who has made a study of art for thirteen years, gives a talk on that subject of from twenty to thirty minutes at each meeting. He always has photographs and pictures in connection with his subject. For singing in our meetings we have the Assembly Hymnal. We have celebrated but three memorial days—Opening, Bryant's, and Shakspeare's. We have had five public lectures since Dr. Vincent's visit in September, and we intend to have more next year. Our circle is growing, both in interest and in numbers. We send our best wishes to all circles, especially to those lately started, and sincerely hope they may have great success."

The Forestville, N. Y., local circle, numbers about nineteen members. Meetings are held weekly, and much interest manifested in the work. A correspondent gives the following account of the manner in which the circle observed the memorial day of Shakspeare, at the residence of the president, Mrs. Lizzie Johnson: "The exercises were opened with a few remarks by Mrs. Johnson, in reference to the history of Shakspeare and the age in which he lived. Then the members were called upon for favorite quotations from this author, to which nearly all responded, showing themselves quite familiar with the same. The tragedy of Julius Caesar was next read by the class, and, as we have some fine readers, this part was made very interesting. The parts of Antony, Brutus, and Cassius were finely rendered. We had a few invited guests present. The 'Wide Awake' Club, a society of younger people, numbering about twenty-five, were also invited, and appeared to enjoy the evening. After partaking of Mrs. Johnson's bountiful refreshments, we tarried for a little social visit."

In Newark, New Jersey, is a local circle composed of twenty-five regular and seven local members. Meetings are held once a month, in one of the Sunday-school rooms. The circle was organized in December, 1880, and for the present year has the following officers: President, Mr. Hartshorne; vice president, Miss S. H. Johnson; secretary, Miss Nancy Ray. The exercises consist of reviews and essays, interspersed with music and recitations. A number of questions are distributed during the month by the vice president to different members of the circle, who give the answers at the meeting. Some of the ladies meet Thursday afternoons, at the homes of members, to read together, and at the meeting of the circle they make use of what they have learned.

A local circle was organized at Panama, New York, in October, 1878, with thirteen members. The officers for the present year are: President, Mr. C. S. Palmer; vice president, Miss Etta C. Pease; secretary and treasurer, Miss Julia M. St. John. These officers, with one other member, Mrs. L. C. Graham, form the executive committee. The secretary writes as follows: "Our circle meets every Wednesday evening, at the houses of the different members. The year's studies have been very interesting to all. The executive committee meet the first of the month and select teachers for the subjects of the month's reading. At the beginning of the year it was planned that the members alternate in teaching the Mosaics of History, in the order in which the names appear on the roll. Sometimes the teacher appointed refused to act, but generally the plan is successful. Mrs. W. L. Sessions has taught Christianity in Art. We have had good copies of each of the pictures described in THE CHAUTAUQUAN to study, and our teacher has prepared short papers on the artist whose picture is the subject of the lesson. These lessons have been exceedingly enjoyable and profitable. All the teachers have done well, but special thanks are due to Dr. A. B. Rice, who, since the formation of the circle, has been ever ready to do for, and add to, the interest and profit of the meetings; and to the president, who, in addition to the duties of his office, has been an able and faithful teacher in the circle. We observed the Milton and Longfellow Memorial Days in an appropriate and interesting manner. The members, with a number of invited friends, met at Mrs. L. C. Graham's, on Monday evening, April 24th, to observe the Shakspeare Memorial Day. Mrs. W. L. Sessions read an interesting essay on William Shakspeare, which was highly appreciated by all. The play 'Merchant of Venice,' which had been previously selected, was read, the cast of characters having been assigned the different members. The play was well read, and proved very entertaining."

The third annual reunion of the local circles of Cincinnati, Ohio, and vicinity—ten in number—was held on the evening of May 9, in the lecture room of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, and the occasion will be remembered as among the "red letter days" of the C. L. S. C. of that city. The room had been appropriately fitted up for the occasion, the motto shining out of its gilding and wreath of green as though instinct with life: "Let us keep our Heavenly Father in the midst." A welcome surprise awaited the gathered circles in the presence of Dr. Vincent, whose coming had not been previously announced. Mr. John G. O'Connell called the meeting to order, and the opening prayer was offered by Dr. J. H. Vincent. The following programme was then successfully carried out: Reading, "A Leak in the Dyke," by Miss Ella Starr; vocal solo, "O, had I Jubal's Lyre," by Miss Clara Looker; piano solo, by Miss Ella Kattenhorn; vocal duet, "See the Pale Moon," by Misses C. Looker and S. Craig; reading, "The Prayer of Agasis," by Miss Mary Graffing; reading, "The Echo," by Mr. Charles Cist; vocal quartette, "Spring," by Misses Looker and Craig, and Messrs. Johnson and Royal; essay, "A bit of Experience," by Mrs. J. A. Johnson; recitation, "Sandalphon," by Miss Nellie Allan. Miss M. Standish and Miss Werner, accompanied the songs with the piano. At the conclusion of the exercises of the programme an earnest call brought Dr. Vincent before the audience. After a greeting of hearty applause the gentleman stated that for the first time in twenty-five years he had nothing to do last night, and so came from Mansfield, Ohio, to look into the faces of his friends of the Cincinnati C. L. S. C. He rejoiced to be present and listen to recitation and song, for the enterprise lies near to his heart. He believed in the C. L. S. C., and as had been well expressed to-night, there is

no royal way to learning. To accomplish worthily any work involves toil and sacrifice. It is worth the while to practice to systemize, if only a few moments each day, and when ten minutes are gained it is easy to make it fifteen. Fifteen minutes of concentrated effort will be a strong point attained, and will take one well along in his educational course. Some glorify culture, and some grace, but he glorified both. He disliked extremists, because he believed less could be accomplished of permanent good by that class. He believed in sunshine, and also believed in the farmer's service, but he had no faith in the one without the other. He believed in the divine and the human element, and the best work we have is the divine working through the human. To know, to love, and to will are three things that unite in power. From the energy that concentrates and does its very best, and yet trusts largely for the promised help of God, we expect the best results in individual and aggregate life. The C. L. S. C. seeks to keep the Heavenly Father in the midst, and to coöperate in the works and word of God; it seeks to produce harmony of thought and life—a symmetrical culture. The speaker then produced the plan of study for the next four years, which he stated, was the best of all thus far, and the list of text-books would prove formidable to any except the resolute, brave and undaunted spirits that compose the large fraternity of the interminable circle. After the close of Dr. Vincent's address those present gathered in groups, and refreshments were served. Rev. Dr. J. D. Starr and his wife were among the audience as representatives of the C. L. S. C. of Hillsboro, Ohio, which circle was organized by Dr. Starr last year, and has a progressive membership of twenty-five members and a host of patrons. The officers of the general committee for Cincinnati and vicinity are as follows: Miss E. C. O'Connell, president; Miss M. Standish, vice president; Miss M. Dunaway, corresponding secretary; Miss Clara Looker, recording secretary; Miss Nellie Allen, treasurer.

A member of the High Street C. L. S. C., in Lowell, Mass., writes: "The Rev. O. Street, pastor of the Congregational Church, from which this local circle takes its name, visited the Chautauqua Assembly in 1880, and on his return described the religious features of this many-sided movement in a Sabbath evening lecture. This awakened a great and unexpected enthusiasm, and led to the organization of the above named circle. Its meetings began with rotary readings from one and another of the authors in the prescribed course, without any organization beyond the simple enrollment and reporting of the members at the central office. After a few weeks it was found best to organize in a more formal way, and a president, secretary, committees, etc., were appointed, and then the work began in earnest. Topics that demanded special examination were assigned for essays, of which there were several in an evening, and of a high order of merit. A few evenings were devoted to lectures, which were solicited and obtained as a gratuity from friends who were interested in the enterprise. The lectures and illustrations in the field of ancient and modern art were especially rich in instruction. The last plan, which has had a trial of several months and proved highly successful, and is now more popular than ever, is as follows: The entire circle is made a rotary committee, each member to take his or her turn in a fixed order in arranging for the thorough discussion of a topic according to some method of subdivision. Essays, as many as may be needful, are assigned, and rarely are there any excuses or any failures. The topics are always derived from the appointed course of reading, and are dissected with so much care that the advantage of a lecture is secured without the monotony of one thinker or of one voice. It is most evident already,

and is often remarked, that this local circle has been a potent educational force, and that the members have greatly extended the scope of their attainments, and their capacity for usefulness within the past two years. Many thanks are due to Dr. Vincent and his co-laborers for fruits of their work like these, that are springing up in every part of our land."

Mrs. E. L. Lybarger, of Spring Mountain, Ohio, a faithful member of the C. L. S. C., died May 13, 1882. She was present at the Assembly with a party from Coshocton County in 1879, joined at that time the class of '83, and was up with her reading and memoranda when taken sick ten weeks previous to her death.

A member of the Arlington, N. J., local circle, writes: "I wish to tell you that the Chautauqua army has representatives here. We have a circle, consisting of only four members, but we are all in earnest, and find our work growing more pleasant and profitable each day. Our exercises usually consist of the Questions and Answers, questions on the Mosaics, by some member, an essay on some topic suggested by our reading, a short poem recited from memory by each member, and a familiar conversation on any interesting topic we may choose. We find our views of life broadening, and our taste for thoroughly good reading deepening every day. I consider each number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN a gem. I believe the C. L. S. C. is destined to become a powerful educational factor."

A lady in Holyoke, Mass., a member of the class of '83, writes thus: "Dear CHAUTAUQUAN—I have thought for several months when I greeted your fresh face I would write to you, but procrastination, that 'thief of time,' has prevented. I have often wondered if all the C. L. S. C. gave you so warm a welcome and thorough a reading, from title page to last advertisement, as I do. I take a great interest in the Notes and Letters, as I am like one who wrote in the March number, 'There is here no local circle, no triangle, not even a straight line, only a dot.' But I try to keep my little rush-light burning, and have often felt encouraged by the reading of what others were doing, and helped by knowing the methods they used. I can sympathize with those who do not remember as much as they wish to, and hope they may be agreeably surprised, as I was when I read over the examination papers, to find I had remembered more than I thought. I found in an old copy of a geography, printed forty years ago, the names of the English sovereigns since the Norman conquest, in rhyme. Could you find it a place in your columns? Sometimes a rhyme helps one to remember, or place in order names of persons or places.

THE BRITISH SOVEREIGNS.

"First William the Norman,
Then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
Then Richard, and John.
Next Henry the Third;
Edwards, one, two and three;
And again after Richard,
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie the Scotsman;
Then Charles whom they slew;
Yet received, after Cromwell,
Another Charles, two;
Next James the Second
Ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary
Together came on.
Till Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William, all past,
God sent us Victoria—
May she long be the last!"

THE C. L. S. C.

President: Lewis Miller.

Superintendent of Instruction: J. H. Vincent, D. D.

Counselors: Lyman Abbott, D. D.; Bishop H. W. Warren, D. D.;

J. M. Gibson, D. D.; W. C. Wilkinson, D. D.

Office Secretary: Miss Kate F. Kimball.

General Secretary: Albert M. Martin, A. M.

COURSE OF READING, 1882-'83.

I. REQUIRED.

1. Readings in the History and Literature of Greece, England, Russia, Scandinavia, China, Japan, and America.
2. Readings in Science: Geology, Astronomy, Physiology, and Hygiene.
3. Readings in Bible History, and in Biblical and General Religious Literature.

II. WHITE SEAL.

1. Additional Readings in Greek, English, and Biblical History.
2. Additional Readings in English and American Literature.

III. WHITE (CRYSTAL) SEAL FOR GRADUATES.

Readings in History, Literature, and Science, in the line of the Required Course for the year.

This is a Special Course for Graduates of the Class of 1882 who wish to continue their connection with the Circle.

BOOKS FOR THE C. L. S. C. COURSE, 1882-'83.

I. REQUIRED.

- "History of Greece." By Prof. T. T. Timayenis. Vol. 1. Parts 3, 4, and 5. Price, \$1.15.
- "Preparatory Greek Course in English." By Dr. W. C. Wilkinson. Price, \$1. Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 5, "Greek History." By Dr. J. H. Vincent. Price, 10 cents.
- "Recreations in Astronomy." By Bishop Henry W. Warren, D. D. Price, \$1.10.
- Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 2, "Studies of the Stars." By Bishop H. W. Warren, D. D. Price 10 cents.
- "First Lessons in Geology."* By Prof. A. S. Packard, Jun. Price, 50 cents.
- Chautauqua Text-book, No. 4, "English History." By Dr. J. H. Vincent. Price, 10 cents.
- Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 34, "China, Corea, and Japan." By W. Elliot Griffis. Price, 10 cents.
- "Evangeline." By Henry W. Longfellow. Price, paper, 30 cents.
- Hampton Tracts: "A Haunted House." By Mrs. M. F. Armstrong; and "Cleanliness and Disinfection." By Elisha Harris, M. D. Price 15 cents.
- THE CHAUTAUQUAN,† price, \$1.50—in which will be published, (monthly):
- "Pictures from English History." By C. E. Bishop, Esq.
- "Chapters from Early Russian History." By Mrs. M. S. Robinson.
- "Passages from Scandinavian History and Literature." By Prof. L. A. Sherman, of New Haven, Conn.
- "Sabbath Readings in Classic Religious Literature." Selected by Dr. J. H. Vincent.

*This work is accompanied by ten Geological Plates, 27/8x36 inches each, containing fifteen diagrams. Edited by Prof. A. S. Packard, Jun. The series of diagrams is arranged in the form of landscapes, and contains a number of original restorations of American, Silurian, and Devonian animals, especially of Carboniferous, Jurassic, and Tertiary Vertebrate animals, by Prof. E. D. Cope, H. F. Osborn, and the editor; with restorations in the text. Price for the ten diagrams and book (postage paid), \$6. To members of the C. L. S. C., \$5. All orders from members must be signed C. L. S. C. The book is "required," the diagrams are not, although every Local Circle, every Church, and every family would do well to have them.

†THE CHAUTAUQUAN is a monthly magazine containing a portion of the "required" reading. Ten numbers for the year. 72 pages a month. Price, \$1.50 a year. For all the books address Phillips & Hunt, New York, or Walden & Stowe, Cincinnati or Chicago. For THE CHAUTAUQUAN address, Theodore L. Flood, Meadville, Pa.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN will also contain, in the department of *Required Readings*, brief papers, as follows:

"Studies in Ancient Greek Life;" "Selections from English Literature;" "Readings from Russian Literature;" "Readings from the Literature of China and Japan;" "Readings in Bible History;" "Readings in Biblical Literature;" "Readings in Geology;" "Readings in Astronomy;" "Readings in Physiology and Hygiene."

ADDITIONAL READINGS FOR STUDENTS OF THE CLASS OF '83.

- "Hints for Home Reading." By Dr. Lyman Abbott. Price, cloth, \$1; board 75 cents.
- "The Hall in the Grove." By Mrs. Alden. (A story of Chautauqua and the C. L. S. C.) Price, \$1.50.
- "Outline Study of Man." By Dr. Mark Hopkins. Price, \$1.50.

II. FOR THE WHITE SEAL.

Persons who pursue the "White Seal Course" of each year, in addition to the regular course, will receive at the time of their graduation a white seal for each year, to be attached to the regular diploma.

"History of Greece." By Prof. T. T. Timayenis. Vol. 1. Completed. Price, \$1.15.

"William the Conqueror" and "Queen Elizabeth." Abbott's Series. Price, 80 cents.

"Outlines of Bible History." By Bishop J. F. Hurst, D. D. Price, 50 cents.

"Chautauqua Library of English History and Literature." Vol. 1. Price, paper, 60 cents; cloth, 80 cents.

"Outre-Mer." By Henry W. Longfellow. Price, paper, 15 cents; cloth, 40 cents.

"Hamlet." Rolfe's Edition. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, 70 cents.

"Julius Caesar." Rolfe's Edition. Price, paper, 50 cts; cloth, 70 cts.

III. REQUIRED.—FOR THE WHITE (CRYSTAL) SEAL, FOR GRADUATES OF '82.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN *Required Reading*.

"History of Greece." Vol. 1. By T. T. Timayenis.

"William the Conqueror" and "Queen Elizabeth." Abbott's Series.

"Outre-Mer." By Henry W. Longfellow.

"Hamlet." Rolfe's Edition.

"Julius Caesar." Rolfe's Edition.

The following is the distribution of the SUBJECTS and BOOKS through the year:

[Ch. stands for CHAUTAUQUAN.]

October.

- "History of Greece." Vol. 1. (Timayenis). Parts 3, 4, and 5. Chautauqua Text-Book, "Greek History." (Vincent.)
- "Geology." (Packard.)
- "Readings in English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious History and Literature." (Ch.)
- "Readings in Geology." (Ch.)

November.

- "History of Greece." Vol. 1. (Timayenis). Parts 3, 4 and 5. "Geology." (Packard.)
- "English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious History and Literature." (Ch.)
- "Readings in Geology." (Ch.)

December.

- "Preparatory Greek Course in English." (Wilkinson.)
- "English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious History and Literature." (Ch.)
- "Studies in Ancient Greek Life." (Ch.)
- "Readings from Russian Literature." (Ch.)

January, 1883.

- "Preparatory Greek Course in English." (Wilkinson.)
- "English, Russian, Scandinavian and Religious History and Literature." (Ch.)
- "Readings in Bible History and Literature." (Ch.)

February.

- "Recreations in Astronomy." (Warren.)
- Chautauqua Text-Book, "Studies of the Stars." (Warren.)

- "Readings in Astronomy." (Ch.)
- "English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious History and Literature." (Ch.)
- "Readings in Bible History and Literature." (Ch.)

March.

- "Recreations in Astronomy." (Warren.)
- "Readings in Astronomy." (Ch.)
- Chautauqua Text-Book, "English History." (Vincent.)
- "English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious History and Literature." (Ch.)
- "Selections from English Literature." (Ch.)

April.

- "Physiology, Hygiene, and Home." Hampton Tracts.
- "Readings in Physiology." (Ch.)
- "English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious History and Literature." (Ch.)
- "Selections from English Literature." (Ch.)

May.

- "Evangeline." (Longfellow.)
- "English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious History and Literature." (Ch.)
- "Readings in Physiology." (Ch.)

June.

- Chautauqua Text-Book, "China, Corea, and Japan." (Griffis.)
- "English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious History and Literature." (Ch.)
- "Readings from the Literature of China and Japan." (Ch.)

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

Chautauqua for 1882.

We presume by the time this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN is issued, many of our patrons will be busily engaged in making preparations to attend the great Assembly, in high anticipation of receiving much pleasure and profit therefrom. We are happy to be able to assure all such that their expectations will doubtless be more than realized. The authorities have spared no expense or pains in putting the grounds in the best possible condition, and in preparing ample accommodations for the many thousands who will come from all sections of the land to this quiet but celebrated retreat. The Hotel Athenæum will be completed, with facilities and accommodations of the highest order for its guests. In addition to this, pleasant rooms, and good, substantial fare can be obtained at reasonable rates at many of the cottages on the grounds.

The programme arranged by Dr. Vincent for the Assembly of 1882, evinces the same masterly skill which has characterized his plans from the beginning. But few men possess the organizing and executive ability he has displayed from the beginning of these meetings. The persons announced in the programme to participate in the exercises are a guarantee of the high character of the proceedings, and of the success of the season. Bishop Simpson, John B. Gough, Bishop Warren, Dr. Talmage, Bishop Foster, Drs. Patton, Buckley, Burlington, Schaff, Bowne, and many other celebrated personages, will deliver addresses on topics of great interest to the masses. Besides this, the numerous special courses of instruction will afford students in almost every department of learning ample facilities for pursuing their favorite studies. The Schools of Theology, Language, and Music, and the Teacher's Retreat, are annually growing in interest, and will doubtless be more largely patronized this year than ever before. The Sunday-school department, which has been aptly styled "the back-bone of Chautauqua," will contain features of unusual interest, and will fully keep pace with the advance made in all the other departments. The Normal Sunday-school course, as announced for this season, gives promise of special excellence and interest. The Assembly of 1882 will also be memorable as the era of the graduation of the first class of the C. L. S. C., the members of which will be present in large numbers, and will bear proudly to their homes the beautiful diplomas, as certificates of their having successfully completed the prescribed course of study. The commencement oration will be delivered by Bishop Warren, who is an enthusiastic Chautauquan, and also one of the counselors of the C. L. S. C. The Round-Table meetings of the C. L. S. C. will doubtless be unusually full this year, and many who have never before been permitted to enjoy the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" which always especially characterizes this unique feature of the Assembly, will have the opportunity of engaging in these delightful exercises in 1882. The great moral movements of the times will receive their usual recognition on days set apart for their especial consideration. The missionary and temperance causes will be represented by able advocates. A new temperance order, styled "The Chautauqua Temperance Guild," will be instituted to aid in furthering the cause of temperance reform throughout the land. In a brief editorial like this, however, only a very few of the many attractions of the Assembly of 1882 can even be mentioned, much less described. If our readers would know Chautauqua as it is, they must see it for themselves.

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The Labor Troubles.

The problem of capital and labor is not a new one. It is coeval with the relation of servant and master and traces

its origin to the appearance of selfishness in human character. For several centuries there have, now and then, appeared combinations of workmen to obtain increased wages. At the close of the last century a new impulse was given to the formation of such societies by the introduction of machinery, the result of which has been to concentrate the leading industries in great establishments and thereby to increase the difficulty of rising from the working to the employing class. The present century has been one of trades unions. In England, on the continent, and in this country, these organizations have sprung up among the workmen of almost every line of industry. From the local to the national, and even in a few instances the base has been broadened until these unions have become international, so that it is a well-known fact that the labor forces of the world are thoroughly organized, as they deem it, in defense of their interests. A result of these societies is what is known as "strikes," in which the membership of a union refuse to work save on the satisfaction of certain specific demands. To offset these a retaliatory measure, called a "lockout," has been instituted by employers to deprive workmen on a strike of the assistance of others, by throwing the latter out of employment. And thus do we see two classes of society mutually dependent, with a common interest, each indispensable to the other, ever and anon arrayed in this unnatural antagonism. Nor is it perceptible, thus far, that the number and proportions of these labor disturbances have been in any degree lessened. From the famous strike of the bronze workers of Paris in 1867, in quick succession, every state and trade in Europe has felt the paralyzing influences of these labor struggles. In this country, since the widespread strikes and "railroad war" of 1877, not a year has passed but that some part of the country has been agitated by the recurrence of something of the same sort, and to-day we find ourselves once more in the midst of a contest which already involves the workmen of several states. Iron and steel men, tanners, cigar and brick-makers, miners, dockmen, and others, in all, at this writing, not less than fifty thousand have caught the contagion and think this is the time to have their wrongs righted. If the physical and mental suffering that must come to the homes of the thousands of laborers deprived of their income, and the glow of the hot, revengeful passions engendered on both sides, were helpful to an amicable and just solution of these difficulties, there might be some hope. But alas! This latter and chief evil of a strike is precisely what stands in the way of preventing another. And so our modern and boasted civilization is running to and fro, asking how all this violence, this demolition of property, and often destruction of human life, can be averted in the future.

Without seeking to ascertain and remove the cause, no attempt to reach a happy solution of this difficult question can be successful. This, of course, in the last analysis, will be found to lie in that lack of moral principle and plain justice which is manifested in the greed and oppression of employers, and in the rapacity and excessive demands of laborers. It is not necessary to discuss this phase of the subject, further than to say that a larger conscientiousness in the world is essential to the solution of all the problems of its civilization. But men as they are, it is safe to say that a wide-spread ignorance, a failure to comprehend the relations of capital and labor, their mutual dependency and common interest, must take a prominent place among the causes of the labor troubles. Out of this same ignorance springs that mutual misconception of motives, which, with roused passions, makes each class regard the other as its natural foe.

Here, then, is the solution suggested by the cause itself. There is need of such an education of all concerned as will enable them to see the economical bearing of such conflicts, and their hurtful effects upon society. Let both classes be

made to see that their interests are common. The workman ought to understand that when the price of that which his labor produces is low, his wages must be low, and the employer ought to recognize that his workmen are entitled to a share in the increased profits of a better market. In short, the system known as the "sliding scale," already adopted in some places with excellent effect, must become universal. When wages rise and fall with the price of products, neither employer nor employe has ground for complaint. In addition to these, there must be introduced that mode of adjusting difficulties by arbitration which distinguishes reason from passion, a higher from a lower civilization. If the advanced nations of the world are coming to see that an appeal to physical force can be substituted in all cases by equitable arbitration, surely the time has come when the issues between civilized employers and civilized workmen can be adjusted in the same way. Let the mode of procedure be similar to that adopted in the settlement of national controversies. Let there be an impartially constituted board of arbitration and conciliation. Let there be a clear and candid argument of the claims of each side by its own chosen representatives, and then let there be cheerful, honest acquiescence in the decision. Thus would justice obtain her own, and the evils, not to speak of the terrors, of labor conflicts soon disappear.

Organic Union in Churches.

The meeting of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was the occasion of a mutual interchange of fraternal messages between the two great Methodist bodies, indicative of the kindly relations existing between them. In the times immediately subsequent to their separation, which occurred in 1844, the two Methodisms assumed very antagonistic attitudes. This hostile feeling was greatly intensified by the civil war, in which, on either side, many members of each denomination were actively engaged. But within the last few years both denominations have, in a great degree, laid aside the bitterness and animosity engendered by separation and strife, and a more Christian feeling has come to prevail, resulting in mutual recognition, and also in fraternal relations being established between them. If, now, having come into fraternal relations, these two ecclesiastical bodies would take one more step and resolve on organic union, the cause of Methodism and of Christianity in our country would be greatly subserved. The same statement applies with equal force to Presbyterianism, which, like Methodism, is divided into two separate ecclesiastical bodies, one north, the other south of Mason and Dixon's line. It is certainly high time that a movement in this direction should be inaugurated. The old issues are dead and ought to be laid aside. They are things of the past and will gradually fade from the recollection of this generation and will be practically unknown to the next, and in no case ought they to be allowed to constitute barriers in the future to ecclesiastical unity.

What we have said with regard to organic union between kindred denominations North and South is still more emphatically true of such denominations existing in the same sections of the country. The sub-divisions of Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists and other denominations, into numerous branches, is a source of weakness and constitutes one chief cause of the slow progress Christianity is making in the land. The various sub-divisions of each great denomination are usually one in doctrine and in polity. Their mission and their aims are assuredly the same. And yet some minor matter suffices to keep them apart, and thus divides and weakens the forces of the Christian Church. Perhaps some small concession in each case would be necessary to secure organic union between the divisions of these great bodies, but the results would far more than re-

pay such sacrifices, if, indeed, there would be any real sacrifice in the matter.

Organic union would also result in much greater economy in administering ecclesiastical affairs. As it is, each denomination has its separate boards for conducting its different church enterprises. The different branches of Methodism, for instance, have six or eight separate missionary societies, administered by as many different boards, with salaried officers. If Presbyterianism was an ecclesiastical unit its entire missionary work could be directed by one set of officers. The same is true of all the great enterprises in all the denominations. It also frequently happens that two or more churches of kindred denominations exist in the same community, all alike feeble, and having a hard struggle for existence, and so exercised to perpetuate their own existence that they have but little time or strength left to expend in aggressive work in the community. If organic union obtained, such feeble societies would coalesce and would at once become vigorous Christian churches, entirely self-supporting and self-reliant, and full of that aggressive spirit that always characterizes a healthy, spiritual, vigorous Christian Church. Let there, then, be no more weakening of the forces of the Church by schism, or separation, or by the formation of new sects, but rather let the sub-divisions of kindred denominations cultivate a spirit of fraternity and seek to form such alliances with each other as may in the future result in bringing about complete organic union.

The Temperance Question.

Never before in the history of our country has the subject of temperance attracted so much attention, or occupied so large a place in the public mind as at present. There have been times of greater excitement in reference to the matter, but never heretofore did the current of public sentiment in favor of temperance run so deep and so strong as now. Until within the last few years the efforts of the advocates of temperance to suppress the liquor traffic have been confined almost entirely to moral suasion, but at last they have become convinced of the fact that moral suasion is too mild a method to conquer so malign an evil, entrenched as it is in the appetites of depraved humanity, and fortified by greed for gain on the part of the manufacturers and dealers. The State of Maine first set the noble example of using legal enactment, placing a prohibitory law upon the statute books, which has proven very efficient in restraining the liquor traffic in that Commonwealth. Recently Kansas struck a powerful legal blow at the very root of the traffic, by adding an amendment to her constitution prohibiting both the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic liquors for beverages within her borders. This act of the citizens of Kansas has produced consternation among the liquor men, and inasmuch as they foresaw that the successful enforcement of such an enactment in Kansas would be speedily followed by the passage of similar constitutional amendments by other States, they have been doing all that they could to break down the law, or to render it a dead letter upon the statute books, but happily thus far without success.

The legislature of Iowa at its last session voted to submit a similar constitutional amendment to the people, and the verdict of the citizens of that State on this vital question will be rendered before this article will be perused by our readers. We most earnestly hope that it will be given on the side of temperance, and that Iowa will take its place by the side of Maine and Kansas in this great issue. By the passage of the Pond Bill and the Smith Sunday-closing Bill at its last session, the Ohio legislature gave to the citizens of that State two excellent laws for holding in check the traffic in alcoholic liquors. But the Supreme Court of that State has unfortunately rendered an adverse decision

as to the Pond Law, declaring it unconstitutional because the Constitution prohibits the licensing of the liquor traffic. We had hoped for a wiser decision on this matter, as a tax imposed upon a business does not by any means imply the licensing of it. The decision will be productive of good, however, if it only causes the temperance people of Ohio to realize that the only effectual method of eradicating the evil, is by affixing an amendment to their constitution prohibiting both the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits.

In no part of the country has the temperance sentiment made more rapid progress of late years than in the South. The foreign element, which is strong and influential, at least in political circles, in the North, is solidly arrayed against legislation in favor of temperance, and is one of the chief hindrances to legal enactments for the suppression of the liquor traffic. In the South the foreign element is small and weak, and if the colored people could be brought into hearty sympathy with the temperance cause, it would be an easy matter to secure a grand temperance victory. It would not be surprising if the South, in the near future, would lead the advance in the interests of this great cause. The triumph of the temperance movement is only a question of time. The right *must* prevail. If temperance people in all sections of the country will only work industriously, wisely, and unitedly, in due time they will reap the reward which their labor so richly deserves, and this foul iniquity will be swept from the land.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

Now is the time to renew your subscription to the CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD and THE CHAUTAUQUAN. All subscriptions expire with this number. We do not continue any names on our list without an order requesting us to do so. Read our combination offer on another page.

The steamers are now running regularly on Chautauqua Lake, and make connections with all trains at Jamestown, Lakewood, and Mayville.

The preachers in France, on the whole most celebrated for eloquence of the highest order, are said to be Father Hyacinthe and Father Monsabre. Father Monsabre is now preaching in the church of Notre Dame. He has openly extolled the Holy Inquisition. Father Hyacinthe challenged his successor in the cathedral to a public discussion. Monsabre consulted his superiors and declined.

Speaking of Mr. Longfellow's personal appearance and manner, a writer in the Indianapolis Journal says: "His dress was scrupulously tasteful and becoming. His hair and beard, set off against a snowy collar and a coat of black, showed silvery bright, but were in quantity and texture much thinner and finer than his engravings represent. The features, too, were not so full and rugged as in his portraits, but were minutely lined by time, and of that peculiar pallor of complexion that comes only of extreme age. Yet he was wonderfully agile in his movements, and continually shifting positions—sometimes settling forward, his elbow resting on the table, the head propped restfully in his hand, then suddenly leaning backward, the entire figure assuming an air of enviable languor."

The Hotel Athenæum, at Chautauqua, approaches completion. It will cost \$100,000, and it will be one of the best furnished and best kept public houses in Western New York.

Mr. Bancroft has been forty-eight years writing the history of the United States, and has only brought it down to the first president.

An editorial in a recent number of *Harper's Bazar* begins thus: "There are physiologists who do not hesitate to assert that the European races are deteriorating as their civilization is crystallizing, and that the deterioration is not seen altogether in the royal families where insanity prevails, and where intermarriage has been the rule, but in the middle classes and the aristocracy as well, and it is to be ascribed, as much as to anything else, to the constant excitement, more or less, of the brain through the daily use of strong beers and wines and spirits by the mothers of the race there."

Sir Joseph Hooker, the great botanist, will publish a biography of Charles Darwin. Mr. Darwin, by the way, was one of the first to favor woman suffrage in England.

Will any members of the C. L. S. C. who are willing to give assistance to students less advanced than themselves, send their names and addresses to the Plainfield, N. J., office? There are now recorded about fifty members corresponding for mutual help, and besides these a number who have volunteered to help, and some who need assistance, but the latter are more than the former. If there are any others who can and are willing to aid in this way we shall be glad of their assistance.

It was a sad sight to witness the return to our shores of the four survivors of the "Jeannette." Lieutenant J. W. Danenhower, Mr. Raymond L. Newcomb, Jack Coles, and Long Sing came back in a pitiable condition. Lieutenant Danenhower has lost the sight of his left eye, and his health is broken. Jack Coles is a maniac, recognizing his nearest relatives only at intervals. In his delirious moments he is climbing over icebergs, while his suffering is intense. The history of this expedition into the arctic regions is an account of exposure, suffering, and death, and not one good result which commends the undertaking to the approval of reasonable or humane men.

From the Himalayas to the sea every leading town of India has given immense audiences to the Rev. Joseph Cook, who has made forty-two public appearances in India and Ceylon in eighty-four consecutive days.

Two years ago the types in the ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD said, "The C. L. S. C. will march to the camp-fire beyond the grave." It should have read, "beyond the grove." There is where the C. L. S. C. camp-fires will be this year—"beyond the grove."

The *Crescent*, the organ of the Delta Tau Delta college fraternity, is issued by the Meadville chapter. It is a monthly journal published under the direction of Chapter Alpha, at Allegheny College, and devoted to the interests of the order which it represents. It is a sixteen page, ably edited sheet, printed on very heavy paper of the royal purple and silver grey tint.

The great day at Chautauqua, this year, will be August 12. The C. L. S. C. class of '82 will graduate with accompaniments of music and eloquence. It will be a high day. Read Dr. Vincent's programme on another page.

We furnish our readers in this number with the course of the C. L. S. C. reading and study for 1882-3. It will be a popular course, and it will strengthen the C. L. S. C. among the members as well as with scholarly men everywhere.

The Presbyterian Ministerial Association, of Philadelphia, at its meeting on Monday, May 29, adopted unanimously, by a rising vote, the following emphatic sentiments:

"Resolved, That we hail with profound satisfaction the deliverance of the General Assembly at Springfield, on Saturday last, with reference to the existence and spread of unbelief in our land, and the timely and solemn warning on this point administered to the teachers in our Theological Seminaries. The power of the gospel depends largely, under God, upon the young men who come to our pulpits from those Seminaries, and the taint of current Rationalism in their views of the construction of the Bible and its inspiration would paralyze their power for good and make them a curse rather than a blessing to the church."

One of the new men on the Chautauqua programme this year who will receive a cordial welcome is the venerable Dr. Mark Hopkins.

Mr. Will Carleton, the poet, and his wife, visited Chautauqua with the New York Press Association in June. He lingered about the Lake for several days, sight seeing, and he promised to visit us in August, when Chautauqua is in its glory.

Any desiring information concerning phonography, or desiring to ask questions about classes in phonography this year at Chautauqua, are requested to write to Rev. W. D. Bridge, 718 State Street, New Haven, Conn.

The Rev. Dr. Jesse B. Thomas, of the First Baptist Church, Brooklyn, last week received four calls—to a chair in Crozier Theological Seminary, Pennsylvania; to a chair in Andover Theological Seminary; to the pulpit of a prominent Baptist church in Rochester; and to the pulpit of the Seventh Baptist Church, Baltimore. He has declined the first three, and will doubtless also decline the fourth, as he is strongly attached to his Brooklyn church, which is one of the finest in that city. Dr. Thomas will lecture at Chautauqua this year.

The number of arrivals who arrived at the port of New York in May, upon foreign vessels, as shown by the Custom House records, was 77,677, as against 78,359 for the same period in 1881. The total arrivals since January 1, were 227,325, an increase of 39,843 over the first five months of last year. On the last day of May 6,000 arrived at New York. Of those arriving during the month of May, the Germans take the lead with 30,049; followed by Ireland, with 13,453; Sweden, 12,481; England, 9,263; Italy, 5,518; Norway, 3,948; Austria, 3,073; Denmark, 2,399; Scotland, 2,164; Switzerland, 1,493; Russia, 1,175; Bohemia, 896; Holland, 849; Hungary, 480; France, 455; Wales, 310; other countries, 861.

The Rev. C. P. Hard, of Buffalo, secretary of the Chautauqua Foreign Missionary Institute, accompanied by his wife, will sail from New York, August 26, for India. Mr. Hard goes to Southern India to enter upon missionary work, which he was obliged to leave in 1878 because of failing health. He will attend the Chautauqua meetings in August.

Professor Henry Jackson, Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, says, concerning university education for women in England: "From the very foundation of the two colleges (Girton and Newnham) the movement has been cordially supported by Conservatives as well as by Liberals. The all-important report for the admission of women to the degree of examinations for the university was carried by three hundred and ninety-eight to thirty-two. We knew beforehand that among the residents there was a large majority in favor of this report; but the vote taken proved conclusively that all England was sincerely and deeply inter-

ested in the cause. The performances of women in examination at Cambridge and elsewhere I look upon as wholly encouraging. The standard by which I should test them is an absolute one, and judged by that, they show work that is intrinsically good and worth doing. I have been surprised at the number of first classes and other distinctions that they have gained. At present there are close upon one hundred and fifty women studying in Cambridge, of whom the majority are reading for honors and examinations."

We saw George Francis Train sitting in Madison Square Park, New York, recently on a pleasant day, with a group of happy children gathered about him. He goes out into the park in the morning supplied with roller skates, balls, hoops, jumping ropes, and confectionery for the children, who visit him, and he keeps them busy at play. The little people bring him button-hole bouquets, climb over him, and enjoy the romping greatly. One peculiarity of these occasions is that George refuses to hold conversation with grown up people. The children monopolize his time from day to day, and they are very fond of him.

During the past year reports have been published in THE CHAUTAUQUAN from a large number of local circles. These reports have set forth with more or less detail the manner in which the exercises have been conducted and the plans of work pursued by the different organizations. They show the stimulating effect of unity of labor and the contact of those engaged in the same work. Local circles are undoubtedly a great help when properly conducted. They aid in keeping up the interest, and are a constant incentive to induce the members to be up with the current reading. They serve to develop the capacities of members, and the association in study gives a powerful twist in the right direction of mental discipline. They are also an inspiration in communities, and often attract the best talent outside the circle to the aid of the C. L. S. C. The thought, however, should not be lost sight of that the primary object of the local circle is a place for review of the work and exchange of ideas, rather than a meeting for the first study of a subject. The real, downright work of the members should be done before coming to the circle meeting. It is not a substitute for individual study, but a supplement to it. There are thousands of C. L. S. C. members whose reading is all done without meeting in circles. Those who have the advantages of these organizations should not attempt to abate one whit of outside personal work. Class recitation of the pupils in our public schools can no more take the place of individual study than can the exercises of local circles be substituted for that study and persistent reading and thinking that each member of the C. L. S. C. must do for himself if he would attain to the best results.

It is estimated that between fifty thousand and sixty thousand children joined in the annual parade in Brooklyn this year. Children in ribbons of every hue, and in the flush of excitement incident to the anniversary of the Sunday-school Union, darted hither and thither. They poured into the streets so fast after the noon hour that the wonder was where they all came from, and where so many of them got nurses. Lithe little legs, encased in pink, yellow, écaru, blue, red, and purple hose, hurried along. Over the public buildings floated flags, and from the windows of private houses bunting was suspended. The ringing of the bell in the City Hall tower at 11 a. m. gave notice to the other bells in the city to ring out a signal that the day was fair, and that therefore the processions would form. There were seven divisions, marching in different parts of the city. Each school first met in its own church, and then marched to some central meet-

ing-place, where the songs composed for the occasion were sung and addresses were made. Then a parade over a fixed line of march followed, after which each Sunday-school hurried back to its home to feast on ice cream, cake, candy, and fruit.

A great man passed away when Garibaldi died. The following shows how he was esteemed by those who were directly benefited by his services: "The *Standard's* correspondent at Rome says the body of Garibaldi lies clothed in a red shirt. The room in which it rests is filled with flowers and wreaths. The following is the telegram of condolence to Garibaldi's family sent by King Humbert: 'From my youth up my father taught me admiration for Garibaldi. Later I witnessed his heroic acts, and in my family the admiration and gratitude grew greater. Accept my condolence, which is shared by the whole Italian nation.' The Swiss National Assembly has passed a resolution expressing admiration for the character of Garibaldi, and sympathy with the Italians at his death. The prefect of Rome has reprimanded the police for neglecting their duties when the office of the clerical newspaper *Cassandrino* was wrecked because that paper spoke disrespectfully of Garibaldi. The bust of Garibaldi is to be placed beside that of Count Cavour in the Italian Chamber of Deputies. M. Gambetta has telegraphed to Menotti Garibaldi recalling his father's services to France in 1870, and adding that the gratitude felt by France will make the death of Garibaldi a cause for national mourning. The government of Uruguay has issued a decree ordering that a solemn funeral service be held for Garibaldi, and has instructed its Minister at Rome to send a wreath to Caprera.

We send a copy of the CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY HERALD this month to every subscriber of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. It contains two valuable lectures, and the complete programme for Chautauqua in July and August, together with a great deal of other valuable information concerning the grounds—great days and distinguished lectures. For \$1.00 you can secure it for the Chautauqua season.

Our civilization develops strangely in some directions. One of its best outgrowths is the Christian work done among the foreign populations that are coming to us in swarms. Here is a good sign. The Chinese Sunday-school of the People's Baptist Church in New York gave an entertainment recently, of which the following is a brief report: The names make a peculiar and interesting feature of the report and sound new: "Lung Henry read the 126th Psalm. Kong Gou read the fifteenth chapter of Luke. The class in concert sang a hymn and repeated the Lord's Prayer, Lee Koon read the Ten Commandments, and Kum Ling made a Chinese address. Six members of the class then dressed in their native costume, burdened themselves with as many huge pasteboard boxes, and working their way through the throng, smilingly distributed nosegays. More singing and scriptural reading followed, and Ah Gee prayed in Chinese. A final burst of the Chinese instrumental music closed the entertainment."

Messrs. Lee and Shepard, of Boston, Mass., issue a set of eight books, beautifully illustrated and elegantly bound, entitled, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be proud," "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," "Rock of Ages," "Nearer my God to Thee," "The Breaking Waves Dashed High," "Hannah Jane," "Abide with me," "Home, Sweet Home."

Chautauqua presents unusual attractions this season. The programme is both substantial and brilliant. It must cost more than \$15,000. The prospects for a great gathering of people are flattering. Already they begin to assemble. New cottages are going up, old ones are being repaired, and

nature is being aided in putting the grove in a beautiful dress, by the florist and a multitude of workmen of the aesthetic school.

Members of the C. L. S. C. will have finished their studies for the present year by the time this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN is issued. The vacation will bring a welcome respite from study, and to many it will afford a much-needed rest. The C. L. S. C. people on the Pacific coast will assemble at Monterey. In Illinois they meet at Lake Bluff; some at Loveland, Ohio, and out in Indiana, at Island Park, there are to be camp-fires, lectures, and C. L. S. C. songs (we are sorry we can not respond to the invitation to be there.) Lakeside will catch the C. L. S. C. fire as it sweeps eastward, and by the time Chautauqua opens there will be quite a blaze. The day of days at Chautauqua will be August 12. The Framingham Assembly, in Massachusetts, will close the series of Assemblies, and then C. L. S. C. students will hie themselves to their books for another year.

The New York Press Association, John A. Hall, of the *Jamestown Journal*, president, held their annual meeting in Jamestown, June 7th and 8th, and made an excursion to Chautauqua. About three hundred guests were seated for dinner in the spacious dining-hall of the new Hotel Athenæum. A large audience assembled in the Auditorium, when Dr. Vincent made an address of welcome, which elicited much applause. Judge Tourgee, of Philadelphia, responded for the press, and then the company went down the Lake on the steamer "Jamestown." It was an interesting and enjoyable excursion, but if these editors will visit Chautauqua in August, they will say, "the half has never been told" of Chautauqua's utility and glory.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

[We solicit questions of interest to the readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN to be answered in this department. Our space does not always allow us to answer as rapidly as questions reach us. Any relevant question will receive an answer in its turn.]

Q. Will the names of the graduates of '82 be published, and if so, where can I get them?

A. They will doubtless be published in the ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD. See publisher's notice in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Q. Is it "out of date" to affix "st" and "th" to the day of the month in writing, and if so please give the reason for dropping it?

A. No. It is at the writer's option. Some drop it from habit, or for brevity.

Q. Please give a short biographical sketch of Colonel John Trumbull, painter of the noted pictures in the Capitol at Washington.

A. Born at Lebanon, Conn., in 1756. He entered the Revolutionary Army, and in 1775 was appointed aid-de-camp to Washington. In 1780 he went to London and became a pupil of the artist, West. Returning to America, he soon achieved a reputation as a painter. He labored hard and produced many works, ninety-five of which he presented to Yale College. He died in 1843.

Q. Who were the "Seven Sleepers of Ephesus?"

A. Tradition has given them the names, Maximian, Malchus, Martinian, Denis, John, Scrapion, and Constantine. It is one of the legends of early Christianity. Seven noble youths of Ephesus, during the Decian persecution, fled to a cavern for refuge. They were pursued and walled in for a cruel death, but falling asleep were miraculously kept for two centuries. The Koran relates the same tale of the Seven Sleepers, and says that the sun altered his course twice a day that he might send his light into their cavern.

Q. After the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem, when was it destroyed, and by whom?

A. During the final struggle of the Jews against the Romans, in the year 70, the temple was the last scene of conflict. Against the will of the Roman commander, Titus, a soldier threw a firebrand into the temple, and the whole structure perished. Its site is now occupied by a splendid mosque.

Q. What were the Isthmian Games?

A. One of the great national festivals of Greece. They were celebrated on the Isthmus of Corinth, and consisted of gymnastics of every sort, boxing, wrestling, racing, and also contests in poetry and music. Sisyphus is said to have established them in honor of Neptune and Palæmon.

Q. Where is the Lithuanian language spoken?

A. In Lithuania proper, in parts of East Prussia, and in Samogitia. Schleier, Bopp and others, have established its affinity to the Sanskrit, and relation to other languages.

Q. Where is the mausoleum erected by Artemisia? and where the statue of Jupiter Olympus? Are they in a good state of preservation?

A. The mausoleum was at Halicarnassus, in ancient Caria. The statue was at Olympia, where was the sacred grove. It was a plain of Elis, near the town of Pisa. The former was buried under the debris of the ages, but has been unearthed in fragments, which are in most part in the British Museum. The latter was removed by the emperor Nicodorus I to Constantinople, where it was destroyed by fire in A. D. 475.

Q. Who are the Zuni Indians and where do they live?

A. They are one of the largest of the Pueblo nations, and inhabit Western New Mexico. For an interesting and instructive account of them see lecture by F. H. Cushing in *Popular Science Monthly* of June.

Q. Where will I find Socrates' discussions on the immortality of man?

A. Socrates himself wrote nothing. His discussions are to be found in the works of his disciples, Plato and Xenophon.

Q. Is not Irving's life of Washington the best?

A. Among the excellent lives by Irving, Marshall and Jared Sparks it is difficult to pronounce which is best. The charm of Irving's style would recommend it to many readers above the others. That by Sparks is the most complete, including Washington's correspondence, addresses, messages, etc.

Q. Whose life of Lincoln and of Garfield shall we buy?

A. There is no better life of Lincoln than that by Dr. J. G. Holland. The student should supplement it by H. J. Raymond's "Life and Administration of President Lincoln," Greeley's "American Conflict," and Mrs. Stowe's eloquent tribute to Lincoln in "Men of Our Times."

Of Garfield, Hinsdale and Ridpath should both be read. The best work is yet to be published.

Q. What school for young ladies can you recommend, not denominational, yet of strong religious influence, and not too expensive for one of limited means?

A. We regret that our limited acquaintance with schools of the above description renders us unable to recommend any one in particular. The truth is such schools are not numerous. Inexpensive religious schools are the result of the fostering care of a religious denomination. We do not know of any outside. The question is referred to our readers for answer.

Q. How pronounce the words Pierre and Faneuil?

A. Pê-air, Fûn-el.

Q. Can a citizen of Washington vote at a presidential election?

A. He can not.

Q. Will you please give some information in your next number about Hellen, from whom it is said the Hellenes descended, and also of Helen, wife of a king of Sparta?

A. Hellen, the mythical ancestor of the Greeks, was sup-

posed to be a son of Deucalion and Pyrrha, and father of Dorus, Eolus, Xuthis. Hellenes was the name afterward applied to the whole Greek nation. Helen, celebrated for her beauty, was the daughter of the Spartan king, Tyn-darus. Her hand was sought by Ulysses, Ajax, Diomedes, Menelaus, and others of the powerful princes of Greece. The suitors bound themselves with an oath to submit to the choice which she should make. She selected Menelaus, from whom she was abducted by Paris. On this account the Greeks declared war against Troy. She is said to have been put to death by Polyxo, Queen of Rhodes.

Q. What is the etymology of the word Fenian?

A. *Finiains*, or *Fenit*, the old militia of Ireland, so called from *Fin*, or *Finn*, or *Fingal*, a traditional Irish hero.

Q. In "Questions for Further Study," October CHAUTAUQUAN, page 50, it is asked, "Why was painting and sculpture forbidden the Jews?" Is not this an assumption that these were forbidden? Where is there any authority for even the supposition?

A. Read the second commandment of the Decalogue.

Q. Are there such animals as mermaids; if not, how did the word derive its origin?

A. The animal exists only in fable. Mr. Barnum, some years ago, advertised one as among the wonders of his museum, but when dissected it turned out to be upper half monkey and lower half fish, joined together by man's hand. The word is from the French *mer*, sea, and *maid*, sea-maid.

Q. Where can I get information as to silk worms and silk culture?

A. Write to the Woman's Silk Culture Association, Philadelphia.

Q. Can you give any rule for the pronunciation of the word "blessed" when used in different connections? In the sentence, "He shall be *blessed* upon the earth," we pronounce it in one syllable, but in the following, "*Blessed* are the meek," etc., we pronounce it in two syllables.

A. The difference in pronunciation depends on whether the word is used as adjective or verb.

Q. Will THE CHAUTAUQUAN please inform me when or by whom the "round towers of Ireland" were built, or, where in the American Encyclopedia I can find something concerning them?

A. The round towers of Ireland have been the subject of endless conjecture and speculation among antiquarians, who have connected them with pagan times and pagan rites. But it is now thought there can be no doubt that they are the work of Christian architects, and built for religious purposes. There are one hundred and eighteen still standing in Ireland. A short account of them may be found in the American Cyclopaedia, Vol. IX, page 355.

Q. Will you please give me some information as to where the "Chautauqua Library of English History and Literature" is to be obtained?

A. Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York.

Q. Do D. Appleton & Co. still publish Dickens's Works, cheap edition, paper cover? What is the price?

A. Yes. Nineteen vols., 12mo. Prices vary from 15 to 35 cents each. Price of set, \$5.55.

Q. Will you inform me through the Editor's Table what countries, islands, etc., belong to the British Empire?

A. IN EUROPE: The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with the adjacent islands, the Shetlands, Orkneys, Hebrides, Scillies, Man, Channel Islands, and Isle of Wight; Heligoland, Gibraltar, and Malta.

IN ASIA: British India, Ceylon, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Aden.

IN AFRICA: Cape Colony, Port Natal, Sierra Leone, Gambia, Gold Coast Settlements, Mauritius, St. Helena, and Ascension.

IN AMERICA: Dominion of Canada, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Bermudas, West India Islands, British Honduras, British Guiana, and Falkland Islands.

IN AUSTRALASIA: Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Labuan, and Sarawak.

COMMENCEMENT DAY—C. L. S. C.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.

- 6:00 a. m.—Morning Bells.
 7:00 a. m.—Breakfast.
 8:00 a. m.—Early Lecture: Dr. Lyman Abbott, "Modern Skepticism, and How to Meet It." (Hall of Philosophy.) Women's Devotional Hour. (Chapel.)
 9:00 a. m.—Devotional Hour. (Amphitheater.)
 10:00 a. m.—Meeting of the Class of 1882 at the Gate of St. Paul's Grove.
 10:15 a. m.—"Passing the Arches."
 10:30 a. m.—Recognition of the "Graduates," and "Unveiling of the Banner."
 10:45 a. m.—March from the Hall of Philosophy to the Amphitheater.
 11:00 a. m.—The "Public Recognition," Dr. J. H. Vincent presiding. Commencement Oration: Bishop Henry W. Warren, D. D., "Brain and Heart." (Amphitheater.)
 2:00 p. m.—The Story of Our Banner: Dr. A. D. Vail. Addresses by Lewis Miller, Esq., President of the Chautauqua Board; Counselor Lyman Abbott, D. D.; Counselor W. C. Wilkinson, D. D.; Counselor H. W. Warren, D. D.; L. H. Bugbee, D. D., President of Allegheny College, first member of the C. L. S. C.; James Strong, LL. D.; John B. Gough, Esq., and others. Letters will be read from the poet, John G. Whittier, and from Counselor J. M. Gibson, D. D., of London, England. The list of graduating members of the Class of 1882 will be published in the ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD.
 4:00 p. m.—Presentation of Diplomas. (Amphitheater.)
 5:00 p. m.—Organization of the "Society of the Hall in the Grove." (Hall of Philosophy.)
 7:00 p. m.—Sunday-school Teachers' Meeting. (Chapel.) Concert. (Amphitheater.) Meeting of the "Society of the Hall in the Grove," and Creation of the "Order of the White Seal." (Hall of Philosophy.)
 8:30 p. m.—"Athenian Watch-Fires" lighted.
 9:00 p. m.—Reception of the "Society of the Hall in the Grove" in the Hall of Philosophy.
 9:30 p. m.—C. L. S. C. Camp-Fire by the Lake.
 10:30 p. m.—Warning Bell.
 11:00 p. m.—Night Bells.

THE SANCTUM KING.*

If one who, midst alternate joy and care,
 Has occupied an editorial chair,
 Has solved some mysteries that its methods take,
 And learned how easy papers are to make,
 Has undergone from friends much mental aid,
 And wondered where on earth they learned his trade,
 Has heard from them how papers should be run,
 And things they never have to do, are done,
 Has wrestled, in a match he could not shirk,
 With the world, flesh, and—lad of general work.—
 But now, grown sad, has left for some short space,
 The hard, but weirdly fascinating place—
 If such an one may use, not seeming free,
 The editorial and fraternal "We,"
 And, speaking to this band without offense,
 May use his us-ship in the present tense,
 Then, let us, with your kind permission, sing
 A note or two about The Sanctum King.

* A poem by Will Carlton, read before the New York Press Association on the occasion of their annual meeting, June 7, in Jamestown, N. Y., at which time also they visited Chautauqua.

But first the question, who this king of fame?
 Whence comes his power, and what may be his name?
 Of course, with modesty that fills our race,
 No editor pretends to fill that place;
 For editors, be rulers as they will,
 Are greatly ruled by their surroundings still;
 All men and things, to some extent, control
 The journalist's intent and nervous soul,
 Influences press round him, in a host;
 So what we seek is, That which rules him most;
 What of all men and things that 'gainst him press,
 Bear most upon his failure or success?
 Upon this ground, what man, or beast, or thing,
 Can claim the title of the Sanctum King?

Is it the Pen? O Pen! we hear thy praise
 Wherever Mind has walked its devious ways!
 Thought has been born, in every land and age
 Where thy thin lips have kissed the virgin page!
 'Twas thee Dan Chaucer used, in time agone,
 To goad the Canterbury pilgrims on;
 From thee Ben Jonson filled with gold the air,
 And made his name a jewel rich and "rare;"
 Of thee The Shakspeare, in his soul sublime,
 Forged for himself a sceptre, for all time;
 With thee bold Milton groped, his eyes thick sealed,
 And wrote his name on Heaven's own battle-field;
 Thee Robert Burns, voice of the heart's best song,
 Fashioned into a bagpipe sweet and strong;
 Thee Thomas Moore—his soul to music set—
 Made to an Irish harp that echoes yet;
 With thee Longfellow struck a home-made lyre,
 And wrote "America" in lines of fire!
 Through thy sharp, quivering point, words have been given,
 Out of the flaming lexicons of Heaven!
 O Pen! When in the old-time school-house, we
 Strove, 'neath our teacher's rod, to master thee,
 And, twisting down upon some sad old desk,
 With doleful air and attitude grotesque,
 And with protruding tongue and beating heart,
 Took our first lessons in the graphic art,
 And that old copy on the paper poured,
 Saying, "The Pen is mightier than the Sword,"
 And then, from sudden and dynamic stroke,
 The pen we leaned on into fragments broke,
 Some angel told our inexperienced youth,
 That, after all, that copy told the truth!
 O Pen! What if thy paper purses hold
 Some coin that never came from wisdom's mould!
 What if thou writest countless reams on reams
 Of manuscript, to trouble printer's dreams?
 What if thy cheap and easy wielded prongs,
 Indite each year a hundred thousand songs,
 In ink of various copiousness and shade—
 On every subject Earth and Heaven have made!
 What if thou shovest 'neath the printer's nose,
 Cords of mis-spelled, unpunctuated prose?
 What if, though picked from wing of senseless goose,
 Thou'rt yet by that loud biped oft in use!
 Thou'rt often plucked from Wisdom's glittering wing;
 And yet we can not hail thee Sanctum King!

Is it the Pencil? Sad would be the lot
 Of any sanctum where this help were not!
 Turn, honest Faber, in thine honored grave,
 And see the branches of thy bay-tree wave;
 See Dickens, still by glory's wreaths untouched
 Pencil 'twixt first and second fingers clutched,
 Transcribing, in his nervous, dashing way,
 The parliamentary rubbish of the day!
 Him on his rapid homeward journey see;
 An omnibus his office, and his knee
 Extemporized into a desk, whereon
 He writes what lesser men have said and done!
 See Thackeray, through English streets and vales,
 Make notes and sketches for his wondrous tales;
 See Bryant, sage apostle of the wood,
 And quiet champion of the true and good,
 Echo of every breeze's soft-blown breath,
 Sweetest and best apologist of Death,
 Leave the surroundings of the heath and field,
 The pencil of the journalist to wield!

See Prentice, thorny genius, using it
 For the electric charges of his wit;
 See Saxe from mountain eyries take his flight,
 His wings with editorial radiance bright;
 See Whittier—angels spare him long to men!—
 Whose pencil served apprentice to his pen;
 See Taylor, traveling many a useful mile,
 Grasp a reporter's pencil all the while;
 See Holland—sweetly noble household name—
 Lean on the pencil, on his way to fame;
 See bending the reporter's page above,
 Artemus Ward—light laughter's dearest love!
 See thousands of the loftiest of the land,
 First learn to write an editorial hand!
 And, Pencil, with such aids as thou canst find,
 Thou'rt courted, feared, and watched, by all mankind;
 They seek thy love; they wither 'neath thy hate;
 With anxious hearts thy verdicts they await.
 That statesman, who unflinching can withstand

His foeman's broadsides, with brave self-command,
That lawyer, who can bully at the bar
Judge, witness, jury—no odds who they are—
That doctor, who has sallied forth thro' storms,
To fight with Death, in all his moods and forms,
That general, who, when battle-banners wave,
Can spur his foaming charger toward the grave,
All these, when interviewers near them glide,
Like startled children, run away and hide.
Yes, Pencil, thou art potent in thy sting!
And yet we can not hail thee Sanctum King.

Rise up, John Guttenberg, from lands remote,
And let us hear thy guttural German throat,
Now that the harvest that thou sowedst is ripe,
Make prominent the royal claims of Type!
Those type that rose, like treasures from the main,
Out of the deep abysses of thy brain!
Old jeweller, Heaven grant thou knowest yet,
What diamonds thine aching fingers set!
Wherever Mund once groped in halls of night,
They flashed and flared their wierd electric light;
Wherever Thought has lit its streaming flame,
They spell the letters of thy awkward name!
When first the office boy assails the "case,"
With "stick" and "rule" held awkwardly in place,
When through his "copy" timidly he spells,
Thrusting his fingers knee-deep in the cells,
And draws the type forth, looking, when 'tis done,
In each one's face, to see if that's the one;
When, raising them and holding them aloft,
Ere putting them to outrageous proof,
He drops the whole into a shapeless "pi,"
And looks at them forlornly, as they lie,
Little he knows, amid his small turmoils,
The nature of those things, 'mid which he toils!
Little he knows, as gazing still he stands,
He may have dropped an empire from his hands!
Yes, Type, thy voice is loud, for war or peace;
Its mighty influence nevermore may cease;
Unnumbered happenings from thy efforts spring;
And yet we can not hail thee Sanctum King!

What then strikes most our failure or success?
Is it the strong and swiftly whirling Press?
Improved by rare Ben Franklin's earliest art,
(God bless his dear old sweet progressive heart!
The patron saint of printers let him stand,
Ever—in every English-speaking land!)
Is it the Press, made multifarious by Hoe,
Who lives, the triumph of his brain to know,
And views his monster proudly, as it drips
Fresh news from off its tapering finger-tips?
Far can the Press its many mandates fling;
And yet we can not hail it Sanctum King.

Who then this Sanctum King, of mighty fame?
Is it that lad of uncelestial name,
Who, like the wretch whose title he has found,
Takes all the maledictions floating round?
Who quaffs, with surly, mock-respectful stare,
The surplus blueness of the office air?
Who all our secrets in a week doth know;
Whose brain is active as his feet are slow!
Who pleads from every negligence or trick,
With tongue as agile as his hands are thick?
Who creeps the editor's seclusion near,
And yells for "copy!" in his weakest ear?
Who when on errands swiftly sent, would spurn
To embarrass you by an o'er-quick return;
And creeps along his course, when under sail,
Like an old fish-boat, beating 'gainst a gale?
Who some day, if his brilliant hopes be sound,
May mount The Great Profession's topmost round,
But who, by undue energy uncured,
Is climbing very moderately at first.
Pity the devil! for he much endures!
He has his griefs, as well as you have yours.
If "Uncle Toby," for his good heart famed,
Pitied the one for whom the boy was named,
Then we may make allowance for the elf,
And pity this poor blundering boy himself.
The day may not be very far ahead,
When he his genius on our craft will shed,
Will all at once develop hidden worth,
And as a full-fledged editor come forth.
Let us then justice to this poor boy bring,
Call him—say—Sanctum Prince—not quite a King.

Paste-pot and scissors! raise thy sticky hands,
And make on us imperial demands!
Not over-often comes the day or hour
We're not indebted to thy magic power;
To all of us the obligation clings:
Thou art our foragers—but not our kings!

Is it that "friend" whom editors adore,
Who calls "a minute" of three hours or more,
Who occupies the easiest vacant chair,
With large amounts of time and tongue to spare?
Who opens our exchanges, one by one,
And reads our editorials ere they're done?

Who gives us items, sparkling, fresh, and new,
But ne'er by any turn of fortune true?
Who comments on our mode of writing makes,
And tenderly announces our mistakes?
Who occupies with sweet, unconscious air,
Three-fourths of all the room we have to spare,
And with a cheerful, love-begetting smile,
Kills his own time, and murders us meanwhile?
Who shows us, with unnecessary pains,
The sharp things that some other sheet contains?
Who brings us every word, from far and near,
That he against our enterprise can hear?
Sweet are the consolations he can bring;
And yet we can not call him Sanctum King!

Who then, or what, this king of mighty fame?
Whence comes his power, and what may be his name?
May we not, with some show of truthful grace,
Put the Waste Basket in that honored place?
The question 'mongst good talkers, day by day,
Should be, what is it wisest not to say?
The question with good workers who'd be true,
Should be, what is it wisest not to do?
The minister his judgment should beseech,
To know what sermons wisely not to preach;
The editor should study, without stint,
What articles 'tis wiser not to print;
And so I ask, the question home to bring—
Is the Waste Basket not the Sanctum King?
Great treasurer of literary gems!
Casket of unsuspected diadems!
Sad cemetery, where, in dreamless sleep,
Some millions of bright hopes lie buried deep!
Joy to the editor, who, keen of sight,
Knows his Waste Basket how to use aright;
Who marks its prudent counsels, day by day,
And rules himself its mandates to obey!
Prints no cheap advertisement for a song,
But straight inserts them—where the things belong;
Kills those communications whose sour fruit
Would probably have been a libel suit;
Rejects that trash his desk so often finds,
Unfit to set before his readers' minds;
And sends the scum of malice, filth and spite,
To be made into paper, pure and white!
Let The Waste Basket's countless merits ring;
But still it is not quite The Sanctum King!

So, then, if none of those of which we speak,
Is vested with the qualities we seek,
We may once more inquire, untouched by blame,
Who is this wondrous king of mighty fame?
List then, while plain his name to you I bring:
THE PUBLIC HEART! That is The Sanctum King!

Amid unceasing worry and turmoil,
To serve that Heart, the Editor must toil;
Under It's biddings must his efforts be;
It forms part of "the editorial We."
Why do the papers gossip, would you know?
Because—the public ear would have it so.
Our Journal's not a favorite breakfast dish,
Unless it gossips to the public wish;
And even they who call "the stuff absurd,"
Will sit and groan, and—read it every word.
Why do we thread men's motives thro' and thro'?
Because our king, The Public tells us to.
Why do we quote the wedding chimes and hues?
Because our Queen is waiting for the news.
Why do we type on useless stories waste?
To please some portions of the public taste!
Why do we into secret haunts repair?
Because a curious public sends us there!
Why do we tell the crimes of all the lands?
Because the Public Heart the tale demands!
Why are we deep in politics immersed?
Because the Public fought and quarreled first!
Why do we toil with all that we possess?
Because the Public Brain will take no less!
Acknowledged let our proud position be:
The Public Heart's prime ministers are we!

Men of the Press! to us is given, indeed,
To shape the growing appetites we feed!
We must from day to day and week to week,
To elevate our Monarch's motives seek.
That he may with an open, liberal hand,
Higher and higher things of us demand!
So let us cut our own progressive way—
So onward toll, through darkness and thro' day;
So let us in our labor persevere,
Unspoiled by praise—untouched by blame or fear
Learn to distinguish, with true, patient art,
The private pocket from The Public Heart;
Learn how to guide that Heart, in every choice,
And give its noblest thoughts its purest voice!
Till so The Press The Public Heart may move,
That day by day they mutually improve;
That high and higher each the other bring,
Till God Himself shall be The Sanctum King!

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Offer the Following Desirable List of Books:

C. L. S. C.

The list of Readings for next year's Course can be found on page 610 of this number. Nearly all of the books are now ready; all will be in stock for the August meeting.

BOOKS FOR THE C. L. S. C. COURSE, 1882-'83.

I. REQUIRED.

- History of Greece. By Prof. T. T. Timayenis. Vol. I. Parts 3, 4, and 5. Price \$1.15.
 Preparatory Greek Course in English. By Dr. W. C. Wilkinson. Price \$1.
 Chautauqua Text-Book, Greek History. By Dr. J. H. Vincent. Price 10c.
 Recreations in Astronomy. By Bishop Henry W. Warren, D. D. Price \$1.10.
 Chautauqua Text-Book, Studies of the Stars. By Bishop H. W. Warren, D. D. Price 10c.
 First Lessons in Geology. By Prof. A. S. Packard, Jr. Price 50c.
 Chautauqua Text-Book, English History. By Dr. J. H. Vincent. 10c.
 Chautauqua Text-Book, China, Corea, and Japan. By W. Elliot Griffiths. Price 10c.
 Evangeline. By Henry W. Longfellow. Price, paper, 20 cents.
 Hampton Tracts: A Haunted House. By Mrs. M. F. Armstrong; and Cleanliness and Disinfection. By Elisha Harris, M. D. Price 15c.

ADDITIONAL READINGS FOR STUDENTS OF CLASS OF '83.
 Hints for Home Reading. By Dr. Lyman Abbott. Price, cloth, \$1; board, 75c.
 The Hall in the Grove. By Mrs. Alden. (A Story of Chautauqua and the C. L. S. C.) Price \$1.50.
 Outline Study of Man. By Dr. Mark Hopkins. Price \$1.50.

II. FOR THE WHITE SEAL.

- History of Greece. By Prof. T. T. Timayenis. Vol. I. Completed. Price \$1.15.
 William the Conqueror, and Queen Elizabeth. Abbott's Series. Price 80c.
 Outlines of Bible History. By Bishop J. F. Hurst, D. D. Price 50 cents.
 Chautauqua Library of English History and Literature. Vol. I. Price, paper, 60c; cloth, 80c.
 Outre-Mer. By Henry W. Longfellow. Price, paper, 15c; cloth, 40c.
 Hamlet. Rolfe's Edition. Price, paper, 50c; cloth, 70c.
 Julius Caesar. Rolfe's Edition. Price, paper, 50c; cloth, 70c.

*Ten Geological Plates, 27 1/2 x 36 inches each. Containing fifteen diagrams. Edited by Prof. A. S. Packard, Jr. The series of diagrams are arranged in the form of landscapes, and contain a number of original restorations of American, Silurian, and Devonian animals, especially of Carboniferous, Jurassic, and Tertiary Vertebrate animals, by Prof. E. D. Cope, H. F. Osborn, and the Editor; with restorations in the text. Price for the ten diagrams and book, (postage paid,) \$6. To members of the C. L. S. C. \$5. All orders from members must be signed C. L. S. C. Each circle should have a set.

C. L. S. C. SPECIAL COURSES.

Corrections in advertisement in CHAUTAUQUAN for May and June:

- Add—
 "Five Essays by Addison and Steele, found in *The Spectator*," \$1.25.
 Out of print, can not be furnished—
 "Epochs of Painting," by R. Wornum.
 "Life and Genius of Shakspeare," by White.
 Change in price—
 "Shakspeare: His Mind and His Art," by E. Dowden, should be \$1.75.
 Rolfe's "Merchant of Venice," and "Julius Caesar," are, in paper, 50c; cloth, 70c.
 Robertson's "Charles V.," in new edition, is \$1.25 per volume.
 Newcomb's "Popular Astronomy" can only be furnished in one style, \$2.50.

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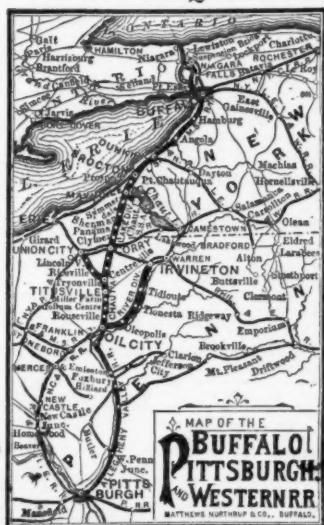
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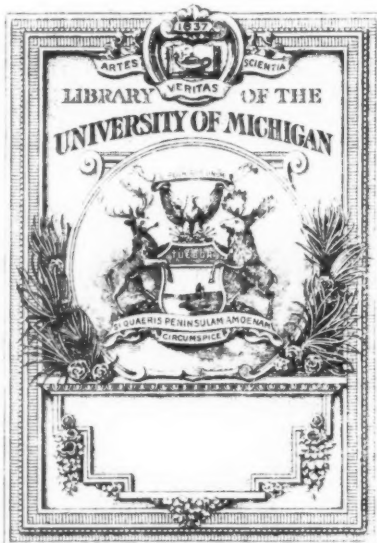
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